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APRIL, 1978

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VOGUE®



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BEAUTY ON OUR COVER Patti Hansen, great example of the fitness vital to beauty—and this issue (24 pages of beauty/health, starting on page 206). And the new bareness in makeup: Elizabeth Arden's Window Box Collection: Coral Geranium Creme blush, lips. Way Bandy's makeup tips, pages 212-219. Hair, Harry King. FASHION The ease that gets summer off to a fresh start—Beene Bag red cotton knit cowlneck T, about $18. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Bullock's Wilshire; Frederick & Nelson. Photograph, Francesco Scavullo.

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VOL. 168, NO. 4, WHOLE NO. 3154



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The End Of The Ragged Cuticle.

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A declaration of admiration and, yes, love of woman. Here is dressing that sweeps and caresses, bathes the psyche, lavishes attention. A veil of black silk stippled white at ruffled cape, stenciled plaid through the soft fall of skirt.

The Designer Salon at Bonwit Teller



BONWIT TELLER

NEW YORK MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN CHICAGO OAK BROOK BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS

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FEEL SO GAY. SIZES 6 TO 16, ABOUT $125.00. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU,
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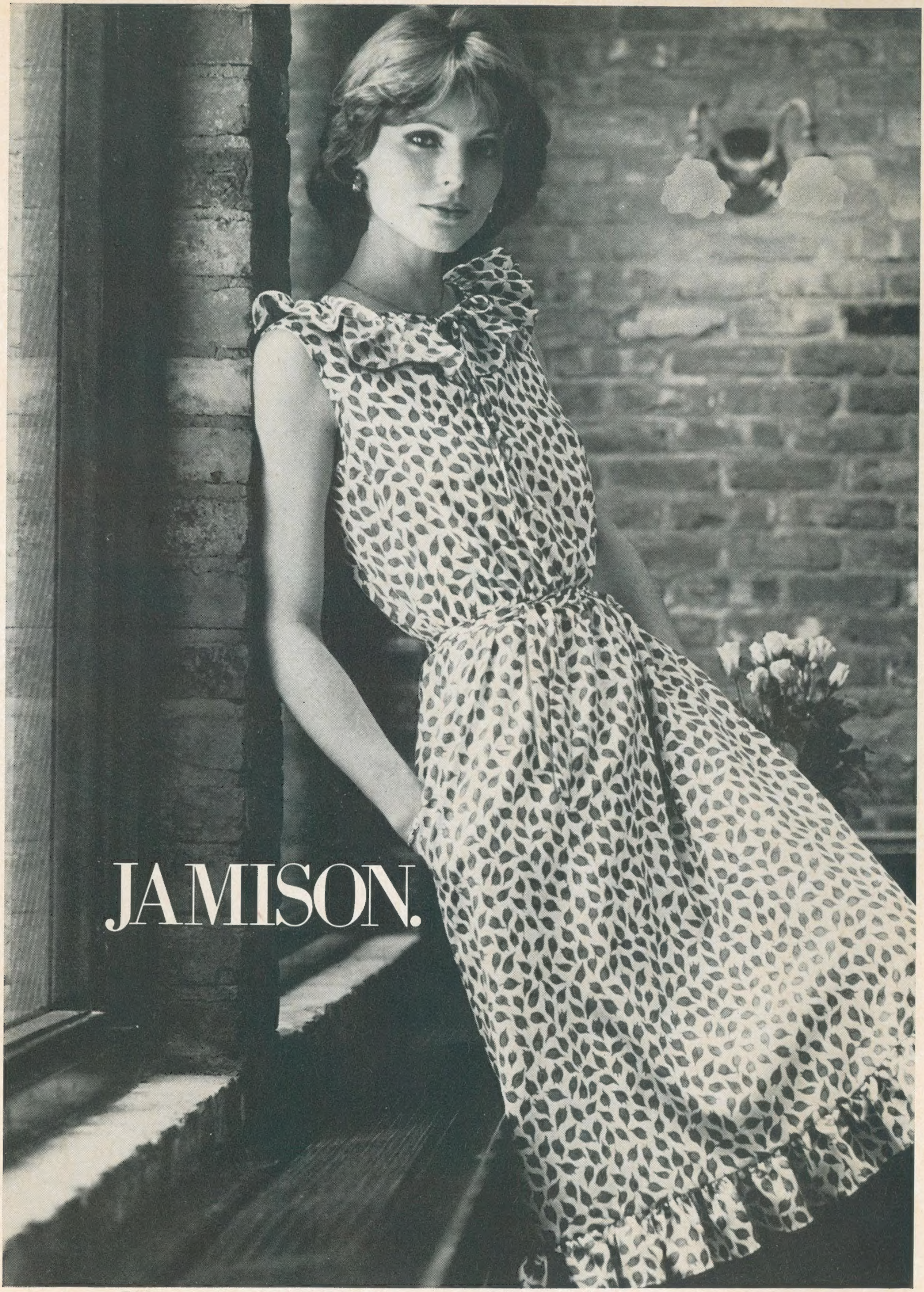


Photograph by Peter Fink

New York on-the-move

Calvin Klein's bare, billowy blouson.

Silk marquisette so light it fairly floats,
in lavender with Bordeaux flowers,
4 to 12, 200.00 Calvin Klein Shop,
Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue



The not-so-innocent rosebud print (red and green on white) softly shaped of polyester surah.
Sizes 6 to 16, about $58. Jamison, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

EACH TIME IS THE FIRST TIME

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Each time is the first time with Norell.
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For the fingers.
Ciani.



The narrowed silk dress is where the news is now. And the key is narrower. It's leaner. Not as blowy. With less billow and more body. Yours! It is, in fact, crepe elegant...thin, black and tossed crepe with white butterflies, the sleeves just skimming the elbows, the waist, loosely sashed. This is the shape to come! Sizes 4 to 12, in viscose. $465. Saint Laurent/Rive Gauche Boutique.

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The C.H.R. Concentrates will help you to attain the freshness, the endearing smoothness of young-looking skin. If they can do all of that, think how good the rest of you will feel.



'ULTIMA' II
CHARLES REVSON®

Gown Kasper for Joan Leslie Jewelry: Bulgari Fragrance: Ciara ©1978. Charles Revson, Inc. Available in Canada, too.


PIAGET
PIAGET

The slim dimensions of Piaget time. Only one of the reasons why Piaget is the most expensive watch in the world.

In this ever-expanding universe, Piaget limits time in space like only a Piaget can. Into slim slivers of time.

The Piaget name.

No other name stands out in time, like Piaget. Each one is a masterpiece. Whether ornate or simple, each one has the distinction of being only a few millemeters thin. That's why so many watchmakers look to the Piaget signature as the ultimate symbol of their craft.

The Piaget heritage.

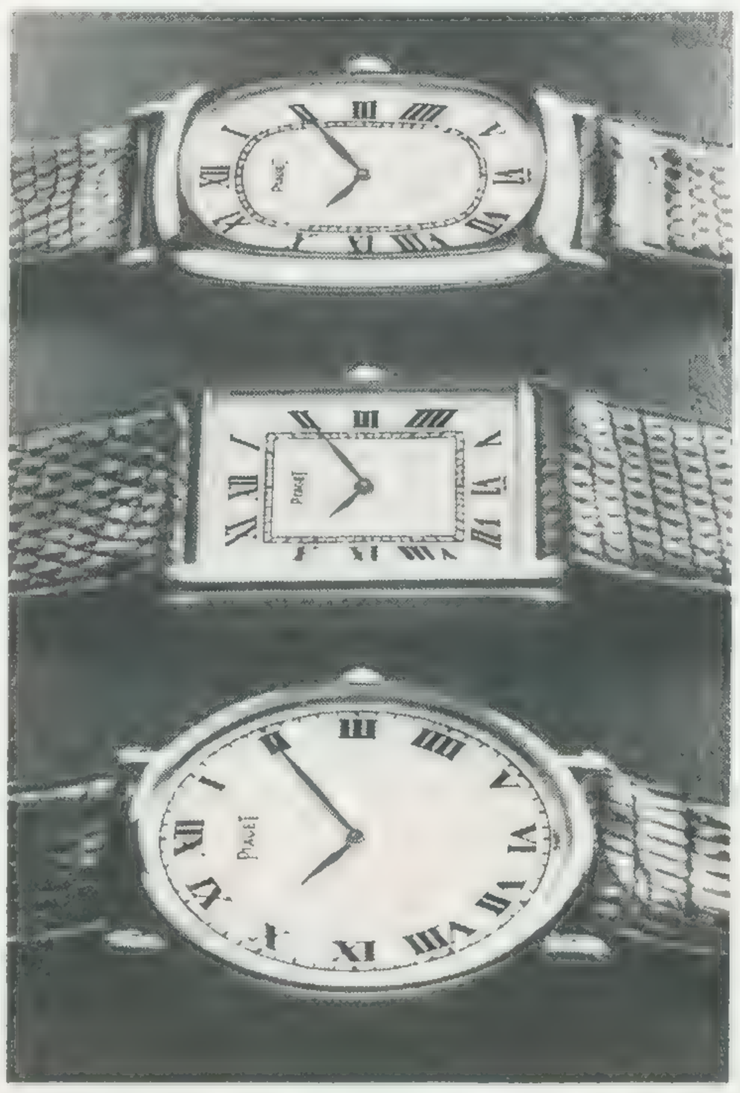
Piaget also prides itself in its handcrafted heritage. For Piaget still works like the Old Masters of time. All under one roof, in a workshop in Switzerland, where the art of watchmaking was born. Where Piaget was born. There, only the finest artists and craftsmen create and engineer Piaget time. In precisely the same way it was created over a century ago.

The Piaget personality.

Piaget has earned a reputation worldwide, for timepieces that are of such trim, refined proportions, they actually sit on a wrist as if they are barely there. And it is because of this, that Piaget watches live in their own distinct dimension of time.

The Piaget details.

You are looking at 18 karat gold details. 18 karat gold hands, dial, case, bracelet——even the gold buckle on our leather straps. Details of elegance. Details of engineering. Nothing is ever too small to be unimportant. (The almost invisible crystal that covers every watch face is made of a synthetic sapphire so strong, it's almost unscratchable.)



The Piaget price.

Although a Piaget watch appears in the Guiness Book of Records as the world's most expensive watch, there are many Piagets for you to choose from. You can invest in a $65,000 Piaget. Or you can invest in a $1,490 Piaget. The woman's diamond circle watch on the opposite page is priced at $4,590, the man's gold circle watch at $3,590 and all the Piagets on this page are $1,490.

No matter what the price, the quality will never be questioned. You will find that whichever one you choose will offer the same priceless experience. Minute to minute. Year to year. Generation to generation.

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For information write Piaget, 1345 Ave. of the Americas, New York 10019. Or 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212.



Estée Lauder says: my creme gives you more than
a promise, it really performs.

Estée Lauder's advanced
European Performing Creme
helps your skin perform at the peak of beauty,
perhaps for the first time in your life.

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and wristlets

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EL N°5





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Fresh Air Makeup on your face.

Estée Lauder gives you a fresh fresh outdoor kind of radiance with her Fresh Air Makeup Base.

Liquid naturalness. That's the outdoor message of Estée Lauder's Fresh Air Makeup Base.
It has the same radiant effect on your face as a walk in the fresh country air.

The 15 rich, lightweight shades to smooth out texture and tiny imperfections are:

Barbados Tan	Palm Beach Tan	Beige Glow
Natural Beige	Warm Beige	Spiced Espresso
Ivory Mist	Nutbrown Beige	Coffeeberry
Newport Beige	Meadow Beige	Honey Pecan
Sunrise Beige	Deep Bronze	Gingerjar Bronze

And Sheer Glow is the perfect pearly finisher to skim on over any shade you choose.

Estée Lauder

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Moods of the Moors.
Mystics of the Desert.
Dior creates the unexpected in colour excitement.
Très Pale. Pale. Plus Contraste
LES CONTRASTES

Yves Saint Laurent Sunglasses: think of them as the most beautifully designed clothing for your eyes.

©Yves Saint Laurent 1978

Each frame in Yves Saint Laurent's new Collection Sportif bears the designer's personal signature, "YSL."

The feeling of these frames is clean and uncomplicated in design, warm and natural in color.

In short, the beauty of these frames is simple and uncontrived—Yves Saint Laurent at his very finest for the most beautiful sunglasses under the sun.

For more information about these hand-cut, hand-polished frames with graduated lenses, write P.O. Box 166, Fords, N.J. 08863.

Collection Sportif by Yves Saint Laurent.

YSL

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There is this woman. Watch her.

She is a tapestry of delicious contradictions.
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And of tears that no one will ever see.
A swimmer who may never enter the water.
A musician who may choose to listen rather than to play.
A wife who feels like a lover.
A mother who remembers what it was like to be a child.
There is this woman.
And here is the fragrance that defines her: a melding of flowers and more flowers,
mingled with a fresh flourish of spices.
We call it–Cabriole.



Cabriole
by Elizabeth Arden

Because there's never been a better,
more rewarding time to be a woman.

© 1977 Elizabeth Arden

There is a fountain of youth.

It's called water.

Nature has been telling us this forever.

Water keeps a rose fresh and beautiful. A peach, juicy. All living things, living.

Including your skin.

The millions of cells in your skin contain water. This water pillows and cushions your skin, making it soft and young-looking.

But, for a lot of reasons, cells become unable to hold enough water. And the water escapes from your skin.

(If you'll forgive us, think of a prune drying up and you know the whole story.)

Now, moisturizers have helped but only up to a point.

The truth about moisturizers.

Most people think a moisturizer literally puts moisture into your skin.

Not true. (Your skin has all the water it needs. Holding it there is the problem.)

An average moisturizer holds the water in by blocking its escape.

But, unfortunately, this does not affect your cells' ability to retain water. This is where we come in.

We are Living Proof by Geminesse. And our breakthrough is Cream Hydracel.



Hydracel: nature's helper.

The name Hydracel tells you what we're all about: water and cell.

Cream Hydracel actually helps the cellular tissues retain water.

We let nature do the work, not heavy creams. And this can make all the difference.

Your skin will breathe and start to recover its water-holding power.

And your face will feel softer and look younger, naturally.

It's as simple as that.

Our promise isn't a promise. It's a fact.

After just three days with Cream Hydracel, your skin will feel softer.

After a few weeks, your skin will actually look younger.

And it only gets better. Because Cream Hydracel helps to restore—and maintain—the natural water balance in your skin.

And this is what helps keep skin soft and young-looking.

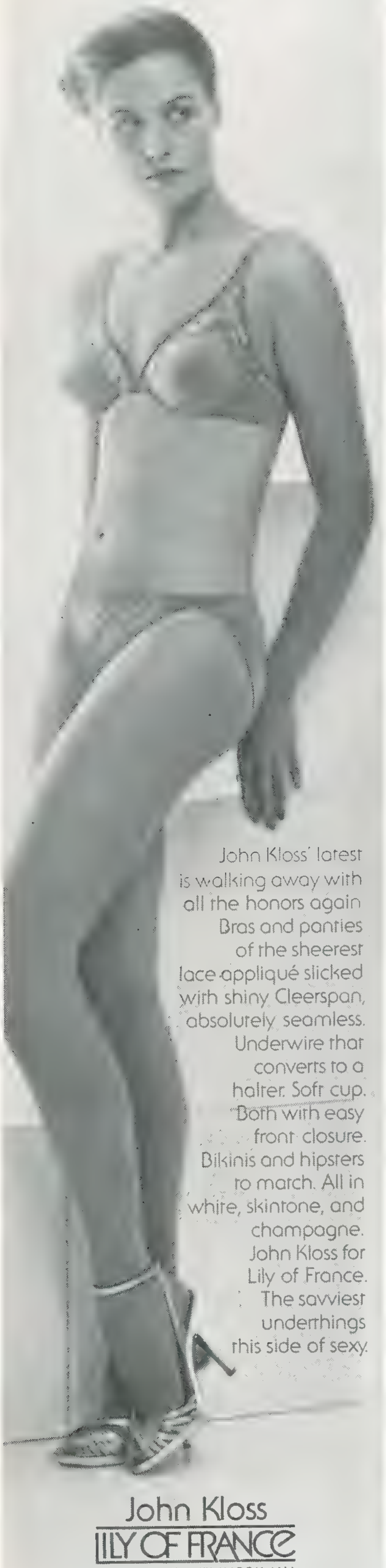
Nature gave you a fountain of youth. Cream Hydracel keeps it flowing.

LIVING PROOF
Cream Hydracel
by GEMINESSE

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Kloss of '78



John Kloss' latest is walking away with all the honors again. Bras and panties of the sheerest lace appliqué slicked with shiny Cleerspan, absolutely seamless. Underwire that converts to a halter. Soft cup. Both with easy front closure. Bikinis and hipsters to match. All in white, skintone, and champagne. John Kloss for Lily of France. The savviest underthings this side of sexy.

John Kloss
LILY OF FRANCE
90 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

(Incorporating Vanity Fair)

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You Write Us

Underage Vogue?
The cover of the February issue looked as though it should have had *Seventeen* written across it. I have always looked upon Vogue as being directed toward the sophisticated woman—not the ingenue! Shame on you! You're falling for the "youth syndrome."

D. Hilton
Birmingham, AL

Spec-ulation . . .
Excluding the two articles on glasses in the January issue, I noticed only three women wearing glasses (pages 114, 131, and 160) out of hundreds of women.

If ". . . the chic-est streets in town are filled with John Chancellor look-alikes," then why aren't the pages of Vogue?

Heather Shuler
Seattle, WA

Store-window affront
My husband lost several members of his family in concentration camps during World War II. I therefore found the remarks of Thomas Hess about an "amusing" book featuring "parodies of . . . Buchenwald among the stacked bodies" (p. 184 of Vogue, January 1978 issue) extremely offensive.

I am horrified that you would feature an article containing such comments in your otherwise excellent magazine.

Julie Szende
Van Nuys, CA

To be continued
I was interested in reading the Taxes article by Julian Block, "Family IOU's," which appeared in the January Vogue on page 34 to be continued on page 38. Much to my disappointment it was not continued on page 38; instead there was Sports by Kay Gilman, "Women: running tall." I looked through the other pages of the magazine, but it was not found.

(Continued on page 112)

Impress friends and influence people.



Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

Coty. The face

Spring look created by Coty's widely acclaimed make-up artist, Wayne Franken.

The model is wearing Gossamer Rose Silksticks; Glowing Finish All-In-One Make-up, Truly Beige; Mocha Mist Bare Blusher; Medium Moisture Powder; and Thick'n Healthy Mascara, Brown.

© Coty, N.Y.

of fashion.

Spring color forecast: the watercolor naturals.

The Fashion: This Spring everything—color, textures, shapes—will be touched with the most natural kind of beauty. Soft, watercolor hues inspired by nature's own colors of shells, sand, orchards and sky. Generously fluid shapes, in natural fabrics. Sometimes sheer. Always romantic.

The Face: All this softness is focused on the face. In the most gentle watercolor tones. Nature's own sheer warm colors, mixed subtly, delicately, blending one into another to go with everything. Romantically, gently. Created for you by Coty.

The Foundation: Glowing Finish All-In-One Makeup. One sweep gives you everything. Moisture, conditioning hydrolyzed protein, sunscreen, and sheer natural color. And, for oily skin, Glowing Finish Oil-Free Makeup with Astringent.

The Blush: Glowing Finish Bare Blusher. A softly glowing, sheer powder blush. Beautifully blendable, in two new shades—Watercolor Rose and Mocha Mist.

The Lips: Silksticks. Smooth, sheer, silky color for your lips, with hydrolyzed protein for irresistible softness and shine. In new Gossamer Rose, Organdy Plum, and Mocha Lace.

The Mascara: Glowing Finish Thick 'n Healthy, with pro-vitamin Panthenol. It not only builds and thickens your lashes, but actually strengthens and conditions them.



Spring fashion by John Anthony, winner of the prestigious Coty Fashion Critics Award, presented by Coty to American designers of outstanding achievement.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Fashion

Lace revelations . . . tux shirts with jeans . . . best spring put-ons . . . how a man wants to dress . . . right place, right time Beene

Calvin Klein takes today's American style to men with his first fall menswear collection (in stores, late summer), and the message that comes out of Calvin Klein Menswear is clean, modern, comfortable! Everything from unlined tweed sports jackets to nonstructured double-breasted suits to shawl-collared black-velvet dinner jackets are all worn with—no shirt, no tie—just crew-necked cashmere pullovers. When shirts do show up, the way Klein shows them, the top button's undone and the tie's knotted an easy inch lower down—the way a man likes *to dress. Are American men ready for some relaxation? The people at Calvin Klein think so; reports are they expect $40 million of business in this, their first, year.*

As spring weather bursts out in Paris, the best-looking young girls are taking to Right and Left Bank streets in vests; short V-necked cardigans; suspenders, in pale colors, worn over a big shirt with rolled-up sleeves and rolled-up shorts; suspenders, again, to hold up pencil-line pleated skirts. Narrow men's ties tie high or low; it's a man's look, translated to all-woman. . . . Keeping track of Geoffrey Beene could be a full-time career. In a month, to show his fall '78 collection, Beene opens first in Milan (where Beene produces for overseas distribution) on March 28 (while the Italian market's showing); then, as French ready-to-wear manufacturers begin to take over Paris, Geoffrey arrives, by invitation, April 6— to present his clothes at a special charity benefit in the American Ambassador's residence. The American collection, for any remaining stateside shut-ins, will open in New York April 24. When it comes to right place/right time, Beene, master designer, is strictly master craftsman.

"Believe me, I don't walk the same way in jeans knowing I'm wearing a lace teddy underneath!"

The best of a man's "black tie"? The dinner shirts, always: soft or starched, impossibly white, never worn often enough. Well, no more unworn, black-tie shirts are now showing up, showing off, in some ingenious arrangements. Young guys—mostly disco-stalkers — are tucking their tux shirts into jeans; women are pairing the shirts—pleated, ruffled, or bibbed—with the narrowest blue jeans, undressed pants, ankle pants, bathing suits! Top demand's for old custom-made or gorgeous antique shirts; the look's clean, fun, half-frivolous. . . . And, inevitably, wing collars, too, are taking off: young men, in New York, are already popping them under business suits for big nights out. All of which must amuse Karl Lagerfeld. . . . A wing-collared shirt, with foulard scarf tie, is—and always has been—the Paris designer's everyday getup.

"I feel like being in lace again," said the young woman, who's more comfortable in jeans than in major jewelry. And while she may be responding to the new femininity of clothes — or just to warmer weather, what she's craving now are some bits of pure pleasure—lace mufflers, à la Karl Lagerfeld; lace chokers; filmy handkerchiefs. She's putting her spring blazer over a lace camisole, sneaking on a teddy with her jeans and man's shirt. It's been a revelation. "Believe me," she said, "I don't walk the same way in jeans knowing I'm wearing a charmeuse and lace teddy underneath!"

If your notion of "pegged leg" is Long John Silver, and you're thoroughly confused as to what sort of pants to wear this season, consoling news: what with narrow legs, pegged legs, easy pants, and ankle-lengths, there's more variety, personality, and interesting ways to put on pants than ever before. . . . Velours: everyone adored it, wore it nonstop all winter; now velours is living on—as a lightweight—for spring. Where velours leaves off, summer terry takes over: clipped, shagged; in rompers, blazers, short shorts or boxers, T's. Super summer-weight sweaters! . . . White's blasting back (especially in terry) into sports clothes; coming on strong, again, for tennis (no more flirting with on-court pastels); looking new and wholly attractive for lingerie, after everyone's binge on nude or black.

As the fashion industry settles down to the thought that exercise isn't a sidebar to a busy schedule but a basic ingredient of a woman's life, design attention's focusing in on mobility. Active sports clothes are showing up, like sportswear, as moveable pieces—to go from sport to street to staying home. Californians, unsurprisingly, make the best active-ists: example, West-Coaster Elisabeth Stewart's "athletic department" clothes. They're coordinated/mixable swimwear, jogging clothes, terry and velours jackets, shorts, pants. Idea is, you can shrug on an ivory maillot and drawstring shorts for tennis; drop the shorts for swim; pull on pants for the supermarket. . . . On the beach, the fashion's for playing Kadima—or smash ball: it's a heavy workout, like paddle ball, but set up for as many players as can grab paddles.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN



Parfums Van Cleef & Arpels Paris

Saks Fifth Avenue

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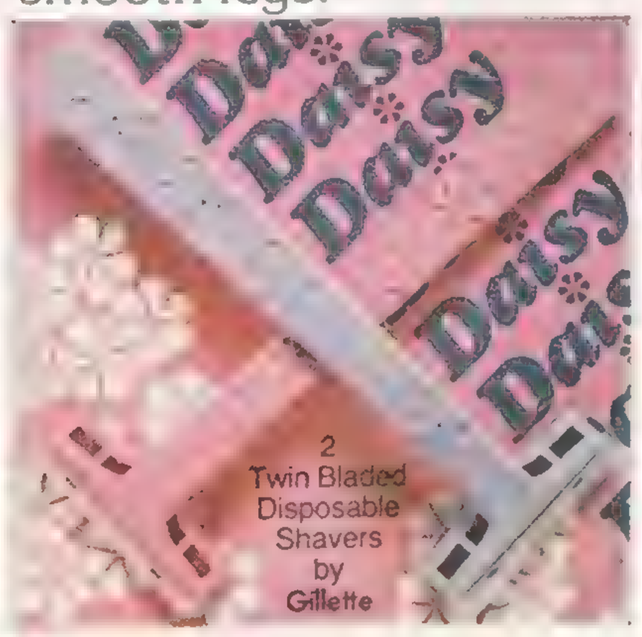


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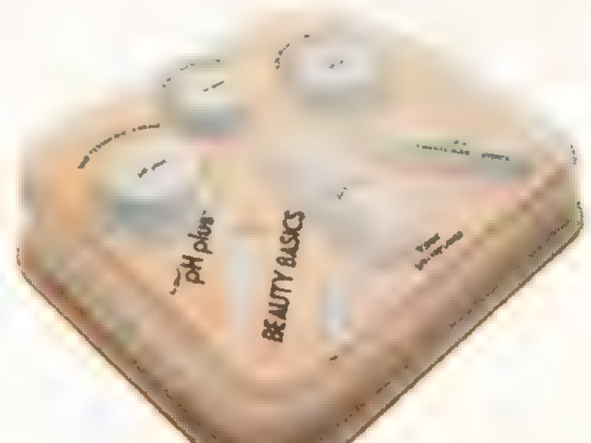
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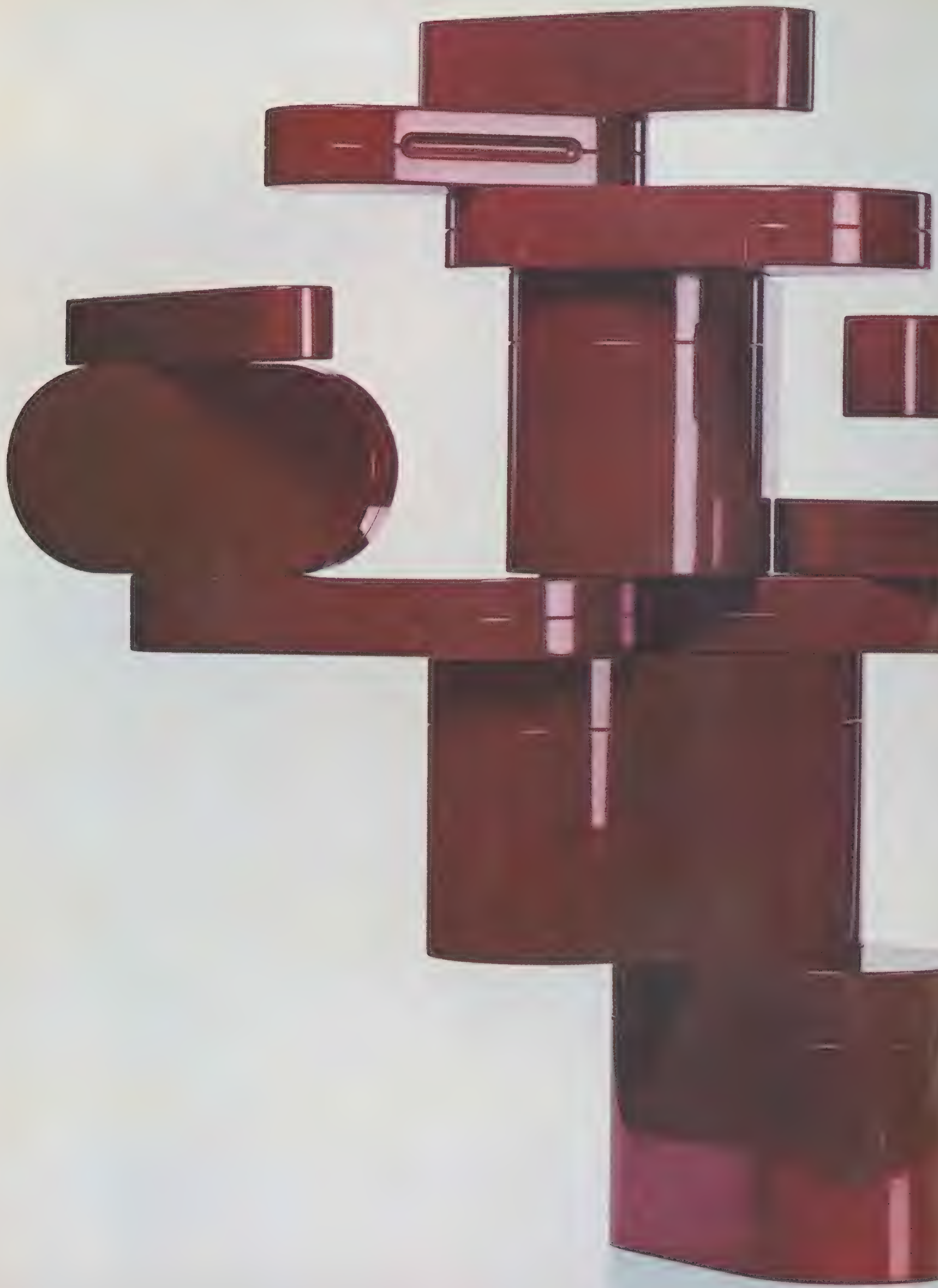
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WHAT'S COMING

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S NOW

A film about heroes—raw and riveting...Fifth Avenue gossip...shopping for groceries by TV...what a collector buys—when he buys four times a day

Movies

By Rex Reed

September 30, 1955
Directed by James Bridges, starring Richard Thomas
Movie history is densely thicketed with films about the pain and heartbreak of stardom, which filmmakers would lead us to believe is something like psoriasis. This is the first movie within memory about the savage, troubling effect that stardom can have on a fan.

September 30, 1955, is the day James Dean, at the age of twenty-four, is killed in a car crash. Richard Thomas plays Jimmy J, a student at the Arkansas State Teachers College who hears about the accident at football practice and begins a siege of mourning for his tragic hero that uproots the lives of the people around him. The film begins and ends, ironically, at the local picture show, where Jimmy J has wept through *East of Eden* four times.

Jimmy wants life to be a movie. He is haunted by the fact that he has the same name as Dean; he strives to enrich his dull, all-American image with the histrionics of a rebel by wearing a red windbreaker like the one Dean wore in *Rebel Without a Cause,* by tearing through streets on a motorcycle, even by cultivating the friendship of the school "sissy" as an homage to the relationship between Dean and Sal Mineo in *Rebel.* What galls him most is the stubborn, unsophisticated way his friends recover from the initial shock of Dean's death and drift back into the business of daily pursuits. Only Billie Jean, a girl friend with a dubious reputation, seems to share his secret passion for iconoclasm.

September 30, 1955 is an odd, sweet little film full of raw and riveting textures. There are sterling performances by Susan Tyrrell, as Billie Jean's trashy mother, and by Collin Wilcox, as Jimmy J's respectable, exasperated mother—as well as moving, sincere contributions by virtual unknowns and local actors from the rural community of Conway, Arkansas, where the film was shot. James Bridges (a native of Arkansas) has written a graceful, sensitive script; and Richard Thomas gives a skillful, emotionally draining performance as Jimmy J, a bright, perceptive boy who yearns so desperately to do all the things life cheated James Dean of that he ends up cheating himself and the people who love him.

The film doesn't quite work because Jimmy J is the only character in it who ever intensely feels anything, so the audience ends up with split loyalties because the other characters are so damned logical. Still, it's an oddly effective look at what it's like to be young and vulnerable and bored and at how, for some, being different for the sake of being different is sometimes enough.

Culver Pictures



"Rebel" Richard Thomas, left—self-styled after his James Dean "Rebel Without a Cause" hero, right—in "September 30, 1955": a film about stardom's savage effect on a fan

Casey's Shadow
Directed by Martin Ritt, starring Walter Matthau and Alexis Smith
Casey is the youngest of three sons in a family of illiterate Louisiana Cajuns presided over by Walter Matthau. Shadow is the orphan colt Casey raises to compete for the million-dollar purse in the quarter-horse races at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. The movie is a combination of *National Velvet* and *The Story of Seabiscuit.* Casey's father's selfish determination to race Shadow, even if it kills the inexperienced colt and wrecks his family, becomes an obsession; winning is his one chance to be someone, to get his name in the record books.

Matthau chews tobacco, swigs beer, and sings a jaunty "Alouette," but neither Matthau's bravura nor the beauty of Alexis Smith nor the lovable horse itself can steal the movie from its most impressive performer—a new, magnetic, and sinewy young actor named Andrew Rubin, who plays the eldest son—torn between compassion for his father and an ideal he knows is wrong.

Martin Ritt, who knows the territory, has made the pastoral scenes of country fiddlers and parish horse races sting with authenticity. It's fairly predictable stuff, all tied together rather too conveniently in time for a happy ending, but it won't hurt anybody; and people who complain, "They don't make clean family pictures anymore" can now shut up. "They" just did.

Art

By David Bourdon

Photographs from the Collection of Samuel J. Wagstaff, Jr.
St. Louis Art Museum; April 7—May 28
Until recently, one of the prime topics of art-world gossip concerned the size, contents, and quality of Sam Wagstaff's photography collection. A former curator at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford and the Detroit Institute of Arts, this New York collector once owned major paintings and sculpture by Jackson Pollock, Agnes Martin, and Robert Morris, among others. With prudent timing, he sold the art and parlayed the profits into one of the country's largest collections of photographs, which he accumulated in such quantity and with such zeal that he created waves throughout the photography market.

This exhibition contains more than 170 photographs selected by Wagstaff himself. No one will argue with his claim that it "is a personal, idiosyncratic selection of a lot of images not seen before, a lot of overlooked images from famous photographers, and a lot of images by photographers who should be known but aren't." Indeed, nearly 80 percent of the photographs are by anonymous or little-known photographers or are unfamiliar examples by major names. The collection is strongly rooted in nineteenth-century English, French, and American work, with about 15 percent of the collection contemporary. Wagstaff's personal slant is bound to affect traditional views of photography history. "I think we are just beginning to look at photographs," he said.

The show, which originated at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, will travel to New York, Seattle, Berkeley, Atlanta.

Noguchi's Imaginary Landscapes
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; April 23–June 18
Few sculptors in any age could match the versatility of Isamu Noguchi, the multitalented, seventy-three-year-old Japanese-American whose interests range beyond sculpture into the realms of furniture, theater, and landscape design. Though his art is abstract, it is almost always rooted in nature, often alluding to the human body. The spare, concentrative character of his work derives, in part, from traditional Japanese idioms, as well as from modernist Western attitudes. Noguchi learned how to carve and polish stone from the great Brancusi, whom he assisted in Paris in the late 1920's. Even today, Noguchi's restrained sensibility seems most eloquently expressed in carved stone, though he has demonstrated his mastery in terra cotta, bronze, and stainless steel.

In the mid-1930's, Noguchi designed the first of many memorable sets for Martha Graham's dance productions. In the 1950's, he turned his attention to commercial ventures, designing the first of his popular Akari, the white paper lanterns that are not

(What's News, continued on page 48)

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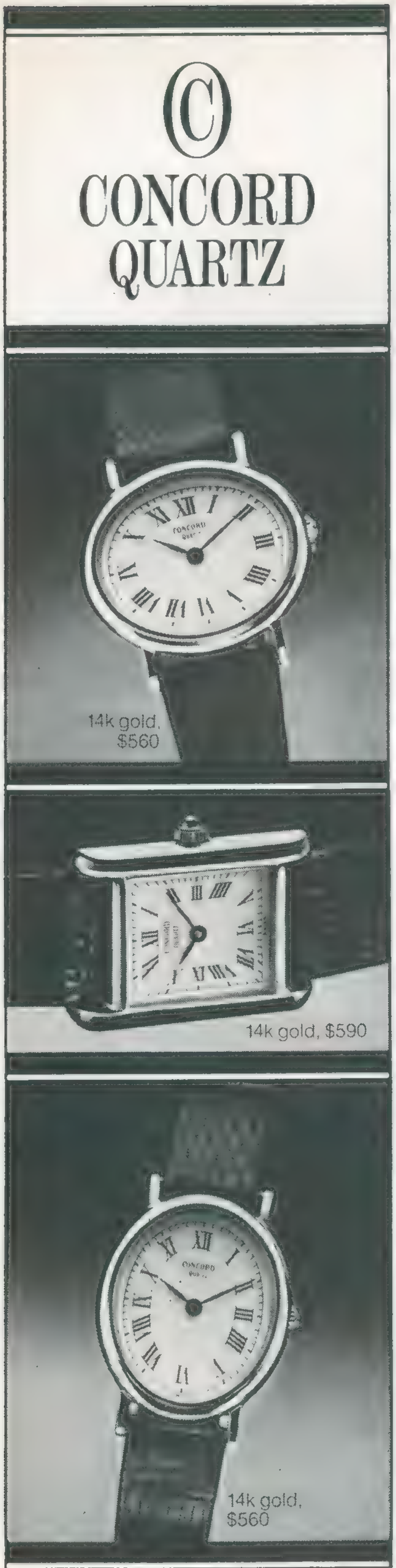


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Watches enlarged to show detail

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

so much lamps for illumination as they are elegant volumes of self-contained light.

This ambitious retrospective—Noguchi's first in this country in a decade—valiantly attempts to do justice not only to the artist's sculpture but also to his far-flung gardens, plazas, and playgrounds. A major section of the show consists of models and photographs of actual or unrealized architectural and landscape projects. Many museum-goers will be acquainted with Noguchi's garden designs for UNESCO, Paris, the Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, the Israel Museum, Jerusalem. Almost everyone will be surprised by a pair of unrealized projects: a 1930's earth sculpture in the form of a human face, designed to be visible from outer space, and an Art Deco design for the swimming pool of Hollywood director Josef von Sternberg.

The exhibition travels to Denver, Cleveland, San Francisco, Detroit.

Monet's Years at Giverny: Beyond Impressionism
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; April 22–July 9
This exhibition focuses on the luminous, chromatically dazzling landscapes that Monet painted at his home and in the countryside surrounding Giverny, in the valley of the Seine, midway between Paris and Rouen. Monet settled there in 1883, when he was in his early forties. Beset with financial problems, he was unable to buy the house he occupied until 1890, when he began constructing the "water garden" and Japanese footbridge that figure so gloriously in his late paintings.

During his long residence at Giverny, Monet realized most of the great "series" paintings—the successive studies of fleeting, atmospheric light at specific times of day. He devoted one series to the row of stately poplars along the river Epte, another series to haystacks in a field, and still another series to the façade of Rouen's cathedral. Lushest of all, of course, is the exquisite water-garden series, enveloping views of cloud reflections and water lilies floating on the placid surface of the pond, amid a luxuriant array of lilies, iris, willows, and bamboo. The water-lilies pictures are noteworthy for their rejection of compositional hierarchies: every square inch alive with energetic brushwork and refreshing color.

The Giverny studio and gardens were restored only recently and may open to the public in time to coincide with this exhibition, which contains eighty-one paintings, including twenty-five borrowed from the superb collection bequeathed by the artist's son to the Musée Marmottan in Paris. After its Metropolitan Museum stay, the show travels to the St. Louis Art Museum.

MORE ART:

Saul Steinberg: Since 1941, when he began regularly publishing his graphically sophisticated, intellectually provoking drawings in "The New Yorker," this doodling philosopher has tantalized and titillated an ever-growing number of fans. From April 14 through July 9, the Whitney Museum offers a comprehensive survey of about 250 drawings, collages, masks, and three-dimensional objects; later, the show travels to Washington, DC, and London.



Noguchi's earth-sculpture face was designed —in the 1930's—to be seen from outer space

Books

By Allene Talmey

Mortal Friends
By James Carroll (Little, Brown)
The inventory of this capacious, pulsing novel includes a clot of Kennedys of Boston, the Sicilian syndicate, De Valera and Michael Collins of Ireland, Pope John XXIII of Rome, Richard Cardinal Cushing, and a clump of Back Bay WASPS. Tough, many-threaded, raging, ferocious, murderous, philosophic, and Catholic, *Mortal Friends* naturally has enormous suction.

Practically every human condition gets a moment of play: love, sex, family relations, avarice, compassion, death, fathers and sons—plus thick wedges of money laced into the politics of government and church. Somewheres in there comes the Irish vow of silence (the equivalent of the mob's *omertà*), when Colman Brady, a Tipperary farmer, eventually puts down among his fellow immigrants in Boston's South End. There, he links up with Mayor Curley and his fellows. Catapulted into Boston politics, Brady and his adhesive fingers reach into alliance with the Worcester-born mob boss of the Italian North End, an alliance that embraces the Cardinal's palace, Harvard, and the United States Army in Sicily.

Muscular and amusing, *Mortal Friends* is irresistible. In fact, few could resist this patch of dialogue between former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy and Colman Brady in the men's room of the Parker House just after young Jack's election to the Senate:

"Congratulations on Jack's victory. You're delighted, of course."

"Damn right I am. There'd have been hell to pay if we lost. The money I spent, we could have elected my chauffeur!"

Fifth Avenue: A Very Social History
By Kate Simon (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)
A gossiper of remarkable fecundity, Kate Simon gossips in the most entertaining way about Fifth Avenue, New York City. To do so, she pulls in a raft of people from all over the country with events that happened far from the city but have a crisscrossing

(What's News, continued on page 50)



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**Lighter than air–
the feeling of
summer in totally
unconstructed
and compatible
parts.
By Donna Karan
and Louis Dell'Olio
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thread, knotting on the Avenue. By 1886, Fifth Avenue, only fifty-five years old, had become an elegant *allée* of mansions: "One of the best and cheapest entertainments of Old and New City was millionaire-watching." In fact, Leonard Jerome, the grandfather of Winston Churchill, on Sundays drove his carriage, "loaded with a miniharem of beauties, along Fifth Avenue."

Like a brimstone preacher, Simon explains where the Avenue's riches came from —rural suckers and the reaching slum pits, fertile with immigrants. As the old names started to vanish, the upstarts took over: Astors, Vanderbilts, Belmonts, Carnegies, Kahns, Fricks, Baches, and dozens more. Among the most notable and notorious: Madame Restell, in her legal abortion-salon at Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

When the eccentric and fun-loving millionaires and their wives and families moved away from the Avenue, with business and shops taking over where Goulds and Brevoorts and Rhinelanders and even Isaac M. Singer had lived, the sparkle of private idiosyncrasy dimmed. Without letting up on the pace of her story, Simon stops in 1977 after reaching Harlem. She returns for her climax to a Sunday last July in front of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, where a dazzling *souk* boomed with vendors, painters, musicians, and mimes.

Prize Stories 1978: The O. Henry Awards
Edited and with an introduction by William Abrahams (Doubleday)
These eighteen mostly solid story-telling stories beckon the reader on to their satisfying ends. Neither diaphanous, inscrutable, nor frighteningly sensitive, they form a magical thicket of tales. Rightly, Woody Allen's "The Kugelmass Episode" won first prize for his funny, vigorous detailing of the involvement of a City College professor in extramarital exotica with delicious Emma Bovary, first at nineteenth-century Yonville and then, in the present, at New York's Plaza Hotel. Allen manages time and place transitions with absolute pitch: "an audible pop." Marvelous.

Although my pets among the choices do not coincide with William Abrahams's. these stories are so illuminating in impact that I list them without grading: "Undeveloped Photographs" by Jessie Schell; "The Schreuderspitze" by Mark Helprin; "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Original Music of the Hebrew Alphabet" by Curt Leviant; and "The Exact Nature of Plot" by Susan Fromberg Schaeffer. Their characters settle down in the mind—to stay.

Recordings

By David Sargent

The Budapest String Quartet: Early EMI recordings (1932-6) of quartets by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wolf, and Bartók
(Columbia Odyssey)
This might look, on the surface, like an interesting historical reissue; it is very much that. But it's more, too: these recordings reach very close to the summit of art.

One might think the recorded sound would be antiquated, and in a sense it is. But the Europeans made remarkably sophisticated-sounding records forty years ago; and, for various reasons, string quartets emerge with far more natural fidelity than some other instrumental and vocal combinations. Once you get used to them, the sound of these disks shouldn't bother you at all. And the performances . . . ! The Budapest Quartet was founded in 1918 and lasted until 1967 and, during most of that time, was regarded as the paragon of quartet playing. Of all their recordings, those made in the 1930's are considered the finest: such a mixture of technical excellence and balance, interpretive congruity, modern tension, and traditional warmth, over so wide a repertory, has hardly ever been equaled.



Emmylou Harris, above: "working with a relaxed, sexy, teasing resilience"

This present set amounts to a mini-history of the quartet form; only Hadyn is missing. There is some miraculous Mozart, middle and late; Beethoven, Schubert's "Quartetsatz," a surprisingly intense Mendelssohn, Brahms's Quartet No. 3, Wolf's "Italian Serenade," and the Bartók "Second." This is an album to be cherished—and it's being sold at a budget price.

Warren Zevon: Excitable Boy
(Asylum)
Zevon's debut album in 1976 was well received, and his live shows during a short club tour got even better notices; but, so far, he is still best known as the composer of the title track for Linda Ronstadt's *Hasten Down the Wind* album and of two songs from her *Simple Dreams*. This second disk, co-produced by Jackson Browne (who did the first) and Waddy Wachtel of Miss Ronstadt's band, should banish any lingering anonymity, because it's one of the finest, most intelligent rock records ever to come out of Los Angeles.

What makes Zevon so good is that he blends the husky sensitivity and emotionality of the Los Angeles singer-songwriter school, epitomized by Browne himself, with a quirky, diabolical humor and irresistible rock and roll. The playing on this record is fervent and passionate yet as sharply executed as any studio perfectionist might desire. Zevon's singing, too, is more effective than the initially limited range of his baritone might suggest. But what makes this album special are the songs, which move from rock to semi-disco to epic narratives to ballads with a complete sureness of style, continually enlivened with striking imagery and musical freshness. Check it out.

Emmylou Harris: Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town
(Warner Bros.)
For all her obvious charms, Emmylou Harris has always seemed a limited artist. She co-wrote a few of the songs on her earlier albums, but songwriting doesn't appear to be an avenue she wants to pursue; she is clearly attractive, yet she didn't seem sure of how much to sell herself on her looks.

The real problems lay in her singing. Harris had a thin or pure soprano, depending on how you heard it. In backup, singing for the likes of Gram Parsons, Bob Dylan, and Neil Young, she sounded magical—partly because of her ear for unexpected harmonies. On her own, the results seemed too often stiff and monochromatic, the phrasing rigid and unfeeling.

This new disk could be her first really successful solo project, on a simple song-by-song basis. Partly that's because there are more duets and trios than ever, with Willie Nelson, Rick Danko, Nicolette Larson, Dianne Brooks, or Fayssoux Starling. The song collection is especially varied and delightful, and Harris and her band are working with a relaxed, sexy, and teasing resilience that is most appealing, indeed.

Where to eat now:

Jim McMullen's



At first glance, during peak time, Jim McMullen's looks like the best-dressed singles bar on Manhattan's Third Avenue. But get to the far end of the thronged bar, and you will find yourself in one of the happiest family restaurants in town. *Left*, young Jim McM. and his fiancée, Kathy Gallagher; they got McMullen's all together, brilliantly.

What's so special about McMullen's? Its good looks: mellow wood, old brick, garden windows; its spirit: good-humored; its menu: simple, basically American.

McMullen shops Manhattan's best fishmonger, butcher. His cooks revere the virtues of their materials. Hot broccoli soup is essentially a pure purée of that clean-green-tasting veg. But how to describe simple goodness? A clue: everything tastes precisely the way it should—but better.—L. L.

MORE RECORDINGS:

McCoy Tyner: Inner Voices (Milestone). Tyner overlays his characteristically exciting and fervent jazz piano-playing with a classy collection of sidemen (Klugh, Carter, DeJohnette, Gravatt) and wordless voices to produce an unusual, appealing record.
Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band: Meets King Penett (RCA). The second record by these disco innovators, even more sophisticated, danceable than the first.
Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings: Waylon and Willie (RCA). Not as probing as Nelson can be alone, but still a delightful collection of country duets and solos.
The Vibrators: Pure Mania (Columbia). More British punk rock, as energetic as any and more accomplished than most.

(What's News, continued on page 52)

Bill and Susan Fine,
President and Creative Director
of Frances Denney

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"Wearing a fine perfume is more important to me than wearing a piece of marvelous jewelry. Interlude has a rare quality ...a mysterious, oriental bouquet, that lingers... and lingers. For special occasions. It's provocative and elegant at the same time.
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(Most men do.)"

Susan Fine



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Sports

By Kay Gilman

Billie Jean's dream

It's not stretching a point to state that Billie Jean King is the role model and gadfly who emancipated female athletes. She boldly burst into the public's awareness and demanded commensurate respect, opportunity, and remuneration, both for herself and for all talented women in sports.

Now, Billie Jean is the spark plug behind the two-year-old Women's Sports Foundation, a charitable nonprofit national organization that is designed to encourage girls and women to become involved in sports at every level and that also will be a central resource-information center of women's sports. Billie Jean, today a slim, vibrant thirty-four-year-old who is still winning tournaments and playing World Team Tennis, explains, "I want all young girls to have the opportunities that I had. And a lot of opportunities that I never had."

To that end, the Women's Sports Foundation is offering sports-camp scholarships for promising female athletes, sponsoring college scholarships for women looking to sports-related careers and the establishment of women's sports programs at the community level, and supporting research in sports medicine pertaining to women.

The Women's Sports Foundation's principal project for 1978 is the establishment of regional workshop programs for directors of sports activities from YMCA's, the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., and the Girls Clubs of America. Through the workshops, the directors will be given professional assistance with their sports programs as well as special funds to equip new programs or to expand old ones.

Billie Jean is definitely not doing a solo turn for the Women's Sports Foundation. She is backed by an advisory board of heavy-hitters such as golfer Jane Blalock, former Olympic diver Micki King Hogue, runner Kathy Switzer, fellow tennis luminary Chris Evert, orthopedist and sports-medicine whiz James A. Nicholas, M.D., plus corporate sponsors.

This year, the Women's Sports Foundation made a great leap forward with a celebrity-backed auction—featuring items such as ten days at Billie Jean and Larry King's house at Kauai, Hawaii; a trip to Vail, Colorado, with skiing lessons from freestyle champion Suzy Chaffee—and an ABC-TV special designed to raise both funds and America's consciousness. "Women's sports have come a long way, baby," acknowledges Billie Jean King, "but we've still got a long long way to go."

Note: Membership in the Women's Sports Foundation, copies of their monthly magazine, and information may be obtained by writing to the Women's Sports Foundation, 1160 S. Amphlett Boulevard, Suite 266, San Mateo, California 94402.

(What's News, continued on page 54)



Softer. Easier. More relaxed.
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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Collecting

By Judith Goldman

"Genius"—at auction

Henry Francis du Pont had three passions: cattle, horticulture, and collecting. He raised prize Holsteins, bottled his own milk, cultivated orchids, landscaped a dazzling sixty-acre natural garden, and created the country's most important and comprehensive collection of decorative arts: The Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum in Winterthur, Delaware. On April 28, Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York will sell two hundred items from Winterthur.

Meticulous and compulsive, du Pont added an average of four objects to his collection each day for approximately forty years. He began in 1923, when there was no market for American antiques, few experts, even fewer collectors. His first acquisition was a 1737 Pennsylvania-made chest, and he never stopped. He was, according to William Stahl, head of Americana at Sotheby Parke Bernet, "a genius."

To create his collection, du Pont traveled the eastern seaboard, acquiring panels, woodwork, moldings, fireplaces, and doors. He bought them to install in his home, Winterthur. Each room was true to its period; each represented a specific American style from 1640 to 1840.

Du Pont lived in the rooms. When they were filled, he built more, until Winterthur became a maze of wings, of perfect alcoves, halls, and parlors. Each room had fresh flowers and sets of draperies for each season. They still do. In 1951, du Pont opened Winterthur to the public.

Among the items for sale at Sotheby this month are: a Queen Anne New England easy chair, a Federal lady's desk and bookcase, a selection of Audubon prints, Chinese export porcelain, and drawings by the nineteenth-century portraitist St. Memin. For the seasoned American furniture collector, this will be a routine sale (only duplicates are for sale; rare items remain at Winterthur). Still, the provenance, even for the most experienced buyers, is the best.

Nonbuyers, horticulturists, novices and experts in Americana should visit Winterthur in April and May. The Korean rhododendrons bloom; and sheets of daffodils drift beyond them, along with violets, phlox, crab apples, magnolia, and flowering quince. In May, the Azalea Woods reach their peak, and from April 18–May 28, thirty of Winterthur's two hundred rooms are open without reservation. The rest of the year, fewer rooms can be seen unless you have reservations; then, guides lead groups of four through the house.

MORE COLLECTING:

If you go to Winterthur—six miles northwest of Wilmington, Delaware—also visit, nearby: Odessa, Delaware's carefully preserved eighteenth-century homes; the conservatories, arboretum, and display gardens at Longwood Gardens, in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. The Brandywine River Museum in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, has paintings by the Wyeth family.



From Winterthur's "genius" collector Henry Francis du Pont: Mahogany and white-pine lady's writing desk, ca. 1815

Tv

By Diane English

"1984 is now"

To many communications visionaries, cable television has been a disappointment. Suddenly, though, there has been an encouraging spurt of growth; and cable, "the television of abundance," is on the move.

Communications giants like Time-Life, Warner Communications, and Viacom are entering into the cable programming market, greatly upgrading programming and drawing new audiences "onto the cable." Time-Life's Home Box Office, for instance, offers, for an additional monthly fee, a special channel featuring top films, On-Location star nightclub acts, special sporting events. Viacom's Showtime Entertainment, Inc., is a similar paid television system.

"What Home Box Office represents," says Don Redell, director of program marketing for TPS/HBO, "is an entertainment alternative. We give our audiences programming they won't get on commercial or public television. And when you think of what it costs to go out, pay television is a bargain."

Approximately thirteen million households in the U.S. are now wired for cable, with the number increasing every day. By the end of the century, speculate some, 80 percent of all homes could be on the cable, making the concept of "a wired nation" possible. It is at this point that the power of cable TV comes into focus.

John Maccabee, former programming director for Coaxial Communications and consultant to several cable television concerns, sees us on the edge of a new communications frontier. "One of the most exciting aspects of cable television," he says, "aside from the creative possibilities, is the service potential. The development of cable television will ultimately mean an almost unlimited number of channels, each one catering to a specific interest or audience. There would even be an encyclopedia channel where the viewer could tap into a computer and request a video display of all available information on any subject."

If the cable can send a message to the viewer, then it stands to reason that the viewer could send a message through the cable. Two-way television and computers would make it possible to vote by TV, to shop by TV, even someday to program one's own personal channel. In fact, Warner Cable has developed the first fully operational two-way cable system, CUBE, in Columbus, Ohio, where subscribers can call their own plays during televised sports events and give yes/no answers during televised opinion polls.

"The impact of two-way television," says Maccabee, "could be enormous. For instance, you could comparatively price and order the day's groceries via a two-way system. Your order would be received at a giant food warehouse, packed and delivered to you within hours. This would eliminate the need for hundreds of local stores. The energy savings would be extensive.

"In my opinion," Maccabee says, "1984 is now. We have little or no control over what is offered us on television. But cable will demystify television—transform it into an appliance that *we* control."

Taxes

By Julian Block

Parent deductions

Do you contribute toward the support of another household that includes two or more relatives—for instance, your father and mother? An IRS ruling provides an easy way for you to arrange support contributions in a way that will give you at least one dependency exemption.

Suppose your parents live apart from you and their total support outlay comes to $3000 each, or a total of $6000. Of that, you contribute $1800, and the remaining $4200 comes mostly from their Social Security benefits and other tax-free sources. Make sure to "designate" one of your parents as the specific recipient of your payments. Otherwise, the IRS will split your contribution between your parents and assume you provided $900 for each. That way, you get no exemption for either one because you flunk the support test that requires you to contribute over half of a dependent's total support for the year.

By the time your return is audited, of course, it's usually impossible to prove that your $1800 was actually spent on one parent only. But the IRS says you can designate your contributions as intended specifically for the support of, say, your mother—usually without having to prove that the designated amount was spent only on her. The IRS probably will refuse to accept a verbal agreement between you and your mother that isn't backed up by some written memo, etc., that you prepared at the time you made your support contribution. If you are paying only for your mother's support, note this on your checks to her.

Whenever possible, you should make the payments directly for things that the IRS counts as her support—clothing, medical bills, and the like. Either ask her to have the bills made out to you or ask her to forward them to you. Pay them by check and keep the bills and checks as proof.

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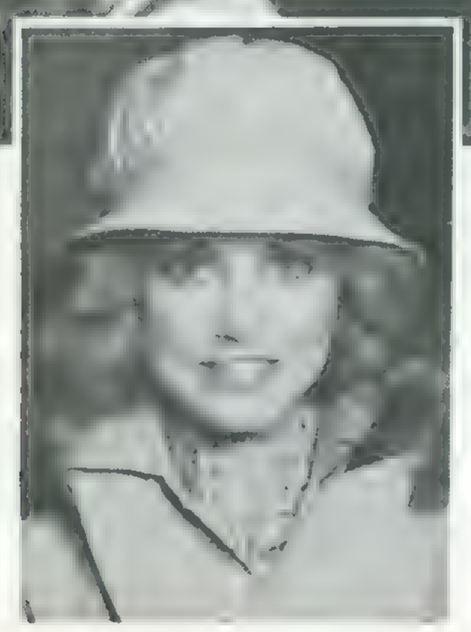
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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **April**

Aries: Bargaining power now. **Taurus:** Freedom comes late month. **Gemini:** A relationship is threatened. **Cancer:** Greatest opportunities. **Leo:** Last-minute luck. **Virgo:** Approval from the right places. **Libra:** Take on a new challenge. **Scorpio:** Dress-rehearsal time. **Sagittarius:** Surprise cash. **Capricorn:** New life, new love. **Aquarius:** Options plus. **Pisces:** It's all up to you

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

You are stubborn the first ten days of the month—it doesn't pay. Your attitude changes on the 11th and, with someone else, you initiate an important project that places you in a strong bargaining position. Be careful not to overlook influential people who can assist you in promoting a personal affair at full moon, on the 22nd.

Health: Strong
Money: Solid
Love: Secure

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

Your ruler, Venus, in your own sign supports your proposals. Listen to partners regarding financial deals. Slow down on the 15th—you could run aground. Good news comes on the 17th; an old friend needs help on the 21st. On the 27th, pressures lift, burdens disappear, and you move more freely on all levels.

Health: Stable
Money: Certain
Love: Positive

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

A competitive friend may tell you something that could jeopardize your relationship. Don't take this too seriously. Harmony is restored on the 11th, ushering in a constructive period when ideas and long-range plans could have great significance for your future. The last week of the month is important for you.

Health: Optimistic
Money: New
Love: Exciting

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

Press forward on all levels—especially on the career and investment fronts. New bosses are testing your ability; you can handle it, but leave nothing to chance. On the 12th, an inner force strengthens you and you realize that new prosperity can become a reality: Jupiter—ruling luck—enters Cancer for the first time in twelve years, bringing the greatest opportunities.

Health: Revived
Money: Reliable
Love: Changes

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

You are bored. Why not take a ten-day holiday? But do it before the 11th, because then you assume a new position of authority. Seek out new status, new contacts; develop new interests. Important and fruitful meetings with those who can offer increased job security will bring forward encouraging proposals. Lovely surprises are in the offing. Be ready; prepare now for luck at month's end.

Health: Organized
Money: Competitive
Love: Boring

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

You have never been more enterprising behind the scenes, since your planet—Mercury—is retrograde (going backward), preparing you for a new push. Past projects have new potential at the end of the month. Try out a solid idea on the 9th; it will take hold again on the 17th. People in the know will approve and support you.

Health: Stimulated
Money: O.K.!
Love: Of course

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

Your Venus ruler now in Taurus—the evaluator—brings out your practicality. From the 3rd to the 27th, you are organized and able to take on any new enterprise. Stay with it until it is well underway. A surprise move on the 15th may stir you up, but stay calm. A test on the 21st requires time. Reassurance and rewards on the 28th and 29th prove you secure.

Health: Steady
Money: Prospects
Love: Recessed

(Continued on page 64)

Elizabeth

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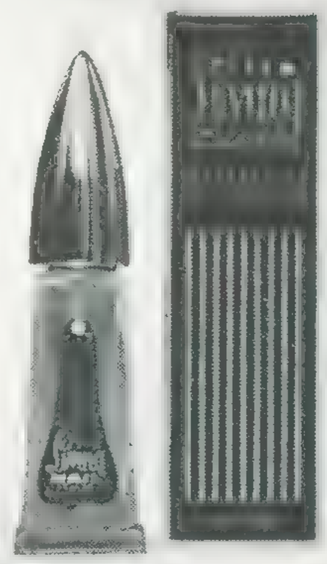
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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 62)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Mars, your ruler, in Cancer softens you, makes you sympathetic. You are now in a period of building, and others are ready to grant you favors until the 11th. Then, out you come for the real show! Policy changes boost your prospects for a strong win the last four days of the month. You wind up on top—with new prestige.

Health: Fine
Money: New offers
Love: Fulfilled

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

You wind up an indecisive state on the 12th and are ready to enter into a new positive period. The reason? Jupiter, your ruler, enters Cancer for the first time in twelve years. Your need for physical and spiritual peace is real and you will strive for—and find—emotional satisfactions and comforts in all areas. Expect money from new sources, more fulfilling friendships.

Health: Renewal
Money: Prosperous
Love: Abundant

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Problems bombard you during the first ten days of the month, but the end of this grueling period is in sight. The release starts on the 22nd with the full moon. Then, Jupiter, ruling luck, offers you new ways to live—and love.

Health: Resurgence
Money: Reliable
Love: Positive

Aquarius

JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

You are stimulated by an offer from a friend who wants you to collaborate on a project. This collaboration won't last, but it could lay the foundation for a future project that will work for you. An ending of sorts on the 15th forces you temporarily to go in another direction. The full moon on the 22nd gives you the opportunity to resolve all your options.

Health: Sturdy
Money: Gamble
Love: Rivals

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

The first week of the month has someone new pursuing you. At the same time, someone is trying to break free of an old relationship. By new moon, on the 7th, the contest is over, and it's all up to you. The last week of the month gives you independence through a new business commitment and increased income.

Health: Splendid
Money: En route
Love: Choice



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Between Us

Advice from top money-woman . . . help for the small firm . . . and stories to show you yourself

By Lorraine Davis

WHERE THE MONEY IS

In many a U.S. household, it's the wife, surveys show, who keeps the budget and pays the bills, a fact that startles no one. But, did you realize that one of the top financial jobs in the country is now held by a woman? As Superintendent of Banks of the State of New York, Muriel Siebert is considered Number Four in finance (just behind the three top federal officials), since she oversees the nation's largest state banking department and banks across the country follow her policies.

"Mickie," who smashed tradition in 1967 when she became the first woman with her own seat on the New York Stock Exchange, started her career in 1954 as a research trainee at Bache & Co., had three partnerships in Wall Street firms before organizing her own—Muriel Siebert and Company. At forty-five, she brings solid expertise to her new job (sworn in last July) where she supervises the handling of four-hundred billion dollars!

The recent surge of women into the banking business, particularly in the management posts, is warming to Ms. Siebert, who credits Equal Opportunity legislation and the Women's Movement with opening up exciting opportunities for females in finance. Asked about the best preparation for a money-oriented career, she said enthusiastically: "Make sure you take a few accounting courses. Now, if you want an extended education, law is terrific; it takes you a lot of places. It's a long process but a good background. But there's no substitute for accounting—knowing how to pull apart a balance sheet—it's vital."

HELP FOR THE "LITTLE WOMAN"

If you're one of those women who's taken up the no-jobs challenge by opening your own business, or if you just find your life too disorganized to bear, another enterprising woman, Jenneke Barton, has a service for you. Large firms have their pet systems analysts and management consultants; Jenneke's firm, All Systems Go, is intended for the small business owner, professional woman, or homemaker.

All Systems Go will tackle an isolated problem—setting up an office—or will work out a total approach to efficiency, including help with planning, decision making, and delegating work.

Ms. Barton (P.O. Box 1271, Cathedral Station, N.Y.C. 10025) can also set up a home office or work center, take on closets, bureaus, garage, or attic. Whatever's in need of some order. Rates for each six-hour day are $80 for personal organizing, $105 for business or professionals. Gift certificates are available!

QUEENING IT

Baby Princess Victoria, the first child of Sweden's King Carl Gustaf and Queen Silvia, has a good chance of ruling her country no matter how many brothers she may one day have. After approving the report of a special commission on the matter, the Swedish government is expected to recommend to the Parliament that the constitution be changed to make Sweden the first country in the world to give women and men equal right to the throne. The law, in effect by 1980, could give the country its first reigning queen since Christina, who was crowned in 1644, because there had been no male heir to supersede her.

Hanna Holborn Gray will become the first woman to head a leading private university when she takes over the presidency of the University of Chicago this summer. She has been acting president at Yale, but the Old Blues objected to making the job permanent.

OURSELVES, FROM THE INSIDE

"I have always listened carefully to my friend Kitty's recommendations, for she has made one mistake after another. Her experience is invaluable."

—Grace Paley in "Faith in a Tree"

This splinter of park-bench wisdom, as useful as a good paring knife, comes from a book of sixteen short stories, *Motherlove,* edited by Stephanie Spinner, published as a Laurel Paperback by Dell. These stories, none of them new, treat motherhood and, in many cases, daughterhood. All were written by women—e.g., Penelope Gilliatt, Nadine Gordimer, Edna O'Brien—impressive achievements, especially Jean Stafford's exquisite "Cops and Robbers," and, collectively, a revelatory look at ourselves.

LIGHTS-ON SEX

If you like to have some light on your lovemaking, the better to gaze into your partner's eyes, you're on the right beam. Russel J. Reiter, Ph.D., and his researchers at the University of Texas Health Science Center in San Antonio have determined that the pineal gland, the tiny organ that controls sexual behavior, is enormously sensitive to light. In the dark, the gland secretes an anti-sex hormone; but production decreases as light increases. Interest in sex and even fertility decline during long arctic nights, and girls in sunny equatorial lands mature before their northern neighbors. These could be examples of the light/sex equation. And don't forget that girls have been maturing earlier since electric lights were invented.

OWN-BUSINESS BETS THIS MONTH

Available in April: a raft of seminars sponsored wholly or in part by the U.S. Small Business Administration. If you have or are considering a firm of your own (also see far left), look into one of these: One-day conference for women managing, marketing, and financing a small business: Springfield Technical Community College, Springfield, Massachusetts, April 18. Special workshops for women: Bloomingdale's, the Short Hills Mall, Short Hills, New Jersey, April 11; and Ocean County Community College, Toms River, New Jersey, April 29. Pre-business workshop for women: Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Pennsylvania, April 5. Conference for women already in business: Holiday Inn, Eighteenth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, April 18. Two-day women-in-business conference: Ramada Inn Central, I-85 North and Monroe Drive, Atlanta, Georgia, April 6-7. Women-in-business seminar: Sheraton Ritz, Minneapolis, April 21. Two-day conference: "Are You in the Profit Picture?" University of Texas at Arlington, April 28-29. Women-in-business event: Dubuque, Iowa, April 11. Enterprising Women: how to start and manage your own business: Sioux City, April 25. Two-day conference on women in business: Executive Tower Inn, 1405 Curtis Street, Denver, April 3-4.

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Plastic surgery: the unplain facts

Why, who, where, and how much . . .

This year, as many as one and one-half million surgical operations will be done in the United States purely for reasons of appearance. When you have decided you really want a surgical face-fix, you'll want to bone up on the possibilities: how to choose a doctor, what to have done, how long it will take, how much it will cost.

Start your research with your personal physician, suggested James R. Leonard, M.D., clinical professor of otolaryngology and maxillofacial surgery at both the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia and Atlanta's Emory University. Your doctor may refer you to a colleague specializing in cosmetic surgery.

Another way to choose a doctor is to drop a note to your county medical society. You should identify the part of the body involved, tell the type of surgery you're interested in, and ask for names and addresses of doctors. The society's answer will not be a recommendation or endorsement of any surgeon, but will identify those in your area who are board-certified in the specialties you need. You can also get information and referrals from The Secretary, The American Academy of Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, Suite 4008, 2800 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60657 and The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, Suite 800, 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, IL 60602. Or you could write to Dr. Leonard himself: James R. Leonard, M.D., Suite 333, 3280 Howell Mill Road, N.W., Atlanta, GA 30327.

Critical to the scheduling of face surgery is the question: How long must I drop out of business, social, professional life? Said Dr. Leonard: "After a full face-lift with or without eyelid surgery, it's possible to be back into activity in a week. You will still have some stitches and your face will be sore; but, with hair arranged to cover the incisions and with dark glasses, you may put on some makeup and go out. For all traces to be gone, you must allow about six weeks."

With either dermabrasion, which is surgical planing of the face, or chemical peeling, both for purposes of removing the top layer of skin to eliminate acne scars or to remove fine wrinkles, you will remain unpresentable longer, Dr. Leonard said. "These take about three weeks, and it may be a couple of months before you'll be happy with the way you look," he said, "though the worst is over in ten days."

Truly tender care is essential for your newly peeled or abraded skin. Pointers from Dr. Leonard: Avoid sunshine and extremes of heat or cold—hot water, hard and biting winds. You should wait about a month before applying makeup, then use it only for short periods until several more weeks have passed.

"We recommend using water-based makeup during the recovery period," said Dr. Leonard. "Oil-based is harder to remove."

Surgeons' fees for facial-skin procedures may vary considerably. Dr. Leonard offered some cost ranges for standard procedures, warned that your own operation may be more complex or less so, that there are added costs such as use of the operating room, anesthetics, medications.

Dermabrasion may cost as little as a few hundred dollars, as much as two thousand. An around-the-lips and chin procedure would range between $500 and $1000. Fees for chemical peeling, ranging from limited-area to full-face, are very similar to those for surgical dermabrasion. More and more peels, dermabrasion, and eyelids are being done in doctors' offices, a cost-reducing factor for patients, said Dr. Leonard. Face-lifts, however, are still hospital procedures.

The surgeon's fee for a full face-lift is about $3500 in large cities like New York and Los Angeles, about $2500 in other cities. Eyelid surgery, blepharoplasty, is done on upper or lower lids or both, almost invariably for both eyes. For all four procedures (upper, lower, left, and right) the big-city rate may be between $1500 and $2000. In other cities, the surgeon's fee averages about $1200 to $1600.

Because its purpose is cosmetic, many people think facial-skin surgery is absolutely safe, less serious than other surgical procedures. Said Dr. Leonard: "All surgery is serious, carries some risks." He urges prospective patients to discuss all possible risks very thoroughly with their surgeons. And, when you consult with a surgeon, ask to see photographs of similar procedures.

Must-reading for those contemplating cosmetic surgery: *Cosmetic Surgery: A Consumer's Guide* by Sylvia Rosenthal (Tree/Lippincott, $10.95); bookstores or Tree Communications, 250 Park Avenue So., NYC 10003. —MELVA WEBER



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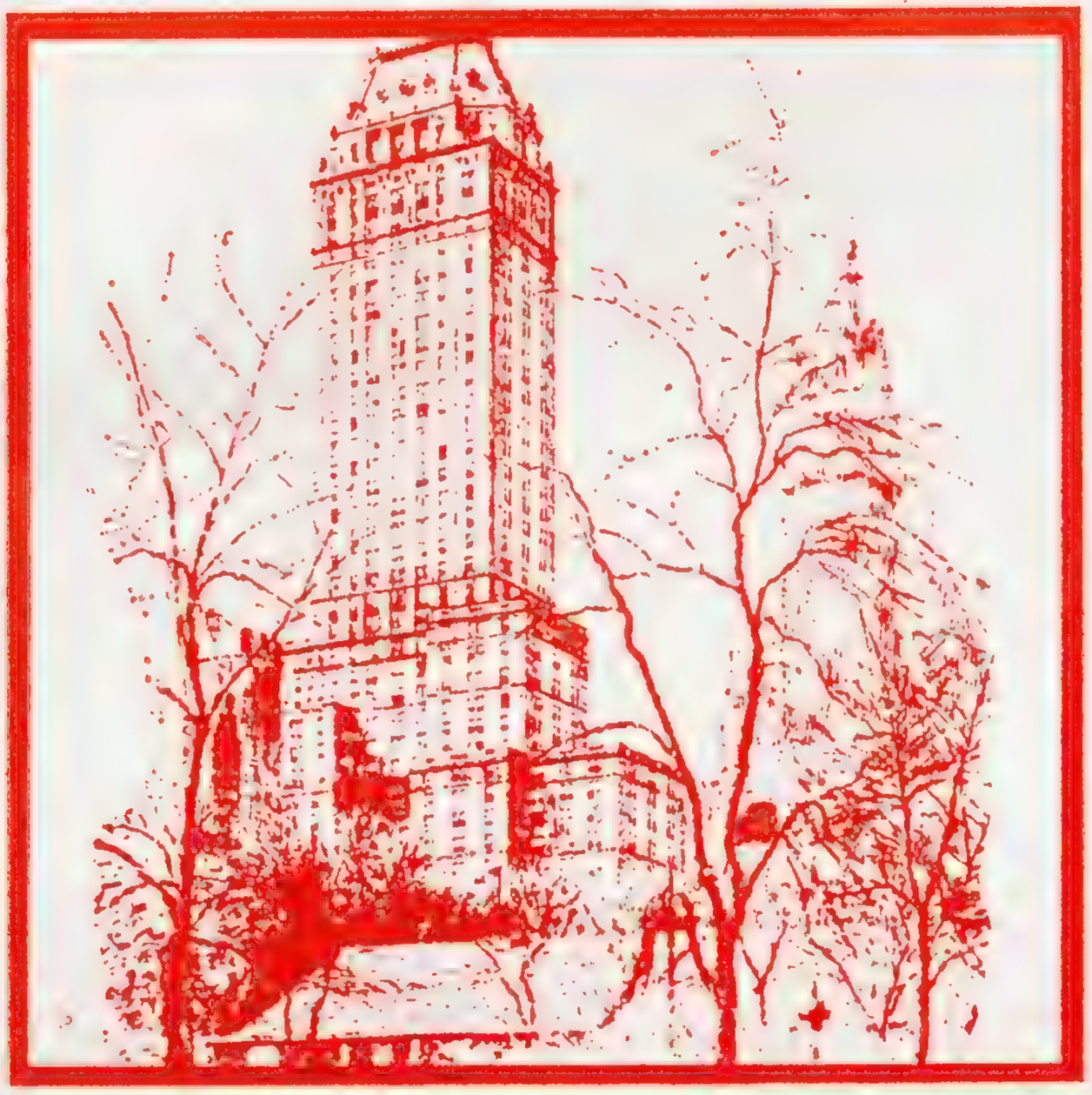
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eyes only



First looks at the new pale, luminous frames

For beach — for fun! '78 sunglasses look for her and him (above) with iridescent "op art" lenses — polka dots, left; big eyes, right. (Looking out you don't see the design, looking in you do.) From Ultra Spex, Ltd. About $8. Korvettes.

Hot new glasses frames (the whole picture on page 228): Pearly light-reflecting pales in a range of colors, from beige/sand neutrals to — newest — pretty pastels (such as Halston's lilac ones, page 228). *Below:* The luminous pales, five ways: **1.** Pearl frames with gradient lenses. Geoffrey Beene for Plaza. $25. Saks Fifth Avenue. For prescription, H.L. Purdy Opticians, N.Y.C. **2.** Lavender-tinted "mosaics," lavender lenses. Sunglasses by Diane Von Furstenberg for Optique du Monde. $30. At Bonwit Teller; Bullock's. **3.** Full-views with pale-tint lenses. Stuart May for Robinson. $22. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Bullock's. **4.** Bronze oversized frames, tan gradients. Halston for Bausch & Lomb. $32. At Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott. **5.** Champagne frost frames. Elizabeth Arden 1 by Shuron Division of Textron. Frames $35, plus price of prescription lenses. At eye-care professionals.



Making a comeback: The upswept, cat's-eyes frame that never really left Miami but is reappearing everywhere now — clear across the country. First to be in "upswepts": Lina Wertmüller — they're her trademark. Halston did a version for his spring collection. In Chicago, they're known as "Lolita" glasses. And Colors in Optics dubs theirs "Jukebox." (More to come: Artoptic will do a version, available in August.) But . . . by whatever name you call them, the influences — the '50's and Punk — are the same. *Sketched below:* the real thing, blue crystal plastic, bamboo temples. From A. A. Sutain. $8. Dianne B., N.Y.C.; Neiman-Marcus.



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Fresh fruit bests— in or out of season

Fruit desserts—fabulous even without just-picked perfection

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

The yielding melon, the suave pear, the crisp apple, the acid-sweet orange, the tantalizing lemon, the succulent strawberry tasting of wild roses—all the sweet, tart, tender fruits—let's bake them, meringue them, *bavaroise* them, poach them, and freeze them. Let's show them off in delicate pastries or conceal them in toweringly showy soufflés.

Of course, in summer, dessert can be as simple as putting a bowl of refreshing, palate-cleansing fruit on the table after a spicy, rich dinner or as sybaritic as lunching under a fig tree, reaching up to pick the sun-drenched figs, and eating them whole. But to get to the core of the matter, here are some hints for preparing fruit when summer-ripe fruit is not available.

● Add bits of candied ginger to the bland smoothness of sliced bananas and sour cream to provide a deliciously sharp accent.

● Add some Armagnac, honey, and a dash of cinnamon to peeled, diced navel oranges. Chill for an hour or two. The spicy sweetness of honey and cinnamon throws the tartness of the oranges into high relief.

● Enhance a bowl of sliced strawberries and bananas with slivered almonds and whipped cream mixed with honey: a marvelous contrast of tastes and textures.

● Poach pears in a quarter-cup of water, a quarter-cup of sugar, and a half-cup of honey. When they have cooled, add some *eau de vie de poire,* that incredibly concentrated essence of the perfume of pears.

● After putting some butter in cored apples, bathe them in maple syrup, two old-American flavors unexpectedly combined. Bake apples, basting from time to time, making sure to add a little water to the baking pan as necessary.

● For a Persian delight, poach peaches with a bit of cardamom. Or bake them, peeled, sugared, and cloved, in a buttered pan. Baste with Marsala or Aurum liqueur, and serve cold with lightly whipped cream.

● Soak raisins in *grappa, marc de bourgogne,* or vodka, for a day or two. Instead of offering brandy after dinner, serve the raisins with a bit of the liquor in tiny glasses, along with demitasse spoons.

In our culinary life, there are two infinitely useful gadgets: the food processor and the freezer. We recently experimented with a new way of using them in tandem to create lightning-quick fruit sherbets and other iced desserts. If you have a package of frozen fruit on hand, create an instant dessert by putting the fruit, *still frozen,* into your processor with a bit of sugar, liqueur, and cream. Even fresh fruit can be treated this way if you freeze it ahead of time, peeled, seeded, tightly wrapped in plastic.

INSTANT LEMON ICE
four servings

4 large lemons
3 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon orange Curaçao (optional)
2 tablespoons whipped cream (or more to use as an optional garnish)

The night before, peel lemons carefully, removing all white pith. Slice lemons; remove and discard all seeds. Wrap slices tightly in plastic wrap. Freeze overnight or for 4 to 5 hours.

Use steel knife attachment in food processor. Do not defrost lemon slices but simply place in processor with sugar and Curaçao. Blend till smooth. Do not overblend. Stop as soon as mixture has consistency of sherbet. Fold in whipped cream and serve immediately, garnished with a bit more whipped cream if desired. Can also be stored in trays in freezer till ready to use.

BANANA BLITZ
(An instant banana sherbet)
for each serving

1 ripe banana
1 tablespoon rum
1 teaspoon chopped ginger
2 tablespoons whipped cream
Optional: Sugar or honey to taste

The night before, peel bananas, pull off and discard any fibrous strips; wrap bananas tightly in plastic wrap and put in freezer.

Cut each frozen banana into 3 or 4 pieces. Place steel knife in processor; add banana pieces, rum, and chopped ginger. Process till well blended. Remove to bowl. Fold in whipped cream adding a bit of sugar or honey to taste. Serve immediately.

Variation: Make enough for 4 or 6 servings and pile into a good bakery-bought meringue shell or cooled, home-baked tart shell.

POACHED CHERRIES
four dessert servings, six to eight sauce servings

1 9-ounce package frozen pitted dark sweet cherries (approximately 2 cups)
½ cup red wine
1-2 tablespoons sugar
1 pinch cinnamon
1 tablespoon Bar-Le-Duc or other currant jelly
1 tablespoon kirsch

(Continued on page 104)

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FRUIT DESSERTS

(Continued from page 98)

Place frozen cherries in saucepan with wine, sugar, and cinnamon. Bring to boil, stirring till sugar is dissolved. Lower heat and poach 4-5 minutes.

With slotted spoon, remove cherries to serving bowl. Add jelly to saucepan, raise heat and cook, stirring to dissolve jelly. Cook till sauce has thickened somewhat and been reduced to ⅔ its original volume. Remove from heat and stir in kirsch. Pour over cherries.

Also ideal as a sauce over buttered, toasted slices of brioche or over ice cream.

APPLESAUCE BRULÉE

four servings

1 7-inch cast-iron skillet and 4 "E-Z Foil" tart pans
4 cups tart homemade applesauce, containing no sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons apricot jam
1 tablespoon butter
Sugar

Heat all ingredients except sugar in heavy saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly, till thick enough to hold spoon upright. Meanwhile, place iron skillet with nothing in it over highest heat for 10-15 minutes. (On a gas stove, set pan directly on flame turned up all the way.) Fill tart pans to brim with hot applesauce, leveling top with a knife. Spread a layer of sugar (⅛ to ¼-inch thick and level with edges of pan) over applesauce. Using 2 or 3 pot holders, grasp handle of red hot skillet and set bottom directly on sugar in each tart pan till sugar is caramelized and slightly burned. When finished, plunge skillet into large pan of hot water. As applesauce cools, caramel tops will harden. Serve cold. Even better when served with whipped cream.

OLD-FASHIONED ORANGE JELLY

four servings

1 lemon
4-6 oranges (to make 1¾ cups juice)
1 envelope Knox unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons Grand Marnier, Cointreau, or orange Curaçao liqueur
½ cup heavy cream (optional)

Lightly grate rind of lemon and of one orange, avoiding bitter pith. Put into a medium-sized bowl; add gelatin, sugar, and stir to mix well.

In a saucepan, heat 1¾ cups freshly squeezed orange juice, and 2 tablespoons juice of lemon just to boiling point. Add to bowl, and stir till gelatin is completely dissolved. Then stir in 2 tablespoons of liqueur. Chill till firm (3 to 4 hours). Serve in bowl or unmold onto round serving plate. If you like, whip cream till stiff, stir in remaining tablespoon of liqueur and pass separately. **Variation:** Line a serving bowl or mold with sections cut from one or two California seedless navel oranges, cut with a sharp knife to avoid all peel, pith, and membrane; carefully pour hot gelatin-juice mixture over them. Chill till firm, serve.

The ballerina Tanaquil Leclercq serves her friends an exquisite French orange tart:

TANNY'S TARTE À L'ORANGE

six servings

Pastry:
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted flour
½ cup superfine sugar, sifted to remove any lumps
¼ pound (1 stick) butter
2 egg yolks

Glaze:
2 tart green apples, cored and quartered but not peeled
2 juice oranges
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar

Filling:
5 navel oranges

Prepare pastry several hours before you need it. Resift flour and sugar together into a bowl. Cut butter into 8 slices and work them in with pastry cutter or with your fingers till mixture has consistency of coarse meal. Beat egg yolks lightly with fork and work into the dough. If dough holds together, dust it lightly with flour, wrap in plastic wrap or foil, and refrigerate for several hours. (Or freeze it for 30 minutes.) If dough does not hold together, mix in smallest necessary amount of ice water, a teaspoon at a time. Use no more water than is absolutely necessary.

Make glaze by boiling apple quarters in 1½ cups of water for 15 minutes. Line a sieve with moistened cheesecloth; pour apples and liquid through sieve into fairly large saucepan. Add juice of two oranges, grated rind, and sugar. Boil 5-10 minutes, stirring till sugar is dissolved. As soon as bit of glaze jells when dropped onto a plate, remove from heat.

With a sharp knife, peel navel oranges, removing all traces of skin. Cut orange slices free of membranes. Drain slices on paper towels while you prepare tart shell.

Roll out dough to 3/16ths of an inch. Butter bottom of 9-inch tart pan (kind with removable outer rim) and line with dough. If dough breaks, fit together in tart mold, mending breaks by patching them together with your fingers. Cover with wax paper, then fill with rice or beans so that tart will not puff up during baking. Bake in preheated 350° oven for 10 minutes. Remove from oven; carefully remove rice or beans, and paper. Return to oven just till tart is lightly browned. Remove and let cool. When completely cool, set tart over a wide jar or coffee can to support the bottom, and carefully remove outer rim of the pan by lowering it. (It may be necessary to gently loosen outer edges of tart with small knife before removing rim.) Separate tart shell from bottom of mold with a broad knife or spatula before sliding it onto the serving plate, or simply serve in the mold.

Working from outer edge, arrange drained orange slices in slightly overlapping concentric circles to fill tart shell in decorative pattern.

If glaze has solidified, reheat slightly

(Continued on page 106)

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Gentlemen prefer Hanes

The ultimate in leg luxury. Hanes Ultra Sheer pantyhose or Hanes Understatement™—pantyhose and panties in one. Both are sensuously smooth, luxuriously sheer, unmistakably Hanes.

...iety of colors and sizes at finer department and apparel stores.

FRUIT DESSERTS

(Continued from page 104)

just till liquid enough to pour. Spoon over sliced oranges to glaze them. Let cool for a few minutes and serve.

If you can't resist, pass separately some whipped cream with a bit of Cointreau or Grand Marnier stirred into it.

PAUL BOCUSE'S PEARS IN RED WINE

six servings

6 large pears, ripe but firm
1 bottle of Beaujolais wine
¾ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1 clove
2 slices unpeeled orange
2 slices unpeeled lemon
5 black peppercorns

Peel pears, leaving stems on. Cut very thin, slice off bottom of each pear so it stands upright. Heat wine and sugar in saucepan just large enough to hold pears close together. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Set pears in pan, then add all remaining ingredients. Cook over medium heat till pears are tender, about 15 minutes. Remove pears to serving bowl where they can stand upright. Reduce the liquid till somewhat thick and syrupy. Spoon slowly over pears so syrup clings to fruit. Serve cold.

So simple and delicious that you will turn to that magnificent cookbook *Paul Bocuse's French Cooking* (Pantheon) to sample all his other fruit desserts.

OUR FAVORITE STRAWBERRY TART

six servings

Pastry:
1½ cups flour
6 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons sugar
Pinch of salt
1 egg, lightly beaten with fork

Filling:
¼ cup finely ground almonds or hazelnuts
¾ cup heavy cream, beaten till thick with 1 teaspoon sugar
2-3 cups ripe strawberries (for this recipe, you must have perfectly ripe berries)
½ cup to ¾ cup Bar-Le-Duc or other currant jelly
1 tablespoon *eau de vie de framboise*

Prepare pastry at least several hours in advance. Sift flour into large bowl. Make well in center. Cut butter into 8 slices and put into well with sugar, salt, and egg. Work in flour with your fingers, pastry cutter, or two forks, until mixture is well combined. Add a little ice water only if needed to make mixture hold together. Shape into a ball, dust with flour, wrap in plastic wrap, and refrigerate for at least 3 hours or overnight.

When ready to bake tart, preheat oven to 375°. Roll out dough on lightly floured board to ⅛-inch thickness. Line tart mold with dough. Prick with a fork. Line dough with foil and fill with dried peas or beans so dough holds its shape during baking. Bake for 10-15 minutes, then carefully remove foil and dried peas. Return tart shell to oven for another 6-8 minutes or till light golden brown. Cool on cake rack.

Cover bottom of tart shell evenly with ground almonds. Cover with layer of whipped cream. Wipe strawberries clean (wash only if necessary), hull, and arrange in tart shell over whipped cream, starting at outer edges. Melt Bar-Le-Duc in small saucepan, stir in raspberry brandy and cook till thick enough to coat a spoon. Spread evenly over berries to glaze them.

Equally delicious made with raspberries or *fraises des bois;* and surprisingly satisfying made with seedless grapes.

PEAR SOUFFLÉ

six servings

1¼ cups canned pears cut into pieces
4 egg yolks
1 teaspoon *eau de vie de poire* (or vanilla)
6 egg whites
Pinch of salt
1 tablespoon finely diced candied ginger
Bit of butter
Bit of sugar
6 small (half-cup) soufflé dishes

Drain pears well. Purée in food processor or blender till perfectly smooth. Warm in saucepan just till hot when touched with fingertip. Remove from heat and beat in egg yolks and *eau de vie de poire,* or vanilla. Beat egg whites till stiff with pinch of salt. Fold ⅓ of egg whites into pear mixture till well mixed. Fold in candied ginger. Then carefully and lightly fold in remaining beaten egg whites.

Butter soufflé dishes. Sprinkle with sugar, shaking out excess sugar. Divide soufflé mixture among soufflé dishes. Set in preheated 400° oven and immediately reduce heat to 375°. Bake 10-15 minutes or till soufflés have puffed up and are lightly browned. Serve immediately.

BAKED APPLES AND ORANGES

four servings

4 large tart baking apples
2 seedless oranges
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
¼ cup orange Curaçao or fresh orange juice

Cut off tops of apples to use as covers, and reserve. Core apples and cut thin slice off bottoms so they stand upright.

Peel oranges; cut two ½-inch slices horizontally from widest part of each orange. Use half the butter to butter baking dish just large enough to hold 4 orange slices. Arrange slices in buttered dish.

Heat remaining butter in small skillet. Add sugar, stirring till dissolved. Coarsely chop remaining pieces of peeled oranges and add to skillet. Cook, stirring till sugar begins to caramelize and oranges are coated and lightly browned. Stir in 1 tablespoon Curaçao or orange juice. Set apples on orange slices. Fill apples with caramelized chopped orange mixture. Cover apples with apple tops.

Bake in preheated 375° oven about 45 minutes, or till apples are tender, basting often with remaining Curaçao. ▽



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The biggest collection of colors for Black women.

Your Avon Representative knows your beauty needs, because she knows you. And that's exactly why she can show you hundreds of colors from the Avon makeup lines that match your complexion perfectly.

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Model's Earth and Fire Look

Candid Hearty Burgundy Lip Color
About Town Cherry Jubilee Lip Color
Great Blush Wild Plum
About Town
Translucent Pressed Powder Deep
Making Eyes Violet Shadow
All from Avon

Hundreds of sensational shades from your Avon Representative.

AVON

We think it's time to re-think grey hair -- and by that we mean everything from a strand or two, to pepper and salt, to really white grey. Maybe you ought to come out from under all the camouflage. Skip all those monthly coloring sessions. Make your grey hair a whole new focal point. Any good salon will work with you to ease you past the growing-in stage. And once you're grey, the only real concern is shine. Constance at Louis-Guy D (41 E. 57 St., N.Y.C. 10022) streaks grey hair for a richer look -- so it needs touchups only three or four times a year as opposed to the regular three-or-four-week stints it takes to hide grey. We also like Clairol's Silk and Silver for highlighting grey (you can do it at home -- we like that very much!). Or try a white vinegar rinse: one tablespoon in a cup of warm water, after shampooing and conditioning, gives natural brightening.

Summer/easy: Hair pulled to the side the way Alice Deacy for Xavier, New York did it for Iman, above: wrapped-and-tied with pieces of leather or rope for day, silk or gold cording at night. Terrafirma neck cord.

Hair Now

Wrap it. Clip it. Bind it with silk. Go new blond. New Paris looks. New grey is great

The word "blond" is about to take on new shades of meaning — thanks to a company called Colora. They mix camomile flowers with white henna and the results are these natural blond colorings: Wheat, Buttercup, Apricot Gold. And, in addition to the wonderful summer colors, you get all the good conditioning henna gives. (There is a Colora Henna Creme to help as well.)

For camomile highlighting at home: add dry camomile flowers to boiling water; strain and let cool; pour the camomile brew through your hair and sun it dry. Where do you find camomile flowers? You can get them at Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017 . . . and at most health-food stores.

6 GREAT LOOKS FROM PARIS

Six views of hair, the way it looks now in Paris — the way we love it: Wrapped. Tied. Braided. Knotted. Topped with a classic man's hat. . . .

1. Scarf — tied to the side at Dior.
2. Summer/cool: Hair banded and braided into a chignon knot at Dior — nifty, easy way to wear hair.
3. The Ungaro ponytail — ribbon-tied and "streaming" with blond-on-blond color. (What does it: lighter sides pulled up at the crown, straight down in back.)
4. Summer/pretty: hair on the loose under Saint Laurent's straw boater.
5. Hair braided, chignon-knotted at the nape under Dior's Panama.
6. Pretty for P.M., for summer: a flower — tucked *anywhere*, the way Dior did it.







Clairol introduces Luminize.*
The shade-of-difference conditioning treatment.



After Luminize, hair is just a lively shade or two lighter. In great condition, too.

Luminize is a brand new, bright new idea from Clairol. A conditioning treatment that turns on the lights in natural hair.

How? By lifting the color just a bright, lively shade or two. Just a shade of difference that makes *all* the difference.



Before Luminize, hair lacks lustre & life.

And Luminize is so special, you can only get a treatment at your beauty salon. Now your hairdresser can give blonde hair a little lift of sunshine. Make redheads radiant. Get drab hair glowing again. And it's convenient, too. Because a full treatment takes only 5-10 minutes.



Luminize is so unique, only your hairdresser can give you a treatment.

And Luminize conditions hair at the same time. Gives it a silky, super new texture you can actually feel. Plus a gleaming new shine.

Let your hairdresser brighten you up. With a revolutionary new Luminize treatment. (In fact, it's so revolutionary, there's a patent pending.) Ask for it next time you're in your salon. You'll love it.

CLAIROL

*TMC 1976 Clairol Incorporated

Luminize. The conditioning hair-lighter. Available only at your beauty salon.

Change your looks . . . solve your problems—one, two, three Hair Now



John Dellaria does vitaminized coloring. Good as it sounds, too: he spikes his colorings with a little vitamin E—to minimize peroxide action, to bring out "hidden lights" in hair. Where? At Dellaria Ltd., 623 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, (617) 266-8255. . . . Seems like everybody's changing her hair: Christina Ferrare went from long-and-sleek to wash-dry-curl. (Suga cut and permed it so she can still go straight now and then.) Lou Lou Klossowski went from a Virginia Woolf to a Nancy Cunard look, cut by Jean Louis David, Paris.

To know: Hair's cortex holds minute amounts of vital moisture needed to bind protein in hair. When hair is damaged, you lose that moisture, also the sheen of healthy hair. One aid: Pantene's Supreme moisture re-balancer. At salons.

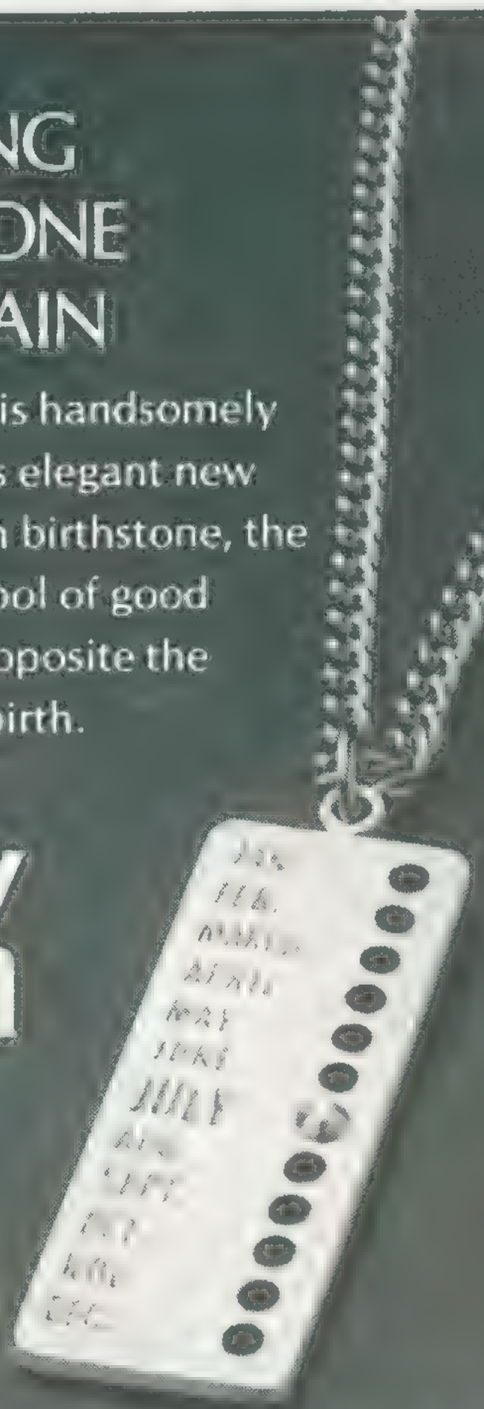
HAIR-CARE ROUNDUP

Great little products, each with a purpose in mind. Call it flyaway hair, frizzies, unmanageable hair or static electricity—it's one of the aftereffects you don't want when you shampoo. We're pleased to report Jhirmack makes an Anti-Static Conditioning Rinse that leaves hair easy to handle—lemony smelling, too. . . . New blow-dryer on the scene: Super Max Swivel from Gillette. We like the way it can switch around from really pro round-brush drying to just blow-and-go dry. . . . While you're at it, there's a shampoo especially formulated for blow-dried hair—you can get a comb through right away—with no trouble at all. It's Ultra Max Shampoo and it, too, is from Gillette.

A STRIKING BIRTHSTONE NECKCHAIN

Your birthstone is handsomely displayed in this elegant new neckchain. Each birthstone, the traditional symbol of good fortune, is set opposite the month of your birth.

BY SWANK



JAN. GARNET* FEB. AMETHYST* MAR. AQUAMARINE* APR. CRYSTAL* MAY EMERALD* JUNE ALEXANDRITE* JULY RUBY* AUG. PERIDOT* SEPT. SAPPHIRE* OCT. LIGHT ROSE* NOV. TOPAZ* DEC. BLUE ZERCON*

*All stones simulated





'78 looks: loose waves; Alice for Xavier, N.Y., top, above. (Cathe Linton earrings at Kruger Gallery.) Comb-held (*left*) and soft-falling curls (*above*); Garren at The Plaza. Jewelry *left*, Van Cleef & Arpels; *above*, M&J Savitt.

photograph by David Hamilton

L'Air du Temps

The Romantic Perfume



Lalique Crystal Flac

NINA RICCI

Paris

L'Air du Temps. It's like the lilt of an April breeze.

JUSTERINI & BROOKS Founded 1749

Many try,
but none succeed.
You just can't copy
a true original.

Because it's rare.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

YOU WRITE US

(Continued from page 36)

Would it be possible for me to get the continuation of the article?

Esther Anders
Massapequa, NY

EDITOR'S REPLY: *What is continued on page 38 of the January issue is "What's News, What's Coming"—not Mr. Block's short section on Taxes, which is complete on page 34. To sidestep such confusion, we have altered the final line to read "What's News, continued."*

Longevity's nightcap

My grandmother, who lives with the family and has been reading Vogue since the 'twenties roared in, gets the mail daily before I do. By the time I got to my February issue, Melva Weber's Health column was ripped out, and I found it tacked on the refrigerator with big red circles around "Drinking—to your health."

Nonny, who is eighty-three, has ushered in her bedtime for over forty years with a vodka stinger, against general protest. Now that the word is out on moderate cocktail consumption and good cholesterol levels, our ears are ringing with "I told you so," which has replaced "Bottoms up" as her nightly toast.

Martha Wolpe
Chattanooga, TN

Male-female dialogue

I recently read an article entitled, "He Beat Me," by Jill Blumberg Victor in your January issue. . . . The title is evidence of the sensationalist approach used by this author. The thrust of this article was to evoke strong emotion and sympathy, and this was done in part by characterizing the author as an innocent and deceived woman with little or no responsibility for the physical violence her husband subjected her to. . . . The beatings were described as gratuitous, precipitated by little or no provocation by the victim. . . . I would suggest that, in this case, and possibly in other accounts of battered wives, it is not only the husband who is sick but the relationship as well. . . .

The author suggests that battered wives set up a "survival kit," involving money, credit cards, etc. Such an arrangement would involve deceiving the husband and the hoarding of what should be community property. I feel that such an arrangement would lessen communication and trust in an already unstable marriage. . . .

I consider the author's approach unconstructive since it assumed full responsibility on the part of the husband, and since it focused on hostile and deceitful means of rectifying the problem. It is my belief that there are some instances in which the husband suffers even more than his spouse as a result of his lack of control, and is clearly in need of help which his wife might try to give him before deciding that . . . counterattack is the only solution.

I am *not* saying that violence in marriage or elsewhere should be tolerated. I am saying that a more constructive approach, as opposed to the one-sided, sensationalist one by Jill Blumberg Victor, might lead to more of a male-female dialogue on the subject of marital violence, and possibly to reconciliation in a marriage worth saving.

Mark Schwartz
Scarsdale, NY

One family has given the world eight of its greatest fragrances.

Shalimar, Mitsouko, Vol de Nuit... the names themselves evoke a mysterious power, an infinite number of warm memories, an image of sheer loveliness.

Behind all this is something unique: The House of Guerlain. It is the only perfume company in the world to remain in the same family for 150 years.

It was in 1828 that Pierre Francois Pascal Guerlain opened his first shop on the Rue de Rivoli, after an apprenticeship in England where he qualified in both Chemistry and Medicine.

For the creation of a perfume is an art that evokes the discipline of alchemy—the infinite patience to distill a single essence a thousand times to achieve the necessary purity.

Through the years only selected members of the Guerlain family have had access to the methods and formulae which have remained closely guarded secrets.

Imagine what it must be like to be a member of this family, entrusted with one of the tasks in the family enterprise. It may be the creation of a new fragrance, or the purchasing of raw ingredients, or maintaining the standards of production.

Whatever your task you know that in every bottle 150 years of your family's reputation is at stake.





GUERLAIN

PARIS

Qiana®

Because it's time you did something nice for yourself.

"Qiana."
It's sensuous. It's luxurious.
It's addictive. A most fabulous feeling
to touch and to wear.
Wear its exquisite silkiness
against your skin and marvel that
luxury like this can be practical, too.
Indulge!
Shown: Ingrid Cado's midi.
Greeting summer with open arms.
In a soft flow of
pure Qiana® nylon.

DUPONT

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THE ULTIMATE EYESHADOW.

Anthony Martin designer sunglasses: sunglasses that are as expressive as your eyes, that help people see you as you see yourself.

Sunglasses that are simply outrageously beautiful.

What's more, Anthony Martin is the first designer eyewear that is missing one big thing: a big price. But one thing is for sure: wear a pair and you'll never have to stand in anyone's shadow.

For more information on our sunglasses and ophthalmic eyewear, write P.O. Box 287, Fords, N.J. 08863. At your vision care specialist and better stores.

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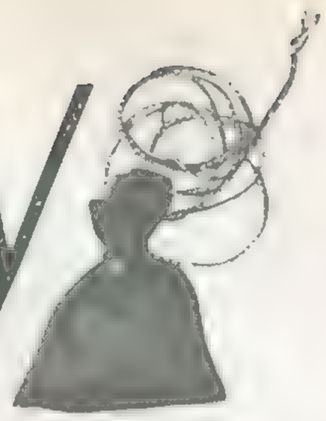
DISCOVER JUSCHI

Photographed by Ken Tannenbaum at M. Knoedler & Co., Inc., New York



The Finest in Continental Design—Women's Apparel, Accessories, Leather Goods
Madison and 57th Street, New York City—JUSCHI
Beverly Hills, Dallas, Toronto, Tokyo, London, Milan, Munich, Sylt, Cannes

Beauty Now



You've fragrance to burn...
to toss...to stash...
and even to polish
everything in sight!

Really swinging idea: tiny silk packs of sachet to hang around your neck on a gold cord, *above*. Coffee, clove, spearmint, eucalyptus, anise . . . and new/cool for summer—peppermint; $8. Ashanti Bazaar, 872 Lexington Ave., N.Y., NY 10021.



Great way to keep potpourri — in a finely woven basket. Scent seeps out slowly. (Glass — not-so-great way.) Blends we like: Ronaldo Maia's baskets (and scarf-tied wood boxes, *above*) of canella, judith garden, jungle paradise, Bahia. $22 each. Ronaldo Maia, 27 E. 67th Street, N.Y., NY 10021.

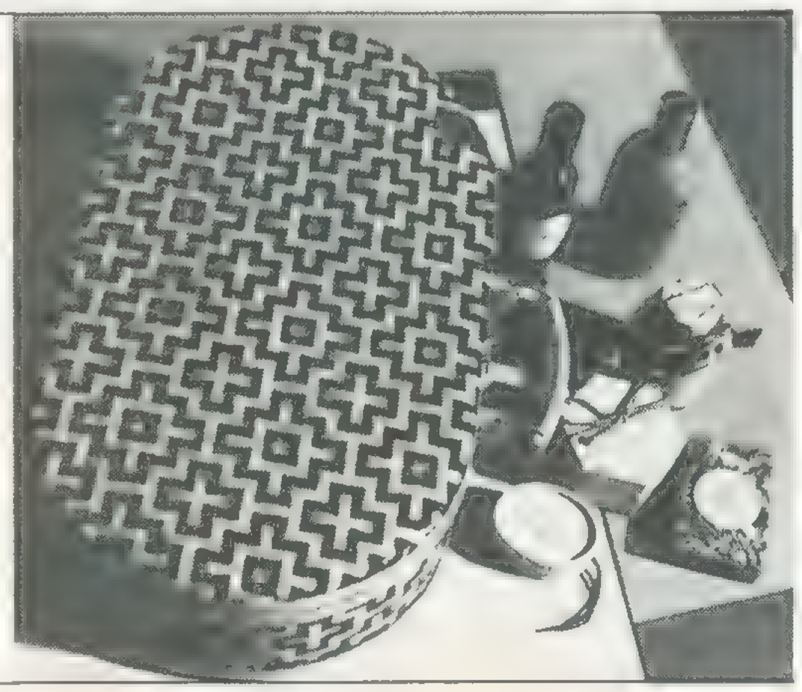


Non-Scents: From Neutrogena come the Unscenteds, *above* — soap, bath gel, hand and skin lotion — or how to keep scent-conflict to a minimum.

IT'S THE UN-CANDLE. LIGHT IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT

The whole thing starts with a heat-resistant Corning glass "candlestick." Fill it with water, one-half-inch oil, and a disk with a wick. Light one, or light several — especially pleasant if you use a fragrant oil, such as oil of clove or oil of cinnamon (you can get these at most pharmacies). Or experiment a bit . . . try one of the ninety-one fragrant essential oils Kiehl's Pharmacy carries. (Just be sure it is *pure* oil with no other ingredients added.) Kiehl's is at 109 Third Ave., N.Y., NY 10003. Corning's Un-Candle is at Macy's and Gimbels.

ROSE FOR LOVE. CARDAMON FOR HAPPINESS. CLOVES FOR DIGNITY. CAMOMILE FOR ENERGY IN ADVERSITY. AND MORE — ALL OF THEM IN CLAIRE BURKE'S POTPOURRI RECIPE. AND IN SIX FRAGRANT FORMS — PACKED IN A BASKET, *RIGHT:* SOAP, SACHET, A VAPOURRI AIR SPRAY, AND PURE POTPOURRI MIXES. $35. AT NEIMAN-MARCUS.

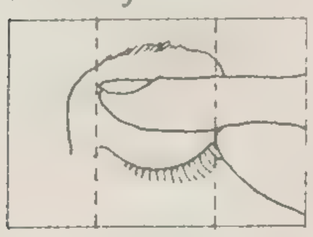


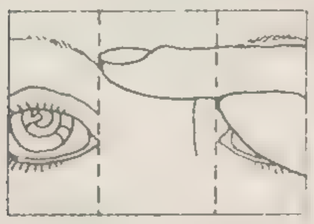
Saint's Satin Wax, right— all beeswax and verbena for fruit woods or beeswax and lavender for dark woods. Scents as it polishes— chairs, tables, desks; $4.49. ppd. Order: House of Wares, 1053 Madison Ave., N.Y., NY 10028.



AZIZA DEMONSTRATES WHY YOUR NOSE IS IMPORTANT WHEN YOU MAKE UP YOUR EYES.

You may not realize it, but if your nose has a bridge that's very narrow or very broad, your eyes can look too close together or too far apart. But with Aziza Shadow Trios it's very easy for you to make up your eyes so they appear to be more in proportion with the rest of your facial features.





Ideally, the space between your eyes should be the same as the width of your eye. To find out about your eyes try this: look into a mirror. As in diagram, align tip of index finger with the inner corner of one eye. Place thumb at outer corner. Now move hand over until thumb is at inner corner. If the tip of your index finger extends beyond the inner corner of your other eye, your eyes are too close together. If it falls short, they're too wide apart.

With Aziza Shadow Trios you get everything you need to create a look that's natural and still subtly achieves an illusion of balance. The three precisely matched colors and unique sponge applicator are designed to work together. And if you think three shadows are too much to handle, here are tips on how to use a Trio like Glistening Cocoa.



For close-set eyes: Smooth the medium shade over lid. Lightest shade under brow. Place darkest color from mid-lid outward.



For wide-set eyes: Medium shade goes over lid. Lightest shade under brow. Place darkest color in inner corner. Blend all edges.

For perfectly spaced eyes, like our model's, place medium shade over lid, lightest shade under brow, and smooth darkest shade across lid right under brow bone.

You can choose from nine lovely Shadow Trios. The five Soft Touch Trios offer you soft, translucent colors and the four Frosty Lustre Trios have rich, lustrous color.

Any questions on eye make-up? Get our free book, "Aziza Demonstrates All About Eyes." Send 25¢ for postage and handling to Aziza, Dept. 683, 33 Benedict Place, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Because Aziza knows all about eyes.



Aziza by Prince Matchabelli

Ship'n Shore®



Soft is what this summer is all about.

The flutter-sleeved peplum shirt in soft, soft Softelle™ Dacron® polyester knit to wear all summer long with crisp polyester sportgab trousers. Sizes 8 to 18. The flutter shirt, $16. The trousers, $19.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies
Also available in Canada © Ship'n Shore 1978



Moisture—by the drop...
by the crop...by the bar

Beauty Now

Let's start with Oil of Olay. They have some very good news to report. And report they do—in the February issue of the *Journal of the Society of Cosmetic Chemists.* Findings are that moisturizing action peaks about three hours after application and continues to work—with little change in effectiveness for the next six—but still usually provides some protection at the end of ten hours. *Unexpected:* moisturizers take a while to get underway. *Expected:* Oil of Olay came out a real winner — in both of the studies conducted as part of the research. In case you, too, would like to put Olay to the test—and see the fine-line results — you can get it at most drugstores.

Fact: **It's water — not oil — that keeps skin supple. Help your moisturizer work more effectively by applying it to freshly cleansed, damp skin.**



Humidity. Who doesn't thrive on it! Especially when the indoor humidity readout is about 35 percent. Two ways to dampen things down at home: a compact room humidifier (one we like, the Walton Thera-Mist, about $110 at Hammacher Schlemmer). . . . And lots of ferns that call for daily misting—a natural source of moisture both they and your skin will appreciate. For starters, try growing mist-loving greens from seed. (Burpee's suggests *Sprengeri* and *Plumosus nanus, sketched left;* 65¢ a packet, plus 60¢ postage. From Burpee's, 300 Park Ave., Warminster, PA 18991.)

Prediction Dept.: A shift in U.S. weather patterns points to a drier climate.

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH MAKEUP?

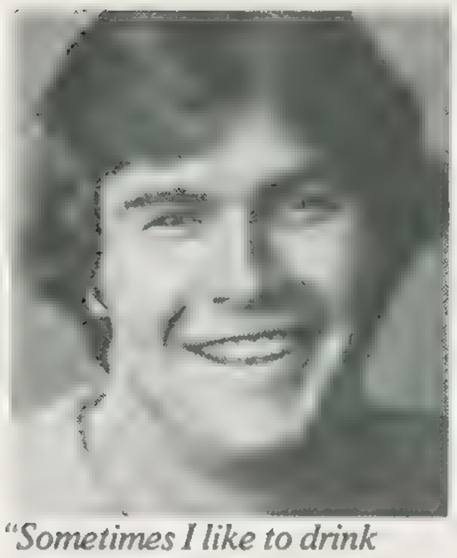
It's all the moister for moisturizers! A natural for *under* makeup is Moisture Creme of Aloe Vera (even the words sound refreshingly moist!) from Whitney Paige Cosmetics, Ltd. . . . One to go *over* in a great way is Revenescence PowderGlow by Charles of the Ritz: tiny beads of encapsulated moisture — and a time-release technique — give your skin a pearl-like sheen. And that *is* about the prettiest way to have it look these days.



This little cake, *right* — Climatress All-Over Moisturizing Bar by Redken — is something very new: a non-soap cleanser that helps bind in moisture with cornstarch and other unexpectedly good ingredients — while protecting the skin's pH balance in the best Redken tradition.

9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda.
But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.



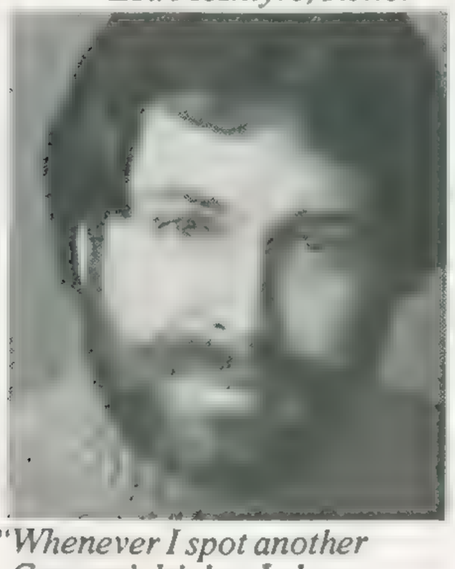
"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.



"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.



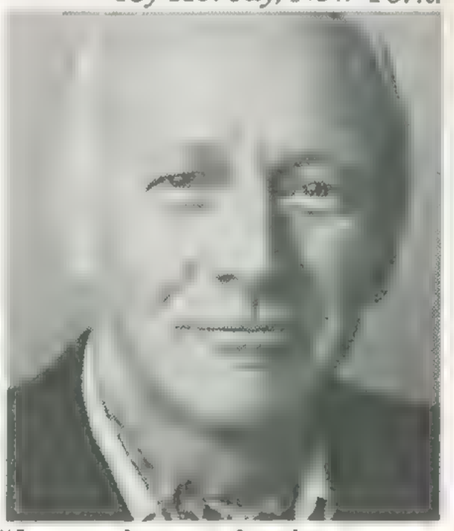
"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.



"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
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"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
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"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
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Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion.

The astonishing daylily: beautiful, enduring

Native of ancient China, pet of American homesteaders—still an enchanter today

By William B. Harris

EDITOR'S NOTE: *William B. Harris is the founder of White Flower Farm, one of America's fine nurseries.*

In the past fifteen years, the daylily, one of the world's oldest perennials and considered by many to be a weed, has become astonishingly popular. Colonies of daylilies have grown wild along roadsides of the eastern United States for so many generations that the flower has been believed to be native. The dainty yellow variety appeared in the gardens of our great grandmothers, who called it the "Lemon Lily." The other, taller, tawny-orange kind went west with homesteaders' wives, because it was the only flowering plant they knew of that required no work once planted. That the blooms lasted only a day, and were useless as cut flowers, made no difference to these wives, for there was no time, anyway, for that kind of punctilious homemaking. Oddly, the daylily's present popularity is still based on the plant's ability to survive constant neglect—the same characteristic that attracted the settlers' wives.

Later, we shall see how the daylily obliterates weeds instead of being obliterated. But now, let's consider how the daylily got its name and trace its remarkable migration over the centuries from China, its home. In 1754, the formidable Linnaeus called daylilies *hemerocallis* (hem-er-o-kal'is), formed by joining two Greek words: *hemera,* a day, and *kallos,* beauty; and designated the Lemon Lily as the species, *flava* (meaning yellow), and the tawny-orange, or, "Homesteader's Lily," *fulva* (orangy). About ten years ago, the name of *flava* was changed to *H. lilioasphodelus,* which causes those of us who have difficulty enough learning *one* botanical name to wish, with some fervor, that the august body of British botanists who arbitrate this sort of thing would keep hands off names a couple of hundred years old.

The daylily itself is thousands of years older than its name. According to Dr. Shiuying Hu, a Harvard botanist, the daylily existed in the Orient before Chinese became a written language. The first historical mention of it is in *The Classic of Songs,* a collection of writings believed to have been selected by Confucius (551-479 B.C.). The ancient Chinese knew that blossoms of daylilies were an excellent food and believed that medicine made from their roots and crowns relieved pain. One poem, devoted to life in the feudal state of Wei, speaks of the misery of separation from one's beloved in wartime, a pain the daylily could cure.

Wei is known to have existed during the Chou Dynasty (1122-256 B.C.), on the plains of North China near the Yellow River and about 125 miles west of the East China Sea. It was there in Wei, on the edges of woods, that early plant explorers found our grandmothers' Lemon Lily. *Flava* made a very early journey west in the form of seeds and plants carried by traders crossing ancient overland routes, and the flower was also brought by medieval Mongol settlers to Hungary. From there, *flava* moved into the rest of Europe and eventually to America.

The species is still an excellent garden plant: its stalks (scapes) are a bit over two feet tall, and fragrant, lemon-yellow blooms begin to appear a full month earlier than on other daylilies. I have grown *flava* for nearly forty years. Some present-day horticultural writers are giving it a bad name for having weak scapes—those same "weak" scapes that give the daylily one of its greatest charms —graceful movement in the slightest breeze. (A plant that has thrived nearly everywhere for well over four thousand years can hardly be considered weak.) Unfortunately, *flava* is very hard to find commercially; it is listed in only two catalogues I know of, and plant snatchers have all but obliterated the lovely wild colonies.

(Continued on page 142)





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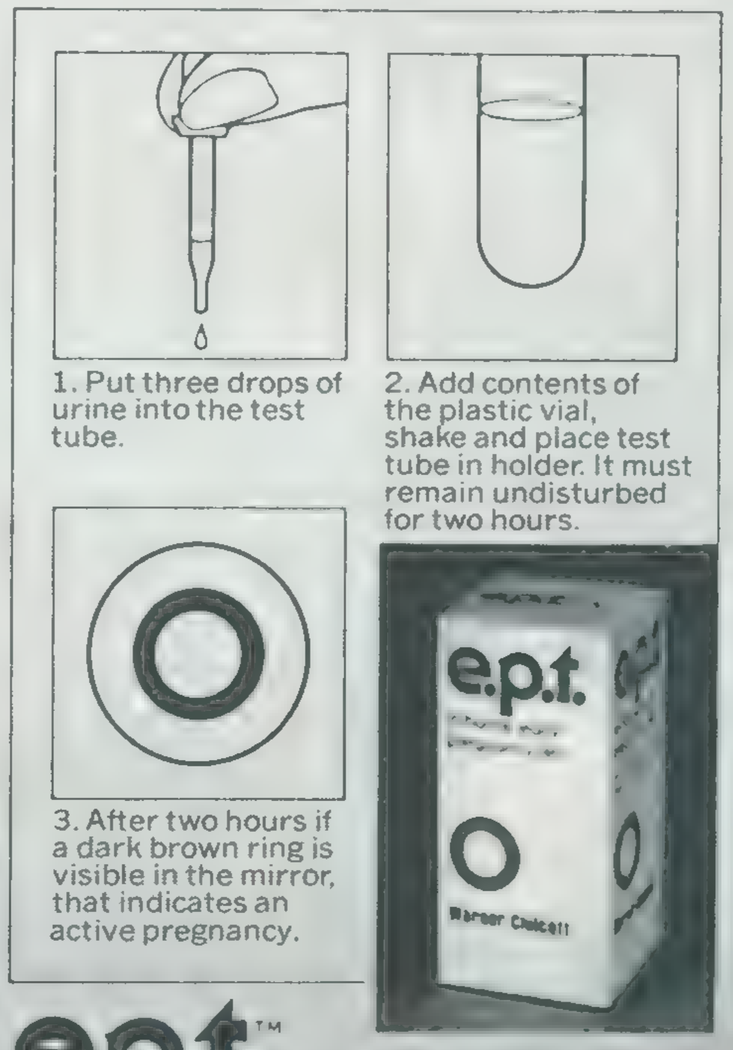
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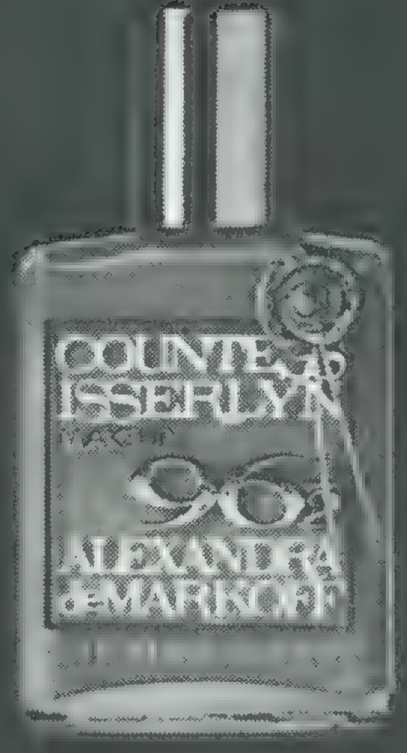
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DAYLILIES

(Continued from page 127)

The other ancient Chinese species, the "Tawny Daylily" *(H. fulva)*, was discovered about 350 miles south of Wei and farther inland. None of its several varieties produces seed—not a unique phenomenon in plant life, but certainly unusual in plants such as these, spread so widely over the earth. You'd think that such a plant, like many natives on the Arctic tundra, would be restricted in habitat to places almost too wild for man to find; but there it is, the tawny-orange flowered weed of the roadside, growing in abundance.

Nature evidently uses *fulva* to satisfy herself that she can make a plant unable to produce seed, but nevertheless able to spread itself over the earth's temperate climate. To compensate for the lack of seeds, she provides the Tawny Daylily with rhizomes, roots having buds that produce stems above ground, as its sole means of reproduction. But these rhizomes are not permitted to spread rapidly—rather, they are engineered to form the tightest of crowns throwing heavy, narrow, fan-shaped leaves which provide shade so dense that seeds from other plants cannot sprout under them; and she crowns *fulva* with showy flowers whose buds are delicious to man—and highly nutritious.

Fulva's decorative value was what first brought it to Western Europe and why the homesteaders' wives took it along. Now Western societies have tired of *fulva* in gardens and still are skeptical of it as food, even though it is impossible to eat in a Chinese restaurant that doesn't serve it. The buds are used as a thickening agent in soups and sauces and also are eaten as vegetables. If you would like to try them, pick buds (of any variety) just as they open, steam lightly, damp dry, then sauté quickly in butter (as you would parsley); or dust the buds with flour, dip into tempura batter, and deep fry to a golden-brown, serve them as hors d'oeuvres.

The Tawny Daylily moved out of China later and more slowly than the Lemon Lily. There is evidence that it was brought over sea routes to Venice by Arabian-Phoenician traders, and to Lisbon by Portuguese sailors via the toe of Africa. When the Tawny Daylily reached America is unknown, but it was probably sent from England to Philadelphia, home of John Bartram, the earliest commercial plantsman in America (he had fifty-two mail-order customers in Britain). The first wild colonies of Tawny Daylily were found on the banks of the Schuylkill, below a house that Bartram built on that river in 1731.

Today, this species continues to move slowly along roadsides, pushed by road crews as they scrape back the earth shoulders every few years. One variety of *fulva*, called "Europa" (for no reason other than it was most common there), does produce pollen, from which many of the non-yellow modern hybrids have been bred.

All daylily species, even those without rhizomes and the modern hybrids, can, like *fulva*, repel territorial attacks by other plants. But, as they do not themselves become rampantly invasive, that is, weeds, the genus is not only a low-maintenance but almost a no-maintenance plant.

If daylilies like their homes, they thrive. In the wild, they are found on the edges of forests, not *in* them, and on roadsides in deep, acid soils (*p*H 6.0 to 6.5) heavy with humus but able to drain off excess water quickly. These conditions are easy to duplicate in the garden. Daylilies grow best in full sun; they will grow well in mottled shade from trees having a high leaf canopy, but the lilies' roots come out second best, competing for water and nutrients with the shallow feeding roots of such trees as sugar maples. Too much nitrogen causes soft growth, but daylilies should have their fill of potassium and phosphorus as well as reasonable amounts of water.

When planting daylilies in garden soil, a good rule is to add nothing except humus; if a special border is being prepared, dig it deeply (ten to twelve inches), incorporate a half bushel of compost (or aged cow manure) per square yard, and sprinkle ever so lightly with a low nitrogen fertilizer (5-10-10). Do not add lime unless necessary to raise the *p*H to 6.0. Early spring is the best time to plant daylilies.

Those wanting a low- to no-maintenance daylily border, yesterday, should plant close —twelve to fourteen inches apart. Some gardeners insist that daylilies should be separated every five or six years to keep plants producing more scapes. But, unless more plants are wanted, this advice can probably be ignored; daylilies don't seem to bloom shyly because they are crowded.

Ordinary gardeners like you and me are not the only ones planting daylilies in mass as focal landscape points. Homeowners who are not gardeners but who would like to have flowers requiring little or no work have done their share in increasing the demand for daylilies. And the hobby garden-

(Continued on page 146)



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cacharel PARIS

DAYLILIES

(Continued from page 142)

ers, those thousands who band together in plant societies for the sole purpose of knowing everything there is to know about just one genus, are the unsung greats of daylilies: they are the vanguard that concoct the new hybrids.

The world of gardening is the richer for this breed of gardener. Some build great reputations; others, successful businesses, too; and all successful hybridizers are written into the history of horticulture—a far more enduring tribute than a tombstone. One, George Russell of Yorkshire, a railroad guard at a quiet crossing, developed the Russell Lupine, known the world over. His financial success was modest. But Alfred Langdon, head gardener of a small estate in Bath, England, developed a tuberous begonia strain into the finest of its race, and Blackmore & Langdon, the partnership he formed, which is still flourishing, made him a tidy fortune.

The publication in 1934 of Dr. Arlow B. Stout's book *Daylilies* marked the beginning of the plant's popularity. Dr. Stout, a scientist at the New York Botanical Society, had been working with *Hemerocallis* since World War I. His book reported all known facts about daylilies and added many of his own observations. Only about fifteen species had been found, indigenous to China, although some had drifted into Japan and other parts of the Orient. Dr. Stout guessed, correctly, that subsequent finds would be few and differ little from those already discovered. He listed all known hybrids—164 of them, including the species. *Daylilies* lighted no immediate fires in the gardening world. It wasn't until twelve years later that Dr. Stout's small band of followers started The American Hemerocallis Society and named him its president. Today, the Society has forty-five hundred members and is the world's largest plant society. Over eighteen thousand hybrids have been registered by it since 1946, excepting the 164 Dr. Stout reported, and annual registrations now average over 164 every three months.

There are about twenty full-time breeders of daylilies marketing their introductions and those of others. Twenty breeders may not seem like many, but the giant rose business has only a few more, and bulbous lilies not more than one or two. Most of these companies are small. The dominant firm in the field is Gilbert H. Wild & Son, Inc. of Sarcoxie, Missouri, who grow over 150 acres of daylilies, and "main list" 727 named hybrids (many shown in full color) in their 1978 catalogue. The Society estimates that about three thousand hybrids are in commerce, including evergreen varieties that are not hardy in cold climates.

General nursery catalogues do not have such broad offerings. On its own, Wild introduces between twenty and forty new hybrids a year, many the firm's originations, at prices ranging up to $200 for each single-fan division, which may not bloom until its second year. These are bought by other hybridizers to strengthen their own lines of breeding, and by a goodly number of those amateur enthusiasts who have discovered the thrill of seeing new hybrids grow from their own hand-pollinated seed. Producing daylily hybrids is as simple as can be—daub a ripe pollen sac on the pistil of a flower of another plant and each seed will produce a spanking new hybrid. The new flower may not have any value, but it's gold in the eyes of one beholder.

One authority points out that varieties of merit are becoming harder to produce because breeders have been using modern hybrids for their crosses, all far removed from the species; and that further development either must await the discovery of new species or must depend on more use of those in hand. One species, the six-foot *H. altissima,* has not been in breeding programs because demand is for plants that are in the three-foot range. This is unfortunate, for good tall varieties are needed by gardeners for back-of-the-border planting and by landscape architects who could use them in mass for bright lights in distant vistas.

Until a few years ago, all hybrids were diploids bred from the species, of which only one, *H. fulva* is a triploid. (Those are genetic terms having to do with chromosome counts, terms that only add to the confusion of ordinary dirt gardeners who have enough to worry about just gardening.) It is enough to say here that the triploids have more of everything—larger leaves, bigger flowers, longer and stronger stems, better color intensity. I have test-grown about twenty of them. My guess is that it won't be long before several thousand triploid hybrids will come to market, for bigger is better on this side of the Atlantic.

Colors of today's hybrids are in a wide range—everything but blues and white. The reds, which came long ago and had to be called *something,* are now beginning to *look* like red, but they still are rather expensive. Many bicolor and tricolor hybrids are available, most of them reminding me of the way automobiles were painted in the 1950's. In mixtures, they can clash. Yet, a small bed containing only one variety of these noisy novelties is highly effective, although the blooming will be relatively shorter. A border containing nothing but reds in mixed varieties has high visibility against a solid-green background.

The most effective all-daylily border, if mixed, would include all the pastel colors, with solid goldens and yellows, and reds used to break the pastels. Various single-color varieties (called "selfs") can enhance a mixed perennial border.

Peak blooming time for most hybrids comes in July and spills over into early August, but many varieties bloom in mid-June, some in late August. This provides a long season, and my bet is that breeders in the next decade will come up with cultivars that will provide bloom for a full four months. One way to make a daylily planting more interesting for a longer time is to plant the very early blooming spring-flowering bulbs, like species crocus, *scilla sibirica,* and galanthus, in sweeps between the daylilies the first year. They will bloom before the daylilies are in full leaf.

The bulb season can be extended further by spotting daffodils in the border—and I suspect the new perennial tulips will perform well in it in May. And try an herbaceous peony or two—or more—in the center of the planting for bloom in June. These are all low-maintenance plants, but it is rather sure that the daylilies, doing what they have done for the past four thousand years, will drive most of them out in a decade or two. ▽





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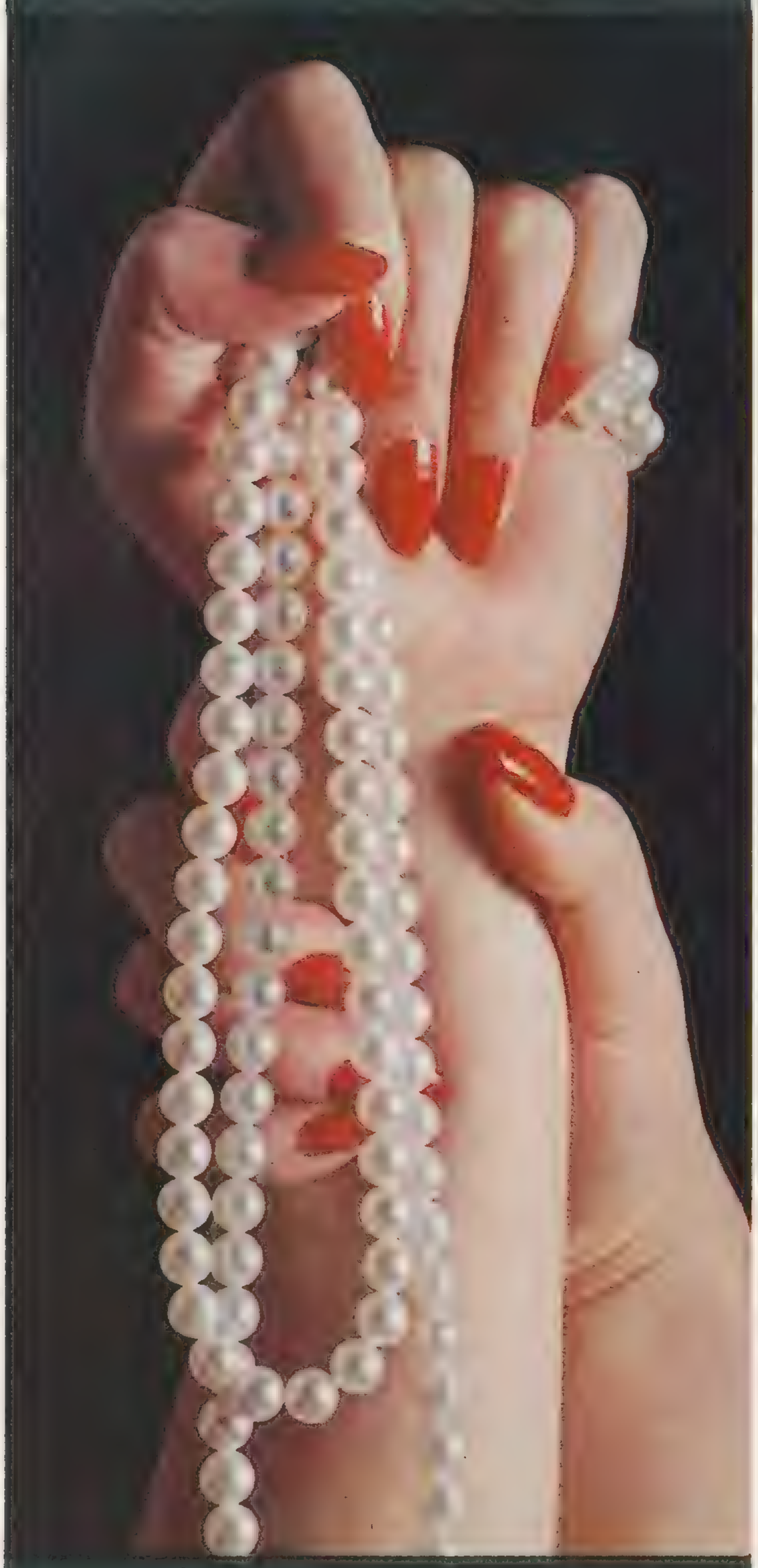
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CULTURED PEARLS

Love and loss and a house in Hollywood

From "Perdido," a big, adventurous, muscular new book, a woman's story: about glamorous beginnings, growing up

By Jill Robinson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Perdido" is both the title of Jill Robinson's new novel and the name of one of its main characters: a house, in Hollywood. (Jill grew up in Hollywood—in a house on Marlboro Street where singer Helen Reddy now lives.) Perdido, in Spanish, means loss; and, as Jill explains, "Everyone in the book loses something important—not the least of which is the loss of what Hollywood was supposed to represent."*

In the novel, excerpted here, Susanna Howard lives in Perdido; she is a teenager, growing to womanhood, in the decade from 1950-1960. (For more about Jill Robinson and "Perdido," see page 240.)

Mornings home at Perdido are like movie mornings in pictures about horse-raising families where Jeanne Crain gallops across a meadow to the loveliest sprightly music. The early fog still smokes the cliff above the Pacific Coast Highway. The big trucks are hitting the road for the North, the morning birds coo, and there's a yawning sound under the grass.

• • •

The fog is going off to sea now. The help will be getting up. Bread will be toasting on the big restaurant stove we have and a vast pot of coffee will be brewing. Ethel, the cook, throws eggshells into it for "seasoning." I think that's her plan for slowly poisoning everyone. Dorothy, our maid, who is the only one who does not hate me, will be going through the upstairs galleries with her uniform thrown open over her bathrobe, raising the shades which give our house a look that says "I refuse to see this." Whenever the living room is redecorated, my mother gets excited and sits in there playing her grand piano for days. She even files down her nails so they don't click. Much.

I adore music. I'm going to be a night-club singer. Sit on the piano in sequins to the floor and tear their hearts out. I can see my cousin Val's right eyebrow skid up on that, and her grin scoot to the left.

• • •

When I stand right here I always think of how it must have looked to my grandparents when they came up the fireroad that Perdido Drive was and planned the house. I like to sit on my grandmother's bed under one of her crocheted violet afghans and look out at the sea and listen to her legends about Hollywood Long Ago and how Perdido came to be. . . .

"During the third decade of the twentieth century. . . ." She likes to begin stories like that, as though she is taking a running jump at them from a great distance. It makes it all sound hundreds and hundreds of years ago, which when I was little I thought it was.

"It was custom for the new movie moguls like your dear grandfather to build summer cottages in the canyons and along the beach on these Palisades."

"But why did you need summer houses? It's always summer here."

She thinks a moment. "Irony. And we had all come from a place where the rich went from the cities to the seashore during the hot summers and so it became the custom wherever one happened to be rich." I saw her stories move like Grandfather's silent movies which we sometimes run in the projection room. I saw everyone young and made-up and walking in the rapid way they did in those

(Continued on page 152)

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The Ultimate Elegance: One beautiful bias-cut gown, every bit as sophisticated as Paris in the Thirties. Magnificent alone, *twice* as romantic under a sheer float-coat. Gown of shimmering Satin Glisanda® anti-cling Antron® III nylon, 30 to 36, about $20. Peignoir, S, M, about $23. In Honey Beige (shown with Candleglow float), Star White or Meadow Mist. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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LOVE AND LOSS

(Continued from page 148)

days, all angles and briskness.

Perdido was only sixteen rooms when they first built it. The great colorist Hoyningen-Huené came to select the paint and wallpapers. And the cream color of the outside matched the shade of my grandfather's Bugatti.

On Sundays, Lancias, Daimlers, and Packards full of stars used to chug up the road here for the great luncheons and my mother and Aunt Lillian would look too much at the actors. That is why my grandparents sent them East to school.

"John Gilbert had the most magnificent Hispano-Suiza," Grandmother once said dreamily. If not for my grandmother's interest in cars, I would not be sure I belong to this family. . . .

• • •

Val and I once put on a pageant for the family with my puppets—the founding of Perdido. I made up songs on my guitar (which Mr. Ruben, my music teacher, says is not a "serious instrument") and Val did the set. The house sits on top of Perdido Drive, which winds up from Sunset like a spiral staircase (if you ripped the street off the world by its roots it would look like a tornado). Val made a curved street out of wire covered with papier-mâché. She topped it off with a fairly clever replica of the house. (Val is really good in art. And piano, and everything.) During the show, I swung one of the puppets too swiftly, too far back, and knocked down the set. No one really thought it was an accident, though; houses often fall down here, and everyone always expects the earthquake. But Val said, "You have a way of turning everything into a disaster."

"And you," I said, and I was surprised because I am usually very careful with her, "have everything you want."

"I have everything *you* want," she said. "Difference."

• • •

At eighteen, I stand here in my ski suit, which is the perfect outfit for airplane travel, and I look at my house and my trees and hear the Western sounds I love. Our birds—the cars running fast below, big highway trucks. Home sounds. Wind in palm trees.

I skip to the edge, to my wall, and look over at my view. I love to be home. I do. I had to go away, Perdido, to know how much I missed you!

My parents must be out, the limo is not here. I ring the front door bell. Dorothy opens it. "Oh my God," she says. "Susanna, honey! look at you. What are you wearing? What are you doing here? Now, just come in, I'll get those bags."

"I thought I'd just drop by." I laugh and we hug each other and I look beyond her and through the double doors to the living room and I see the furniture is covered with sheets. There are tags swaying from Grandmother's sconces above the table in the entry hall. Two of the paintings are gone and I can see the marks on the wall like shadows.

"What's happening here, what's going on? Where's Mary?"

"It's Sunday, honey." But I have looked into the den where Mary always sat and the files are gone—and most of the things from her desk. The philodendron my mother always hated is even gone.

"Where's my mother?" I'm going to scream.

"I'll get her right now. They didn't write you anything?"

"No." I feel like a guest in someone else's nightmare. I must have felt something strange was happening. That must have been why I came home. The dining room chairs are covered with cloths and marked with tags saying SOLD. The old Russian lamps above the table are gone. They were royal-blue glass, studded with bronze stars. I go faster through now, rushing into the projection room. The little rattan folding chairs for extra guests are tied into a bundle in the corner. I stand on the couch to look through the window to the projection booth, half expecting Johnny the projectionist will be there.

Nothing is there. The machines are gone. Like two robot elephants, the 35-mm. projection machines had been part of the household for as long as I remember. They were, if you were allergic, the next best thing to having dogs.

"Susanna. Don't stand on the couch," my mother says.

I jump off automatically.

"A little redecoration?" I say to her. I cannot breathe.

"Susanna. We didn't want to upset you."

"But I am . . . I am upset. What is happening here?" I am beginning to yell. "You are not selling Perdido? You can't. You just can't."

"Yes." And she turns her head and starts to cry.

• • •

And now, many years later, I have come to the Coast Highway. I look, because I never cannot look, up at Perdido. The entire front yard has eroded now and the house stands at the edge of the cliff, like someone with one foot out, about to commit suicide but looking around just one last time to see if the right people are noticing.

I notice you, house. I would stop and see you again as I have done twice before climbing over the fence that says you are condemned. Touching my trees. Bringing back leaves to press in my songbook. Foolish woman, stepping precariously through your bare rooms, hearing the sounds of all of our voices as I go through you, looking out from Grandmother's window at the ocean. I would kneel down in front of you and cry again because of everything, because of absolutely nothing.

Anywhere anyone lives, people and houses die and you can't rearrange the roads to avoid where you've been. If something bad happened on that road that you've gone down at least every day and sometimes two or even four times when you didn't want to do anything but drive, it shouldn't surprise you. Good things probably happened—sunny Sunday encounters, cars flirting with each other, flashing chrome bumper smiles. I remember arms around my shoulders. But I don't remember who. Why does the sadness have more impact? Why do I remember the sad songs more than the giddy, silly ones? Or is it just today I feel this way—is it apprehension darkening memory? And has expectation itself darkened into apprehension? Even on this sunny highway, here below Perdido. ▽

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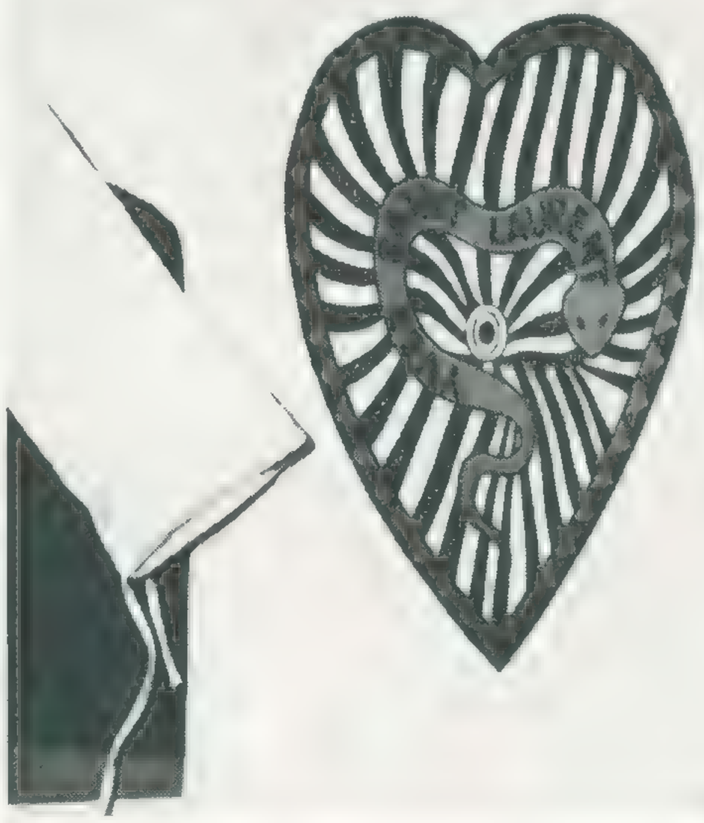
If you work in New York, here's something great for your Monday-to-Friday life: Josette Paquet's weekday spa. Two hours, Mon.-Fri., include: exercise, sauna, steam bath, massage. All $110 — and worth every cent. So some Monday soon, why not hie over to the Health Club for Women, 465 Park Ave. (212-421-3580).



For measuring body fat: Do-it-yourself calipers! The instructions and makings are in Charles T. Kuntzleman's *Activetics* (Peter H. Wyden, New York) — and do very well in a pinch!

Want to get twice as much out of exercise class? Before getting into your leotard, smooth on some super-action cream. What happens? Both work as you do -- every movement is instant massage. The combo we have in mind: Payot Cream for the Breast and Maya's silky new Everything Suit in orchid jersey spandex. Bodysuit about $30. At Bloomingdale's.

Back in action: Hans Kraus, M.D.—with a new book, "Backache, Stress, and Tension" (Simon and Schuster) — shows you how to test your fitness level, avoid problems.



Newest T-shirt on the run: Saint Laurent's "Le Serpent" drawstring, left — to buy and wear with Rive Gauche Moisturizing Body Lotion and Liquid Cologne; $8.50, for it all.

Memo from an exercise buff: "Just got back from a workout at Radu's Physical Culture Studio. Think he's terrific (see him in action, at right), knowledgeable about the body and very patient. Good overall approach starting with warm-ups, stretches on a mat, tumbling, work on the parallel bars — and then a go at the gym equipment. Everything at his studio is clean, fresh, cheery." It's 41 West 57th Street, N.Y.C. Classes held from 8:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M.; $7 per hour (212-PL 9-9617).



Button-front lace bra, Anemone by Warners.
Fashion details, next to last pages.

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A One Laszlo devotee we know who, by the way, had the same problem, came up with this solution! "Buy two shades of Normalizer Shake-It at the start of the summer: your regular shade and a darker one. In a spare bottle, blend them—adding the darker shade gradually as needed. It works perfectly."

Q **My feet are calloused and peeling. I hesitate to buy a pair of sandals. But other people's feet look so great—is there something I should be doing but am not?**

A The point is not to let feet get beyond help. Regular care should include pumicing and massaging with your body lotion right down to your toes. More helpers: Get a pair of ballet slippers to wear around the house—just the crushy kidskin kind dancers wear. They protect your feet from exposure to dry indoor air and look pretty with this summer's clothes. From skin-whiz Jane Sebeyran: Akileine—an everything-in-one foot treat. Soothes, refreshes, smooths rough heels, too. To order: $5, ppd. Jane Sebeyran, 29 E. 61st St., N.Y., NY 10021.

Q **Most of the clothes I've seen for spring and summer have rolled-up sleeves. I'd love to wear them, but my elbows just look too awful. What do I do?**

A Start by using pumice and soap—or a gentle scrub such as Charles of the Ritz's Skin Sweeper Refining Cleanser—every day. Then, right after washing, work in an extra-rich moisturizer. If you follow it with Ritz's Special Formula Emollient, you've got a duo that should show results fast. As soon as your elbows are in good shape, this can simply be a once-a-week ritual. Incidentally, whenever you have a little extra lotion or moisturizer left on your hands, rub it on your elbows.

Q **I've got a strawberry-colored birthmark on my cheek. I try every makeup I find hoping I can hide it, but nothing works. Do you know of anything that might help? It is quite embarrassing, especially in the summer.**

A About one in every three thousand babies in this country has a mark on face or neck at birth. Many of these marks eventually disappear, but some, such as yours, are permanent. According to a recent report by Dr. Bard Cosman of New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, a new laser treatment is proving remarkably successful. When the concentrated beam of light strikes the area, it is absorbed by the red pigment, and the "port-wine" mark gradually disappears.

I am woman



'Let's see. Eyes are on straight. Blusher looks okay. Hair needs a little help. Hmmmm. Maybe it was better before I got this Celebrity magnifying mirror. Then I never knew what I was missing.'

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Inheritance: where there's a will, there's a wait

When you're "remembered" in someone's will, it pays to follow these guidelines

By William Flanagan

As Howard Hughes's would-be beneficiaries would be quick to point out, simply being named in a will is no guarantee that you will ever collect anything; and, even if you do, long waits are not uncommon. And bear in mind that legal and court costs, as well as taxes and debts, can shrink a modest estate to a pittance.

There is not much you can do to hasten things along. Pressuring the executor or his attorney is not likely to get you a check any faster. Paying debts and taxes and then making all the disbursements are time-consuming. Dozens of claimants get a crack at an estate before you do.

Depending upon the state where the writer of the will lived, creditors have four months to a year to make their claims. Then the federal and state governments take their slices in estate taxes. Within nine months of the testator's death, the executor is required to file federal estate-tax forms. But the Internal Revenue Service can take another year to audit the return; and state tax agencies can often take a few months before they, too, are satisfied.

You can't blame the executor for being cautious and not making any disbursements until all taxes have been paid. She or he can be held liable for any taxes that are due at a later date. But, if a bank is the executor, it will often distribute money to the heirs before the estate is closed—provided enough money has been set aside for taxes.

Sometimes what appears to be foot-dragging can actually work in your favor. A sophisticated executor or his lawyer sometimes deliberately will stretch out proceedings so that the heirs will net more. Suppose you are in a high income-tax bracket, for example, and are named in a will. If you start to receive income within a year of the testator's death, you will be taxed at the personal-income rate. But, as long as the income is retained in the estate, it may be taxed at a lower rate and thus accumulate faster. And, when disbursements are made, they will not be double taxed.

Death duties vary with the size of an estate. In New York, for example, federal and state taxes will consume 15 percent of a $150,000 estate, assuming no marital deduction, and more than 60 percent of a $10-million estate. In most cases, fees paid to lawyers, executors, appraisers, and the courts can slice another 8 percent from a $150,000 estate.

No matter how amicable things seem among heirs when the will is read, don't be surprised if the will is contested later. A challenger need not prove anything as drastic as incompetence or an influencing of the testator at the time the will was drawn. Pencil notations, erasures, or unsigned or unwitnessed codicils can make a will invalid. These are more reasons for you, yourself, when making a will, to prepare it with a lawyer and to update it when necessary. A simple will can cost only about $50 and may prevent lots of heartache and hardship for heirs.

If a will is proved invalid or if there is no will at all, the court will appoint an administrator to settle the estate according to state-regulated lines of succession. In most cases, the surviving spouse would get one-third of an estate, and the remainder is split among the children. If there are no children, the spouse may have to share the estate with the decedent's parents, brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and other relatives, who may not even have been known to the deceased.

If complications do arise, don't try to sell your interest in the will or to borrow against it. Banks won't even make such loans under most circumstances, private lenders ask very high interest rates, and you have no idea of how long the proceedings will drag on. Selling out your interest can be idiotic. One hapless heir found that the child of a testator stood between himself and a $300,000 inheritance. He sold out whatever interest he had for $26,000—just before the death of the closer relative.

Once a testator dies, of course, there is little you can do to influence how an estate is settled. It can be to everyone's best interest to inform an aging relative of the importance of estate planning, and the earlier it is done, the better. The IRS can disallow certain estate planning actions made "in contemplation of death," believe it or not. Presumably, you are supposed to think you are going to live forever when you make up an estate plan.

With larger estates, trusts are often effective in sheltering money from the tax collector, but the rules are very tricky. Professional advice is called for.

How do you tell a close relative who has substantial assets that he or she should get professional advice on splitting up the spoils after death? It does take a lot of tact, of course. But I am reminded of the ploy one friend used to convince her mother that she should set up an estate plan. My friend found and hired a tax expert, had him contact her mother. The mother was persuaded that there were tax advantages in making gifts to her heirs while she was still living and she would have the satisfaction of seeing her children live a little more comfortably during her remaining years. ▽

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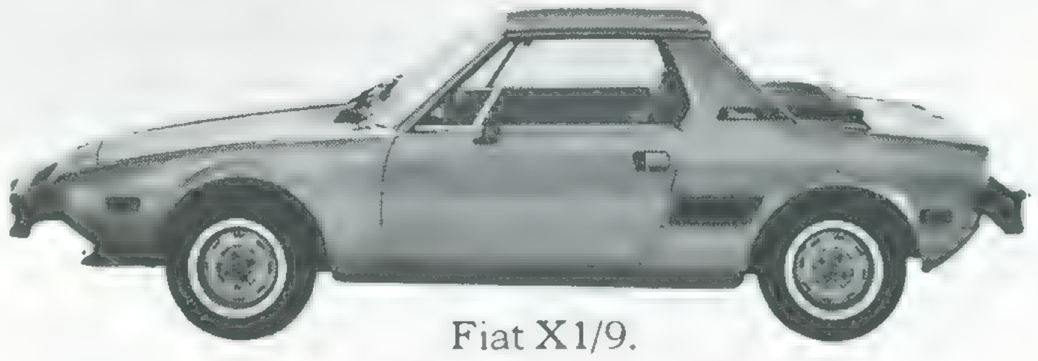
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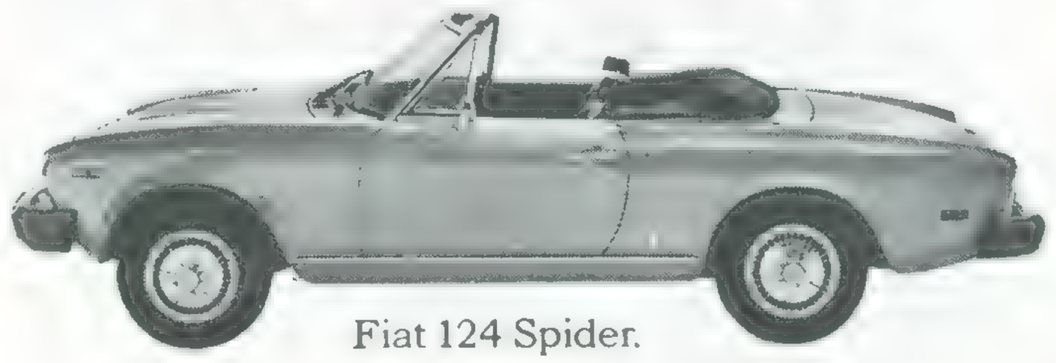
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Shop-tour Beverly Hills . . . Switzerland for rent . . . what's cooking in Venice

Travel Now



After two seasons of teaching guests French cooking, star Venice hotel The Gritti Palace (above), this summer (June 26-August 26), promises to reveal secrets of its fine Venetian cuisine for the first time. Also planned: wine-tasting tips, visits to local fish and produce markets. Cost of a three-day course, including bed and breakfasts at the luxe Gritti: $224 sharing a double room, $276 for a single. For a five-day course, count $373 for double occupancy, $460 single. See Vogue To Go.

Newest reason to visit Los Angeles? To shop the two-and-one-half-block stretch of Beverly Hills's Rodeo Drive that runs between the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and Little Santa Monica Blvd. and boasts one of the greatest concentrations of high-quality retail names in the world. Examples: Hermès, Halston, De la Renta, Kenzo, Lauren, et al. Rodeo's everybody-meets place is Giorgio's Pub, with pool table, cappucino bar inside Giorgio's posh boutique. At number 332, a Frank Lloyd Wright house that's now a buy-place for Kazanjian jewels. . . . At number 347, Greta Garbo's rumored to be the landlady of Gucci. Star drop-in stop is the just-reopened Rodeo Café at the Beverly Rodeo Hotel. For people-watching, The Daisy's tops. On Rodeo Drive, even the traffic is glamorous. Reports Diana Vreeland, after a recent Bev-Hills swing-through, "Rodeo is marvelous. One day, I walked out of my hotel and saw a collision involving two Rolls, a Stutz, and a Lincoln."

This summer, the Middle Ages return in the Bavarian town of Landshut, on the Isar River, when the town celebrates and reenacts a royal wedding that took place back in 1475. Not-to-miss if you're traveling West Germany June 23-July 16, the Landshut Princely Wedding Pageant is a three-week revel of medieval music, theater, jousting tournaments, boar roasts, and dancing—with townspeople decked out in period costumes.



Switzerland, one of Europe's most beautiful and unspoiled countries, is also one of the most expensive vacation spots in the world. But an innovative way to get to Switzerland — and not go broke — comes from a company called Idyll, Ltd. Their specialty: finding apartments for Americans in glorious lake/mountain regions of Switzerland at reasonable prices. Three weeks in an Idyll apartment costs from $285 per person for two people sharing an apartment, to an incredibly low $130 per person for groups of six. Besides finding you an apartment, the Swiss Idyll staff provides expert help — both stateside and in Switzerland — with all aspects of your vacation. For information: (215) 565-5242.

New View of Japan

Japan is an architecture buff's dream: classic temples, shrines, palaces, plus some of the most visionary modern and post-modern buildings in the world.

For two weeks this summer, May 28-June 11, the Japan Society plans an architectural tour of Tokyo and Kyoto led by architect/writer C. Ray Smith. Bargain price of the trip: $1325 (less than regular airfare) includes round-trip flights from New York, first-class hotels, seminars with prominent Japanese architects who often will conduct tours of their own buildings. Details from Japan Society, 333 East 47th St., New York, NY 10017.

Left, Tokyo's Ni-Bon-Kahn high rise, Minoru Takeyama, architect and photographer (from *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture* by Charles Jencks, Rizzoli International Publications, New York).



Many people think of rapids-running only in terms of the great rivers of the Western U.S. But super rafting and canoe trips can be found in the East, too—from Maine to West Virginia. Here, a list compiled for Vogue by photographer/white-water guide Michael Weber. **Maine:** One-day trips offered by Maine White Water Expeditions along the Kennebec River. Beautiful waterfalls. The $35 price includes equipment, lunch, return land transportation. Weekdays, June through September. Phone: (607) 672-4814. **New Hampshire:** Saco Bound runs one-day raft trips along the Saco River every day through May for $20 per person. Summer day-trips from Saco Bound go down the Androscoggin River, June through August, at the same price. Phone: (603) 447-2177. **Pennsylvania:** Solid one-day paddle trips set out daily, Memorial Day through Labor Day, along the Youghiogheny River. $20 weekdays, $25 weekends; food, shuttle transportation included. Laurel Highlands River Tours: (412) 465-2987. **West Virginia:** The most exciting and beautiful runs east of the Mississippi? The one- and two-day trips, from Wild Water Expeditions Unlimited, along the upper and lower gorges of New River. Through October, $42 for one day, $120 for two days; meals, gear, shuttle transportation included. Phone: (304) 469-2551.

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Tangier—an Arabian city ten miles from Europe's shore

American writer discovers the all-night whirl of North Africa's after-dark capital

By Richard de Combray

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Author/photographer Richard de Combray documents the exotic. His first book, "Attitudes Espagnoles," photographed a volatile Spain; "Venice, Frail Barrier" took on the beauty—and mystery—of off-season Venice; De Combray's newest, "Caravansary: Alone in Moslem Places" (published this month by Doubleday), is the culmination of a year's trek across North Africa and the Middle East. Here, from "Caravansary," Mr. De Combray's adventure begins: in Tangier, the intriguing, complicated Arab city just ten miles from Spain.*

Tangier is easy. Perhaps it is too easy, too cheerful, too much a part of southern Europe. Everywhere there is a hand extended, a smile, a salute. No matter if the gesture comes out incorrectly. VISIT SUNNY TANGIER THE CITY THAT SLOPS DOWN TO THE SEA, it says on a travel poster. LA BANQUE POPULAIRE DU NORD BIDS YOU A VERY WORM WELCOME! is written across the bright-orange friendly brochure put out by the



On a narrow street of Tangier's old town, a tiny shop (above) sells only melons

Bureau of Tourism. You realize by the general absence of their influence how the French have crippled affability in the rest of North Africa. The interdictions and suspicions they practice at home and have imported to their colonies found ready acceptance among the Arabs, who had those tendencies anyway. But Tangier has hugged close to Spain—its south, that is. "Just a kiss away from Spain," says Royal Air Maroc. A real-life travelogue.

There is the *paseo* at the end of the day. The main street is blocked off at seven so that everyone can walk back and forth with no cars to spoil their fun. A child cartwheels by in front of the Café de Paris dressed in a scarlet satin acrobat's costume his mother made. He lands on his feet, arms outstretched for the spare change. Someone has a monkey on a chain holding out a cup and it walks with urgency to each café table as though searching for a relative. Parents push baby carriages never seen in most of the Arab world—and these are as elaborate as Bentleys—rolling past turbaned elders leaning against biblical staves, nodding gravely to each other. Boys stroll by in twos, sleeked up in tight clothes looking for adventure. Pubescent girls gather like swallows on the line, as heavily made up as Gypsies. And if some of them are veiled they are no less interested in or interesting to the general air of provocation.

Spanish women made up to the nines,



Moroccan men in djellabas (above) gossip curbside in Tangier's market square

traveling in threes and fours, having brought up children and buried husbands, are now down on vacation from Madrid stuffed into dresses that might have once been fashionable. They are durable ladies. They are wrinkled and brave. Their fierce noses have sought after and inhaled everything from Andalusian orange blossoms in April through the smoke of civil war and they have survived. Up come their fans. With a flick of their wrists they become fluttering girls once again without missing a beat in their proud promenade.

Tailors and shirtmakers have their shops open until ten or eleven. The Spanish barbers keep going past midnight, calling themselves names like Haut Coiffeur de Paris. There is a lineup of customers slouched on the highbacked chairs. Once fussed-over locks gather in glossy drifts on the linoleum floor, spinning round like autumn leaves when the door opens for another client. There are fast cars accelerating through the boulevards in the new town. Girls perch next to the drivers sidewise, the way they've seen it at the movies. And in the old town bicycles can barely

Copyright © 1978 by Richard de Combray

get through the narrow alleys. The merchants slowly close up and carefully lock stalls no larger than Park Avenue closets, curling up in their robes to sleep next to the thick walls, the stones whitewashed and whitewashed again through the years. It is an old city, older than old. The centuries have picked it clean.

Money has come to the *ville nouvelle*. There is neon, there are television aerials; new buildings glint with glass panes, the antithesis of the secluded Arab architecture that went on for a thousand years. Recklessly things are torn down and put up all over the place. Streets have new Arabic names, old French names, sometimes both, frequently neither. Crowds form at the drop of a hat: a bicycle race spreads up and down the main street and everyone lines up on the sidewalk to watch, at midnight.

In the part of town where construction has not yet accumulated in the vacant lots prepared for it, there is a slapdash carnival with bright lights, rides, games and sideshows. Its perimeter is the vague outline reached by its lights, and swarms of chil-

Watch a bicycle race—at midnight

dren hang about it like summer moths. There is no need to go there with a child of your own; I discovered that you can hire one as soon as you step out of the surrounding darkness.

I am surprised to enter these pages now holding a child's hand. When I crossed that carnival threshold a recent summer's night in Tangier, I felt a tug on my arm as I gazed with wonder at a sign on top of a battered bus converted to hold a sideshow. THE SNAKE LADY, it read, ALIVE. The sign painter had created a voluptuous creature more Danish than Arabic who lay entwined in the torrid and not altogether reptilian embrace of a boa constrictor the size of a large man. I thought that the tug, at first, was some flinch of my own. It was repeated twice. I looked down, locating among the crowd pressing forward a little girl wearing a blue sailor suit, her head framed by a pair of dark pigtails. On her shoulder she carried an oversized pocketbook of black plastic which may have been her mother's, mirroring the bright bulbs around us.

"Yes?" I asked, avuncular. "What would you like?" I saw that Spanish had no effect. I reached into my small fund of Arabic.

There was a sudden smile revealing a double blank in her upper front teeth. Then the face dropped, all downcast eyes, and I turned back to the sign.

"Do you want to see the snake lady?" I asked over my shoulder. She nodded energetically behind her pocketbook.

"Isn't your, ah, family here?"

She shook her head. Again I had a chance to see the missing space in her grin. "My sister," she said, and from out of the crush, in a larger dimension, her duplicate appeared. She, too, had braids. But her smile was more hesitant, more cautious.

"Are there any more of you?"

They shook their heads no, and three of

(Continued on page 172)

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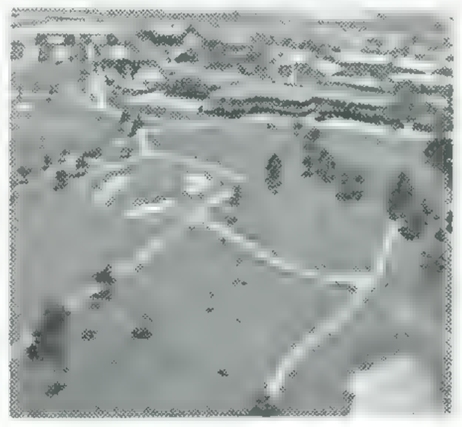
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ENIT

TRAVEL: TANGIER

(Continued from page 171)

us got on line, joined all at once by a small boy who must have been watching the negotiations. He, too, was desperate to see the Snake Lady. He, too, beamed a smile upwards. We just made through the doll's door of the reconverted bus as other kids came running.

A monkey balanced a banana on his knees but no one watched, for all heads were bent forward, magnetized by the Snake Lady in the aisle beyond. Spying her, the boy nudged me, his cheeks bright pink with embarrassment. The girls giggled. There she was, squeezed into a coffin-like space covered by a pane of glass smudged with fingerprints. She was wearing what were once called hot pants and her blouse was scooped low. The snake was asleep, stretched from the edge of the box past her thighs to her neck, and she held up its head to the crowd as though displaying some kitchen utensil. She was beyond boredom, beyond sadness or despair. Pressed against the glass were veiled ladies who are permitted to place only their eyes on view. Half dressed, she looked languidly at them. Bundled, they looked fearfully at her. Only she alone knew what strange constructions of fate had gotten her into this terrible, airless predicament: to lie on display with a snake asleep on her, for coins.

"Take a picture!" pleaded one of my group, swaying impatiently behind her large pocketbook. I obliged by picking up the camera almost to eye level. The drowsy girl with the snake lifted one finger, wagged it back and forth in a gesture as grand as any ex-President's wife that said: *no pictures, please*. And as we turned to leave the rank bus, I waved to her. Immediately, she flashed a heartbreaking smile at me, let the snake's head drop and closed her eyes, blocking out the whole catastrophe. I realized then that she was only about sixteen, made up and bleached to look thirty-five. The paying customers knocked against the glass, pressing palms along its surface: men in coarse burnooses in from the countryside, their women peering eternally with those exposed eyes, jabbering to each other in bird voices, and kids punching the sides of the bus and stamping their feet with impatience to be grown-up, to inhabit the heady Western world which included in it ladies all exposed like this. Slowly, very slowly, she sat upright, resumed her position and looked into the middle distance. She picked up the snake again, pressing its cold head to her cheek, and the crowd, satisfied, filed by.

"Where are your parents?" I asked again as we emerged from the bus and headed towards the rides.

The boy interrupted, requiring some money to see the death-defying motorcycle act. Prudently I suggested the Ferris wheel and after saying in English, "Okay, okay," he rushed off with the money and lost himself in the crowd.

"Home," said the elder.

"Home," said the younger. "I'd like some ice cream."

"Well, why aren't you home with them?" I asked, suddenly angry. The girls were wandering around bumping into strangers; the boy had gone off to see spinning motorcycles at one in the morning.

"Why aren't *you* home?" asked the

younger sister, swaying from side to side, hugging her plastic pocketbook.

I had no proper answer. Why wasn't everyone else home—the girl with the snake, or the snake itself? I was in a land of truants. And in my bad temper I left the two sisters to wander around until dawn if they chose and went in search of a drink, climbing the sloping streets towards the center of the new town. There I located the bar-restaurant that is the local international meeting ground. Foreigners who have many years of drinking behind them and not many ahead stared into their own reflections in the long bar mirror. Local boys speaking many languages decorated the place too engagingly, their voices like silk, their eyes cutting and recutting across the room like busy teletype machines. Presiding over it all was a frizzy-haired lady, a foreigner, whose lower lip pouted like an open purse. It was depressing. Everyone was up too late, trying to make things last too long. In Spain, whose habits Tangier has adopted, the late-night promenades seem in character. Here in Africa, the nocturnal activity has an air of delinquency. Night and morning overlap publicly. The long moment of complete silence and immobility remains unobserved. Rif mountain women begin to arrive at the markets while it is still dark, their goods, like sleeping children, bundled over their backs. Yawns from a night's sleep in the kasbah cross with yawns from not having been to bed in the new town. Stalls creak open, cocks crow and dogs yap while cars are still tearing around corners searching out mischief. It is the irregular envelope of Africa being torn open at its edge before it has been properly sealed for the night.

I lay in my hotel room wondering about the little girl's question, "Why aren't *you* home?" Then I went to the window. A group of drunken foreigners had rounded the corner singing.

"The fundamental things apply . . ."

"A sigh is just a sigh . . ."

"No, a sigh is *still* a sigh."

"I'll sing it as I please."

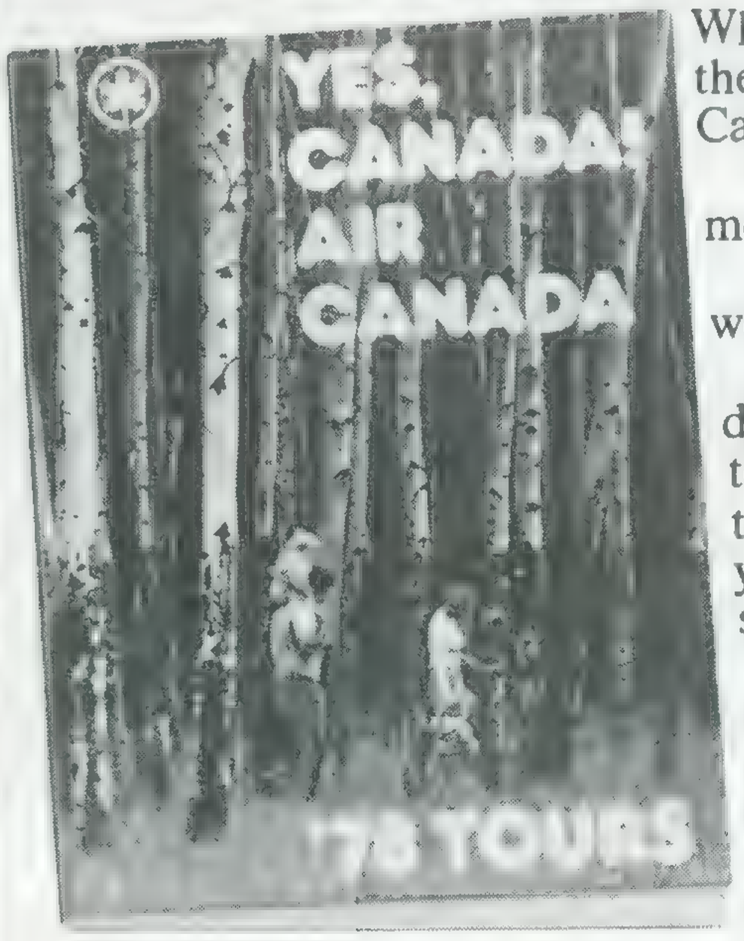
They continued down the street, the shreds of "As Time Goes By" almost obscuring the distant dawn chant of the muezzin summoning Moslems to prayer, the *Allah akbar,* God is great, rising like smoke from the old town. And I thought, looking out at the black rooftops, searching for some sign of light in the sky, that time certainly had gone by. ▽

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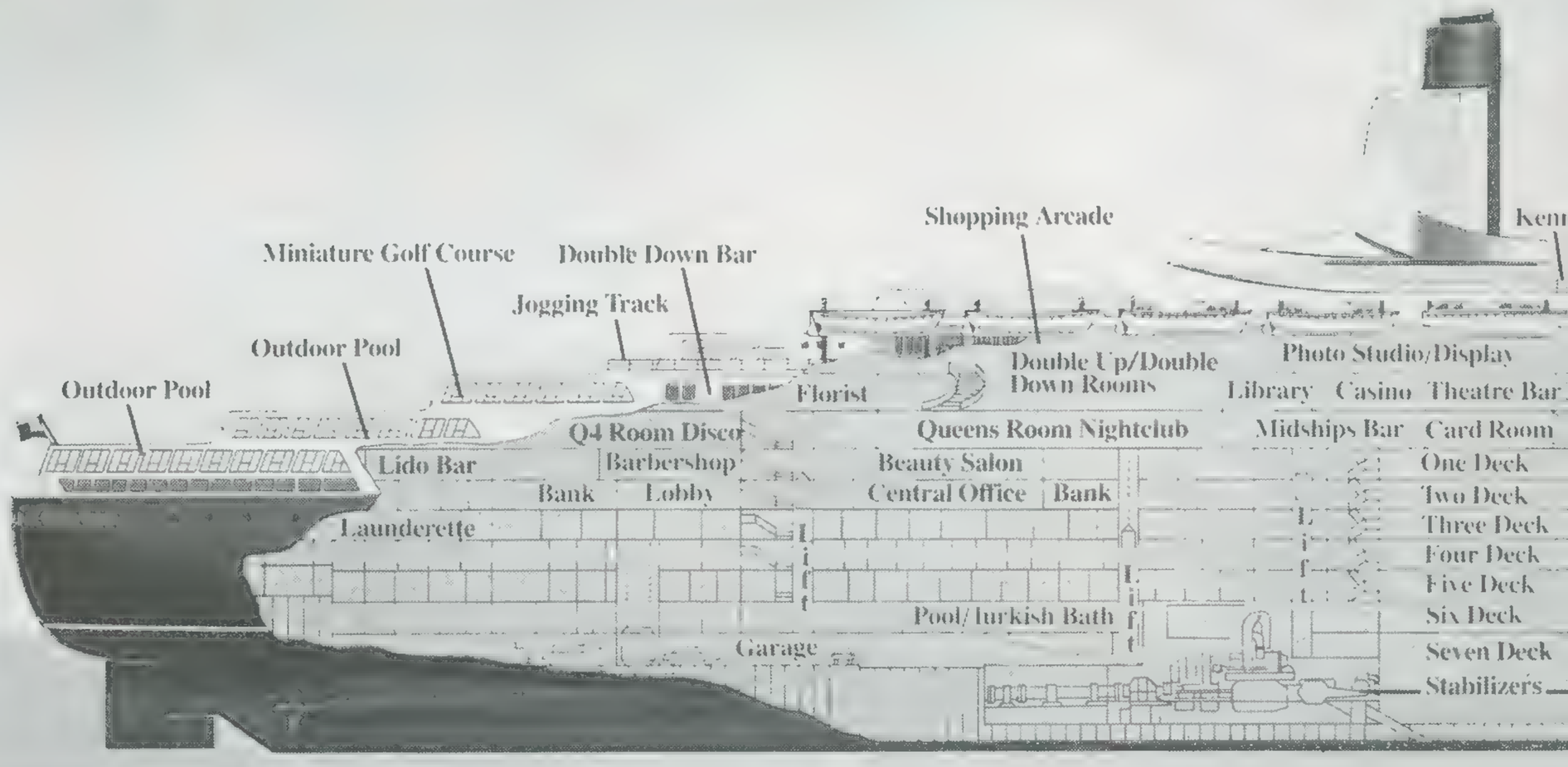
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Challenge: 6 weeks abroad, $20 a day, and a 12-year-old

Mother and daughter, going-it together, seek, survive, discover Italy—and each other

By Ingrid Bengis

She said, "I don't want to go to Italy. It's too far away. Besides, I'm just getting used to New York."

I said, "Oh, you'll love it once we get there. Remember the postcard I sent you last year from Venice, the one of San Marco at high water, when the whole Piazza was flooded? Wasn't that a wonderful postcard?"

She nodded, remembering vaguely that a year ago the idea of going to Italy had magnetized her. Now, however, the distance created by holding onto an unattainable wish had foreshortened into the dread of the fulfillable.

"Are there any earthquakes where we're going?" she asked.

"No," I said. "That was a year ago in Friuli. We're not going to Friuli this time."

"What about floods?" she said. "In the postcard, that square was flooded."

"That was in November. It happens every November."

"Why only in November? Why couldn't it happen while we're there?"

"I don't know," I said, trying to remember why the waters in Venice rose in November rather than July. I was tempted to say, "Because I say so." I settled instead for "I just know it couldn't."

She looked at me mistrustfully, resisting with the entirety of her preadolescent will the possibility of my being right. "Something could happen," she said.

"Yes, something could happen. Something can always happen. Except it usually doesn't. And if you spend your life worrying about what could happen, you'll never do anything."

At that moment, I recognized in her the same characteristic that I had always resisted in my mother: compulsive fatalism. Lori, having come to me at the age of ten instead of at birth, had spent her ninth year without a home. My mother's twelfth birthday was spent in jail during the Russian Revolution. They both perceived the world as being not mythically filled with beasts and demons but as actually inhabited by nightmares become reality. They were both afraid of life. Whereas I, between them, was in the habit of lunging at it, as if it might otherwise escape me altogether.

Still, despite my understanding of the reasons for Lori's resistance, I was, at bottom, astonished that the word "Italy" was not, in itself, enough to make her days and nights resonate with expectation. True, Europe was big and she was small. True, like most pre-teenagers, she preferred spaghetti and meatballs to *pesto genovese*. True, that of new experiences she had had enough, perhaps more than her share. Yet, like many mothers who have taken thirty or more years to discover something, I wanted her to take twelve. What I wanted was for her to see Italy through my eyes, as if any twelve-year-old could possibly see through the eyes of her mother. I was unwilling to acknowledge one simple fact: that in saying she didn't want to go, she was just being true to herself and admitting that she was too young.

No matter what she thought, we were going anyway. I told myself that we would have a perfect summer. I would write; she would swim. I would come home restored from a year's travail; she would come home enriched by a world she had not dreamt existed. I was stubborn, determined, and scared. As usual, when I am scared, I whistled in the dark. I showed her maps and photographs of Italy and told her stories of life in Rome until my mouth grew dry. When our financial resources were sliced in

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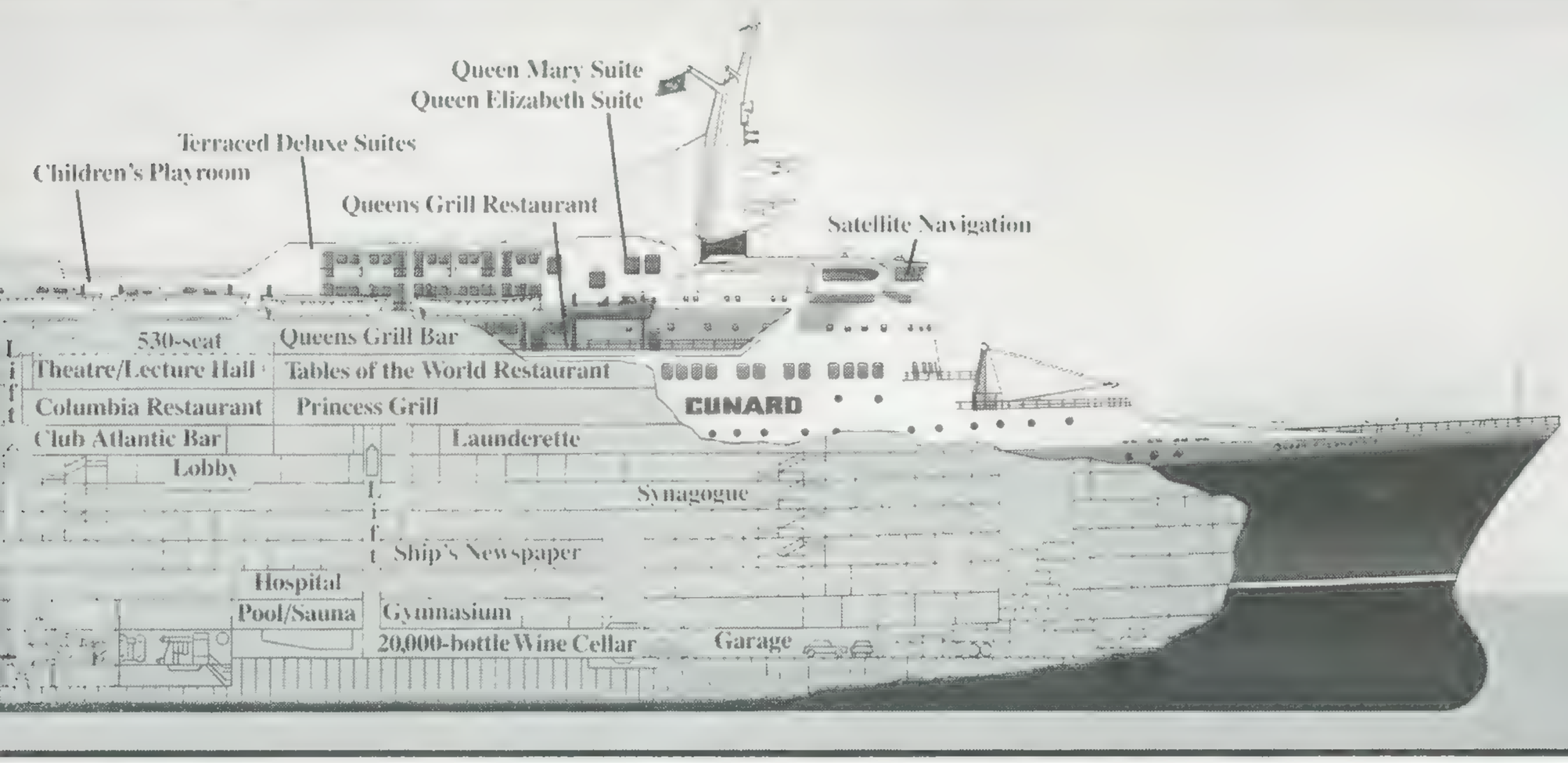
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half, I backed out of our charter flight, switched to Icelandic, cut the trip by three weeks, and lied about her age in order to get her a half-price fare. It would be Italy on $20 a day. I ignored the nightmares I had begun to have, nightmares in which, like a stone, she dragged me down into the depths of precisely that despair which Italy was supposed to alleviate, nightmares in which she screamed, "I want to go home," and I said, "We can't, we've paid for it," until the day of returning home finally arrived, and I, exhausted from the dream vacation with my child, plunged headlong into bed for the next month to recover. The dread that she verbalized afflicted me at the silent depths. She was determinedly pessimistic. I was determinedly optimistic. On our way to the airport, she said, as she had said months before, "I don't want to go," and I repeated, "Just wait till you get there. You'll love it." Already, we were afflicted with *déjà vu*.

• • •

Traveling with a child involves avoiding one critical danger: crankiness. Since I happen to belong in the category of adults who can subsist on next to nothing, I tend to forget, unless reminded to the contrary, that the rest of the world, including twelve-year-olds, cannot always function optimally under similar conditions. When I was twenty, I wrote while sitting in cafés at five A.M., picked grapes on a kibbutz, and gave English lessons on a Greek island. This history of imaginative survival reinforces my inclination to negate certain truths. For instance, that I am now thirty-three rather than twenty. And that a twelve-year-old is not able to stand on an *autostrada* with her thumb out or to carry a suitcase a mile in the rain or to sleep in a field or to do without something to drink on a hot day. But then, why should she? And why should I try to live now as I did then? One outgrows one's own life as surely as one ages in the first place. These reflections are the products of hindsight. What I learned was that motherhood requires an impossible juxtaposition: be flexible, but plan ahead.

• • •

We arrived on European soil with three things planned ahead: we had our train tickets, a *pensione* reservation for our first night at Lake Como, and a date to meet a friend in Rome. But even those few plans turned against us. In Luxembourg, we were told that we would have to take an overnight train to Como, arriving at five A.M., which meant calling the hotel to change our reservation. With an unfavorable Luxembourg exchange, coffee cost $1.25 and my $20 was gone by the time we took a bus from the airport, ate a small breakfast, and phoned the hotel. We decided to keep our "real meal" of the day for the introductory adventure of the train's dining car. Unable to afford checking our luggage, we sat in the train station all day, until a man exposed himself to Lori. It was like coming into the Port Authority Bus Terminal and believing that it *is* New York.

On the train, we learned that the dining car was discontinued. There was no food on board. The conductor, seeing different names on our passports, must have assumed that I was a governess; he offered us a *couchette* in exchange for my favors. Our compartment, empty at first, filled up in two hours with a Sicilian family: young mother and father, baby, heavily tattoed friend, and many suitcases tied with rope. The men eyed us suspiciously and looked tough. Lori wanted to know why they were in our compartment, which I explained to her was not ours. Within that uniquely leisured train compartment environment, the barriers quickly dissolved between us. The father became passionately, unselfconsciously involved with the baby. Lori was goggle-eyed, and even more so when they offered her food, including malt beer which she struggled with, turned pale from, and finally left untouched. They told stories about unhappy years spent working on construction in Germany and about their elation at returning finally to Catania. At eleven P.M., the men left the compartment and stood watch outside all night while the mother, the baby, Lori, and I slept. A first positive image. Already, I was counting.

• • •

At five A.M., the light above the mountains changes from one second to the next; the first ray of sun leaves the lake untouched, heavy, pristine. I am dazzled by esthetics: the shape of a tree, the smell of oleander and magnolia, the rose and ocher of a villa wall, the perspective of mountains echoing back from each other in rhythmic retreat towards an invisible horizon. Our first Italian dawn, the ideal moment of arrival for a romantic to whom the emphatic appearance of light is, in itself, epiphanic. A child's epiphanies, however, tend, particularly after a ragged night's sleep, towards the pragmatic. Lori had three questions: when could she have something to eat, how long would it be before

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TRAVEL: ITALY

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the bus to our hotel arrived, and when were we going to meet my friend in Rome? I was confronted with the fact that I had only $1.25 in lire; that it was too early to change a traveler's check; and that the bus, which we were at first told would pass at six A.M. was, in fact, not due until seven. Lori looked at me accusingly, and I realized suddenly that I was to bear personal responsibility for an Italian unpredictability that was no more or less than an enlargement of my own. That climate of uncertainty towards which I adapted like an animal returning to its element was to her a sign of instability and chaos. I suspected that her temperament might incline her more towards German precision than the many-layered Italianate sensibility. If so, then my profoundest efforts, my greatest gifts of improvisation, would ultimately yield nothing but contempt for collusion with an alien attitude.

"Breakfast," Lori said. "I'm hungry."

I mobilized, found someone at the ticket counter who agreed out of sympathy for the hungry child to change two dollars into lire, and headed for the bar in the corner of the railway station. There were half a dozen train-station workers in blue standing at the counter. The conversation at this hour was already animated. I ordered *cappuccino* for myself, hot chocolate for Lori, and three crescent rolls, feeling a rush of nostalgia at the sight of the bottles of Aperol, Cinzano, Punt e Mes, and Campari glittering on the shelves. The wrong hour for an aperitif, but the sight acted upon me as if the day had begun with an opening parenthesis which already had its close in sight. That, to me, was security. Lori sipped the hot chocolate and was transformed. "It's as good as at the Café Dante," she said, establishing for the first time a direct link between New York and Italy. As we sat eating and drinking, Italy slowly rose up to greet her eyes. The intimacy I sought from the sunrise arrived finally after breakfast. The day, at last, became festive.

• • •

We face each other across the dinner table: an odd couple. She has never been in such elegant surroundings before and has decided to wear a dress for dinner. The waiter calls her "Signorina." She grows visibly before my eyes. She learns that pasta is not the whole meal but the first course. She tries *acqua minerale* and hates it, asks for regular water and is told there isn't any. She has unpacked conscientiously, assigning me shelves and drawers with a kind of homey certainty that we will be staying here forever. She is dazzled with the view from our window, delighted with our first walk of exploration by the lake, and justifiably proud of herself for having carried not only her own duffel bag and overnight case, but also my typewriter, down the long, winding stone flights of stairs which were the only means of access from the main road to the hotel. She feels that she is my companion, that we are a pair. Symbiosis hovers in the air. There is no one to take me from her. She is dizzy with the sense of total victory. This, and the novelty of her surroundings, stirs her blood. Until I remind her to take her elbows off the table and mention that I might want to stay downstairs talking with some of the grown-ups after she goes to bed, that I would like her to get used to staying in the room by herself. She is completely safe there, I say. In an instant, I am transformed from companion to captor. Her eyes grow dull with anger. Possession is either complete or non-existent: if I leave her for an hour, I no longer love her. We face each other across the table, again the odd couple, though this time trapped together. The waiter, smiling, comes to clear. "Is everything all right, Signora?" he asks. "Yes," I say. He looks at Lori. *"Bella ragazza,"* he says. She smiles. I smile. The air is stiff as cardboard.

• • •

Sightseeing has never been my forte. Groups of people gathered together to observe the same thing act upon me like a reverse magnet. With one major exception: if someone I love says, "I must show you these frescoes by Raphael which will take your breath away," I will come and have my breath taken away, since I regard that not as sightseeing but as a transfusion of blood. My ideal vacation consists largely of sitting in cafés, eavesdropping in a foreign language, going for walks with no particular destination in mind, having unexpected encounters which lead to unexpected adventures, eating wonderful food, and writing several hours a day. I love doing nothing, on the assumption that sooner or later something will happen, and that the real reason for traveling is that things happen. However, it can sometimes take days before something happens. And in the meantime, nothing at all would seem to be happening.

Lori has a similar bent, though in her case (as in most children's) the impulse derives largely from a lack of exposure. As a mother, bent on educating and exposing my child, doing nothing, however, was not good enough. I should instead be a purveyor of information, a filter for experience. I expected her to enjoy things for which I myself had little tolerance. I assumed that if I showed her nothing, she would see nothing, though she has always seen a good deal more than most people. I was anxious; the idea that we ought constantly to "do things" at once gripped and paralyzed my imagination.

On our first day at the hotel, she wanted to "sit around" reading Maya Angelou's *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings,* becoming friendly with the cat and learning the word for "ice cream"—*gelato.* She also wrote down the Italian phrases which seemed to her essential: "May I have a glass of natural water?" "Do you want to play?" "My mother isn't here. Wait for my mother." "Where is the bathroom?" "What is your name?" and "How much does it cost?" I should have realized from those few phrases what she needed: a playmate, reassurance that she was not going to get lost in a foreign environment, some conversation in English. But I didn't. I had a single-minded vision of what she *should* want and very little acceptance of what she actually needed. She ate an enormous quantity for lunch and again for dinner. She slept in the afternoon. I agonized over the fact that so far we had "done nothing." I did not immediately realize that she was attempting to establish rituals for herself, which would serve as a temporary replacement for roots. Rituals, unlike novelties,

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TRAVEL: ITALY

(Continued from page 176)

do not yield instant results or instant failures. They take longer, but they are more solidly guaranteed: the familiarity of a waiter, ice cream every day at the same hour, a swim each morning. It was precisely this rhythm, however, which I was immediately obliged to destroy. At $30 a day, the *pensione* was a one-time introductory extravaganza, not to be repeated. We would have to find less expensive lodgings. "But we just came," she said. "I know," I said. "But we can't stay."

"I unpacked."

"I know you did. So did I. But you can unpack again."

"What's the point?"

I didn't know exactly what the point was, except finding a cheaper hotel. "You haven't seen anything of Italy yet," I said.

"Isn't this Italy?"

"Yes, but there's more of it. We're all the way in the North. Don't you want to see the rest?"

"Not especially," she said. "I want to stay here."

"We can't afford it."

"Oh," she said, in one of those quick adaptations which always amazed me. "Then let's go. Where should we go?"

"I don't know," I said. "We'll have to find something." She looked at me reproachfully. Here, she had offered her cooperation, and I was giving her nothing to cooperate *with*. I felt a rush of guilt over my own lack of competency.

"I'll take care of it," I said, trying to sound stern, and remembering that my mother had taught me never to talk about money in front of children, since it's none of their business and they don't understand anyway.

"Should I pack?"

"Not yet," I said, and went to find the owner of the hotel to ask her about other hotels, thinking that I had failed to take into account the problem of mobility: children hate moving around. But then again, so do most adults. Our idea of traveling propels us against our natures.

Signora Caramazza was sweet but vague when I told her our situation. "I will find out for you this afternoon," she said.

In the meantime, Lori wanted to know if we could go swimming.

"Sure," I said, "let's find the beach."

Lori was born on an island off the coast of Maine. She is used to beaches which are either tiny and secluded, reached by climbing over granite ledges, or else, like Jones Beach, on Long Island, vast and crowded. She has never been on a tiny crowded beach. The beach at Moltrasio was a big sandbox with a diving board at the end of it. There were fifty people in the sandbox, and it cost 50 cents each to climb into it. Also, no one was swimming, and it was obvious that swimming was not one of the preferred activities on Lake Como.

We went into the water reluctantly, came out quickly and lay on the artificial sand for half an hour, watching people eat. Then, we walked back to the hotel and ate, too. The meal exhausted us. It was becoming clear that we were not going to change hotels today. Tomorrow, in the morning, we would leave early. That way we would have two full days of relaxation, and I, de-

(Continued on page 180)



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TRAVEL: ITALY

(Continued from page 178)

spite the financial setback, would feel less frantic.

But in the afternoon, when I asked Signora Caramazza about the hotels, she was again sweet but vague. Suddenly, though, she brightened and became less vague. "If you like," she said, "you can stay here for $20 a day, with breakfast and either lunch or dinner. That way, you can manage on your own for the other meal. Have a sandwich or so."

I thought about it for a minute, divided between the urge to go further into the "real Italy" (the Italy of the *passegiata,* the thronged café, the teeming emotional life), my awareness of the trauma of moving, my sense that we were being offered a good deal, and my equally strong sense that even if it was a good deal, "a sandwich or so" each day would still take us over our $20-a-day limit. Maybe we wouldn't even eat sandwiches, I thought. After all, the meals were so immense that we could do without lunch altogether. One thought was left out of this equation: I could do without lunch, but Lori couldn't. After hesitating for five minutes, I accepted. We would stay another two days. Signora Caramazza smiled brightly. "Thank you," I said. "You're welcome," she said modestly. "Will you be having dinner?"

"Of course," I said, forgetting that we had already had lunch.

"Benissimo," she said, drifting off into the kitchen to cook, while I stood there, quietly calculating.

• • •

The boat ride around Lake Como cost $6. Lori was thirsty. She agreed to drink water. There was none. *Acqua minerale* cost 40 cents. And ice cream cost 25 cents. My entire system was straining against the imposition of such calculated limits, such petty economies. I paid and counted. Lori stared at the floor of the boat, resisting any possible temptation towards pleasure. She did not want to see more; she wanted to see less. The boat ride was presenting her with additional options when she already felt the pressure of too many. I suspected that she was thinking of Maine, her true home, comparing the sightseeing boat to her father's lobster fishing boat, sensing the oddity of being a tourist who looks at fishermen when all her life she herself had been the object of precisely that reductive vision which turns a life fully and rawly lived into a picturesque snapshot. The unease of coming to see what was so deeply rooted in her own existence grew upon her slowly. Later, it would make her turn her face away from the train window when we passed the sea, make her prefer being away from the water to being near it, swimming pools to the ocean, the city to the country. Her own memories were too powerful for the simple pleasures of looking at a landscape.

I coaxed her, cajoled her, tried to lure her out of that sulkiness which was costing us two dollars an hour, but she clung to her dissatisfaction like a barnacle to rocks, tenaciously holding to her own vision, which was, in its own way, unspeakably pure and far truer than any expedition in search of fresh scenery. I saw through her eyes at the same time as I saw through my own: she was, in her own way, extracting from the ride that same sense of rock-bottom essences that I extracted when, turning away from the view, I sat down at the typewriter instead. It was not social conscience which was troubling her, the middle-class child's condescension towards "tourism." It was her knowledge of the reality which lay behind it. As a result, the tiny dock at Nesso with its bower of roses and cascade of water coming down from the mountains left her untouched, so did the splendor of the Villa Serbelloni at Bellagio where, behind the gated pool, she saw something which did affect her: a girl of about her own age, lying on a deck chair beside her parents, a child, like herself, who seemed friendless. The two children looked at each other. There was a moment of expectation, but it passed. We stayed on our side of the fence; she stayed on hers. The sense of a possible friendship lingered in Lori as a kind of nostalgia which accumulated in her throughout the day.

"I'm tired of just speaking Italian," she finally said, although she had not yet spoken a word of it. What she meant was that she was tired of not speaking at all, that a tête-à-tête with me was no longer enough, that she needed a real companion. The words for "I want to play," written in her small book, were meaningless so long as she had no one to whom she could say them. In the evening she tried to be cheerful, but what she knew was that, here in Italy, she was utterly alone.

• • •

Two days later, we disembarked at the dock of Nesso, having made a phone reservation for a hotel considerably less expensive than ours. When I asked the woman who sold boat tickets from a tiny room beside the dock for directions to the hotel, she looked at me strangely and pointed upward to a flight of stone stairs which disappeared around a bend high in the distance. "After that," she said, "ask again."

"Is it far?" I asked.

She hesitated, and shook her head. "No, no," she said emphatically.

We began walking, carrying all of our luggage up the overgrown stone path. We climbed until we could see the Lake, hundreds of feet below us. And still there was no end to the path. We were panting from the heat and the weight of our bags.

"How far is it?" Lori asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Would you like to rest?"

She shook her head determinedly. "We'll stop at the end," she said.

It was at least half a mile to the top, where we found a restaurant, instantly abandoned the "sandwiches for lunch" plan, and wolfed down *antipasto,* pasta, veal, and fruit while looking down at the great distance we had climbed. The waitress, when asked directions to our hotel, told us it was ten kilometers away but that a bus from the center of town "right down the road" would take us there. We walked another half mile only to learn that the bus would not be leaving until six o'clock that evening. We sat in a café next to an old man and woman who were also waiting for the bus. Life, for them, was the familiarity of waiting.

The air cooled. Again, there was re-

(Continued on page 186)

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Winston	Salem	KOOL	Benson & Hedges	Marlboro	Merit	Vantage	Benson & Hedges
19 MG TAR 1.4 MG NIC	18 MG TAR 1.4 MG NIC	18 MG TAR 1.1 MG NIC	17 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC	17 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC	12 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC	11 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC	11 MG TAR 0.8 MG NIC

Only 10 mg tar.



Taste Kent Golden Lights 100's.

As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

Source of tar and nicotine ratings above: FTC Report August 1977
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest (ex. 0.5 mg. "tar" 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
FTC Report August 1977: Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol:
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so light they barely brush the skin, and shaped purely for prettiness.



Produced exclusively by Silor, the specialists
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ALBERT CAPRARO *eyes*

Silor Optical, inc.
GLEN HEAD, LONG ISLAND

TRAVEL: ITALY

(Continued from page 180)

proach in Lori's eyes. I agreed with her and told myself that I was a terrible mother. Energized by my negative perception of myself, I remembered that we had seen a charming, inexpensive hotel beside the Lake in a town called Varenna. When I asked about getting to Varenna, I was told by the owner of the café that we had just missed the bus and that there would not be another one, etc.

"What about the boat?" I asked, dreading another walk down the stairs which we had just climbed. "There is one which leaves in fifteen minutes," she said. "Do you feel up to it?" I asked Lori. She nodded. Again, we picked up our bags. This time, we almost ran down the stairs. "We made it," she said, when we were settled into the boat. "You made it," I said. "I know," she said quietly. I looked at the tourists who were admiring the cascade and felt just as I once had when, after climbing up from the bottom of the Grand Canyon, I encountered a group of tourists admiring it from a lookout point. Lori smiled at me. For a moment, we shared a truth of traveling, its hazards and triumphs. For a moment, we were equals.

• • •

If not for the southward tug of meeting my friend in Rome, we might never have left Como. Each day we were spending almost five dollars more than I intended, which meant that every four days, another day was lopped off the trip. The tension of constantly thinking about money, constantly being obliged to refuse Lori the simple amenities which make Italian life pleasurable—ice cream, pastries, lemonade, even desserts in restaurants—was exhausting all of those emotions which should have been most receptive to experience. I was also getting tired of her exclusive company. I longed for adult conversation, an evening out, a dinner alone. We were locked together from morning until night, with nothing to relieve the aura of a strained, reluctant intimacy. We were beginning to resent each other: she because I was not a child, I because she was not an adult. There was an edginess, an incipient pugnaciousness, which hovered about our conversation, a willingness to seize upon every shred of disagreement and expand it into a large-scale controversy. We both wanted out. She said, "Maybe I can go home early." I said, "Yes, maybe you can. Maybe, you could stay with Grandma." I kept from my voice a tone of hopefulness. She saw it anyway in my eyes. She felt unwanted. She was right. I felt put-upon. I, too, was right.

On the Rome-bound train, Lori finally made a friend, an Italian girl of her own age who was reading Donald Duck in Italian. Together, they walked up and down through the train, exploring other compartments, leaning out the window together, having not a single word in common. The girl was traveling with her uncle, who wanted to know where my husband was. I didn't have a husband, I explained. Ah, divorced, he said. I was divided between my compulsion to tell the truth, and my desire to simplify. I knew that if I said, "No, I have never been married, and this is my not-quite adopted daughter," I would have to explain too much, and that Lori would then become the object of an exaggerated curiosity. So, I evaded the question. But he was persistent in the way that strangers on trains who know they will never see each other again often are. I talked; he was sympathetic. He confessed that he was not the girl's uncle, but her grandfather. What a peculiar lie, I thought. What difference would it make to me? But then, I realized that he felt oppressed by his age. For a short time, at least, he wanted to pretend to youth. Again, the train was responsible: there, one can invent one's life altogether. There will never be any consequences. Goodbye, and the fantasy has been lived, abandoned, tucked away. I noticed that his hair was dyed. What was incomplete in his sense of himself had responded to what he felt was incomplete in me. Silently, we watched the two girls leaning out the window together, their hair mingling in the wind. "Children," he said, "can always make friends. They always know what to say."

At Pisa, there was a twenty-minute stop. He and I both got off the train to buy Cokes for the children. As I was paying for the Coke, the train began to move forward. I ran alongside of it, shouting frantically. Lori was leaning out the window and crying. The train disappeared around the bend. She was going to Rome alone. In five minutes, I learned that the train was just switching tracks. It turned around and came back and the grandfather and I both boarded, rushed into the compartment and hugged the children. "I was so scared. What would I have done without you?" Suddenly, my sense of being trapped by her, restrained by her presence, dissolved. "What would I have done without you?" I felt that com-

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(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



forting rush that comes from the knowledge of being needed at some point beyond mere companionship. I felt again that protective thrall of being a mother. For the first time in almost a week, I once again loved her.

• • •

Rome was a triumph. For the first time, Lori fell in love. It was with the view from the hotel window. Not a vast, scenic panorama as in Moltrasio, nor even one of those high views over the seven hills of Rome. Just a narrow Roman street near the Spanish Steps, with another hotel across the way, where young men hung around the front door, laughing and talking until two or three in the morning, then going off in their cars or motorcycles. A dwarf who sold trinkets on the corner of the Via Condotti and the Via Mario dei Fiori always came by when his work was done, packed up his belongings on the motorcycle, and then rode off with his wares balanced precariously in front of him, almost obstructing his vision. Lori could spend the entire day looking out of the window, absorbing the goings-on at the hotel and on the street. It occurred to me that the hotel may have been some kind of brothel, even though I never saw a woman there and the windows were always left open and uncurtained. I'm sure Lori could have told me a lot about it, but I never asked her. Since we were, for the first time, on the second floor instead of at the top, she was close to the street, not alone, and therefore safe, a small voyeur with a complete universe at her disposal. I left her to her own perceptions, pleased that she had found an environment appropriate to her size. She, who could not absorb the idea of "Europe," "Italy," or even "Rome," could absorb something true to her own scale.

When she was not looking out of the window, we were together with friends. For the first time in weeks, the language spoken was English. We walked all over Rome, picnicked in the parks, and gathered for dinner at *trattorias* that were never as good as they used to be, but still wonderful. We played "red light" at midnight on a side street near the Campo dei Fiori. Lori got her first sense of history as something that endures, when she picked her way, with the help of a tape recorder and earphones, through the maze of the Roman Forums. Michelangelo is not just a name anymore, but her "favorite artist," because "the people on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel jump out at you when you look at them a long time." Rome, she decided, was almost like New York, except in Rome everyone seemed to be crazy in the same ways: in New York, she said, everyone was crazy in his own way. She was fascinated by the tight pants of the Roman men, the elegance of the Roman women, the stores that closed for the afternoon and opened in the evening. She developed her favorite spot for *granita di limone*, her favorite restaurant, her favorite place to watch the sunset. She remembered the name Bernini and his fountain in the Piazza Navona. She mimicked, to perfection, the Roman mannerisms and said, "Why didn't we come here first?" I had no answer.

It was in Rome that I went out for my first evening without her. She sulked and complained about being "left alone for everything that's fun," but when I came back, she was delighted over "her evening" spent ordering *limonitas* from room service and talking to the night porter. The next morning, she said, "Why don't you go out again this afternoon? You could sit and write in a café." I was astonished and went, enjoying two hours of an unprecedented freedom. The next day was the same. When my friends left, she and I stayed on, and like lovers who have passed the point of exclusive possessiveness, she occasionally went her way (never more than to the corner) and I occasionally went mine, only to meet again refreshed. She had grown accustomed to something that, less than a month ago, had been unbearably alien. As she relaxed, I relaxed. I decided that in the worst of cases, we would run out of money and go home. We did run out, and we did go home, a week earlier than we had planned. She was ready and so was I.

On the plane, she said to me, "You're sort of like European. You were brought up with the same kind of ways." It occurred to me then that although she had complained endlessly about the trip, and although I had tried, unsuccessfully, to make her understand that Europe was a continent, not a country, what she had learned was far more important: that it was a way of life. She had come out of the trip with *frullato, gelato, prosciutto,* five-course meals, mineral water, and a sense that another part of the planet was inhabited by human beings.

When we landed in America, I said to her, "Well, now that we're home, tell me the truth. Did you like it?"

"No," she said. "I hated it."

"When you grow up, you'll realize," I said. It occurred to me then that I was beginning to sound just like my mother. ▽

ARLENE PORTNEY

HOME: Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania

AGE: 27

PROFESSION: Concert pianist

HOBBIES: Mountain climbing, model-railroading, squash.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Ada" by Vladimir Nabokov

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: First American woman ever to have won first prize in a major international piano competition: The Prix Beracasa, Paris, France.

QUOTE: "I've always felt that art is to be cherished. It convinces us of the dignity of life, and that for which civilizations have been remembered."

PROFILE: Sensitive, gifted and thoroughly dynamic. A true romantic, she's committed to making music more accessible to everyone.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®





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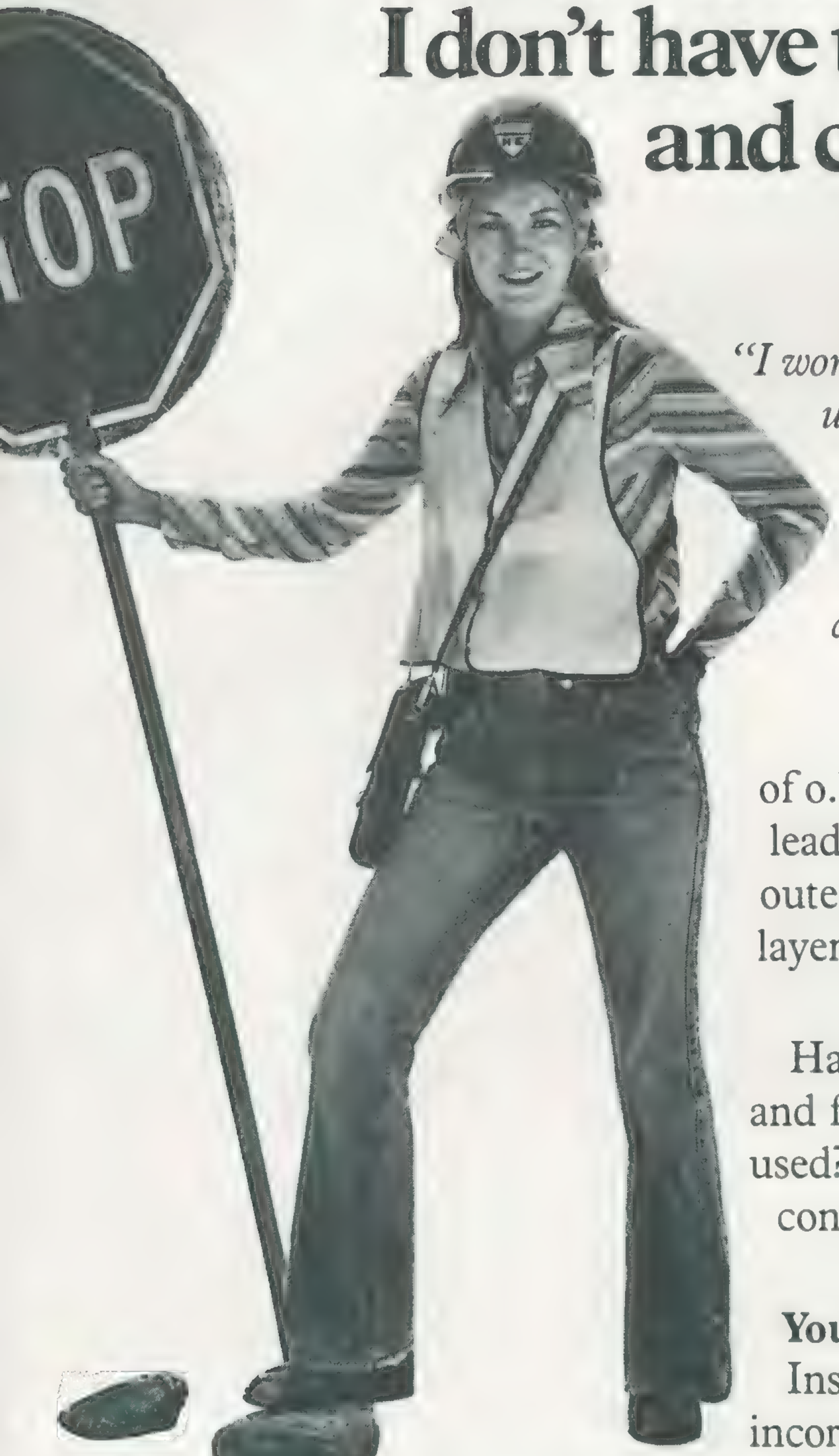
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Nancy Eversman, Flag Woman



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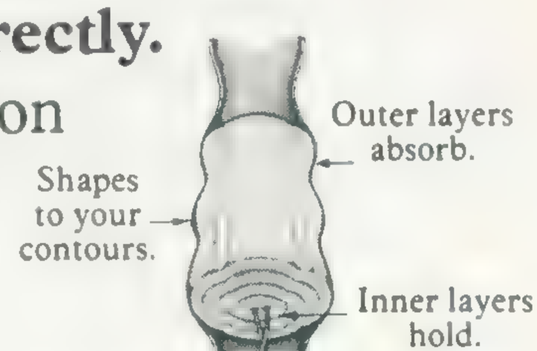
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Because every woman's flow is different, o.b.® Tampons come in three special absorbencies, Regular, Super and Super Plus, so there's one just right for you.



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Health

In our future: estrogen that won't hurt us...X-rays that see everything ...more cancers caught in time

By Melva Weber

COMING: SAFER ESTROGEN?

A safe estrogen supplement definitely is needed, said Alvin H. Follingstad, M.D., of Lovelace-Bataan Medical Center in New Mexico; and estriol, the "forgotten estrogen," may be the answer. Women who desperately need estrogen supplements but now are denied them because of cancer risks include those with severe osteoporosis, those with very bad menopausal symptoms, young women with ovaries removed, and women with treated breast or endometrial cancer.

Of the three active forms of estrogen, estriol or E_3 is associated with reduced cancer risks and even protective effects, according to research. This hormone is widely available in Europe but not in the United States. Estriol has been regarded here as a weak or ineffectual estrogen, said Dr. Follingstad in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*; but actually it is not weak if given in adequate doses. Needed, before E_3 can be cleared for use in this country: more research and evaluation.

X-RAYS— IN 3D MOTION

A computer-assisted diagnostic X-ray machine now under construction will allow doctors to watch—from the inside—the heart beating, the lungs breathing, the movement of blood, all in motion and in three dimensions. Earl Wood, M.D., of Rochester, Minnesota's Mayo Clinic, heads a multiprofessional team who developed the twenty-eight-tube camera that can mathematically "slice" the body, find precisely where trouble is.

Among jobs for the big eye: locating and assessing the extent of damage caused by heart attack; diagnosing inborn heart defects; finding clogged arteries or impaired blood supply anywhere; finding and identifying tumors. Radiation exposure to the patient, said Dr. Wood, will be no more, and often less, than a standard "take." The big scanner is backed by the government's Division of Research Resources at the National Institutes of Health.

CHOCOLATE vs. BABIES

According to an old wives' tale, breast-fed babies may get jumpy, have digestive upsets, sleep badly, or break out in a rash when the mother eats chocolate. Medical science had discounted the idea as unverified folk medicine, but investigators in Buffalo, New York, may have found a scientific basis. Beth H. Resman, Pharm.D., H. Peter Blumenthal, M.D., and William J. Jusko, Ph.D., reported in *The Journal of Pediatrics* that theobromine—a chemical that affects nerves, heart, smooth muscle, and urine volume—goes freely into breast milk when the mother eats chocolate. It's possible that the chemical accumulates in the baby's body and that a sensitive infant may develop problems—just as those old wives always told us.

DON'T DOUCHE

Do not douche: that's the advice given gynecology patients of Benny Waxman, M.D., in Washington, DC, by the doctor's instruction sheet on vaginal hygiene. Instead, Dr. Waxman recommends washing inside the vagina every day, using your fingers and a gentle facial soap. Don't use a deodorant or antiseptic soap; either one can destroy friendly vaginal flora or bacilli. During your bath, simply insert soapy fingers two to three inches into the vagina, cleanse, and rinse. This cleans the lower third of the vaginal tract where secretions collect; the upper tract cleans itself, moves extra secretions down toward the entrance.

Especially important: Daily washing during menstruation, because blood helps infectious organisms grow. And don't worry, added Dr. Waxman, about moderate vaginal discharge—it's normal. Discharge is abnormal if it smells bad, causes itching or irritation, or is really copious. In those conditions, see your gynecologist.

CANCER DRAGNET WORKS

Cancer education, followed by examinations for early detection, are well worth while, as a big health-screening program in North Carolina has proved.
The Cannon Mills Company backed the education sessions and health checkups, a program led by Duke University Professor Siegfried Heyden, M.D.
Of the twelve thousand people examined, twenty-four hidden cancers were found, eighteen of them in early, easily treated stages.
Back on the job after treatment are nineteen of the workers whose cancers were discovered in the screening tests.
Also discovered in the health investigation: sixty-five cases of diabetes, previously unknown; 1838 hidden cases of high blood pressure.

MORE SMOKING DANGERS

Among methods to help break the smoking habit is one called "stimulus satiation," which requires rapid puffing of a cigarette for several minutes at a time. The idea is to induce aversion to smoking; but this is a dangerous way to try to quit, warns a research team from Texas and Indiana headed by L. Craig Miller, M.D.

Tests of volunteers undergoing the rapid-smoking trials revealed sharp rises in blood carboxyhemoglobin, which blocks delivery of oxygen to vital tissues. Depriving the brain or heart of oxygen can be lethal. The fast-smoking exercise also speeded up breathing and heart rates, raised blood pressure. Although smoking is itself a health hazard, say the researchers, there ought to be a less risky way to break the habit.

JOGGER'S NIPPLES?

Women who like jogging for exercise
but don't like wearing brassieres
have created a new medical entity
to rival Tennis Elbow—Jogger's Nipples.
Chicago's Fred Levit, M.D., offered, in
The New England Journal of Medicine,
suggestions to prevent pain
and abrasion:
Coat nipples with petrolatum
before jogging; use talcum powder;
wear silky blouses instead of T-shirts.
Male long-distance runners
protect their nipples with adhesive tape
(a trick fashion models have been known
to use during photography).

The age-old secret of younger looking skin.

Mother Nature knows. Skin needs protection. Which is why she gave you a protective coating while you were still in the womb.

That was then. You're all grown up now. But that doesn't mean your skin doesn't still need protection.

From the wind.

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From the water.

Alpha Keri® helps to give you that kind of protection.

It works in the bath to help soften and smooth your dry skin. And Alpha Keri mixes completely with water to moisturize and protect every inch of you. So, long after you bathe, your skin still feels rich and silky.

Not slick and greasy.

Not dry and flaky.

Well, now you know. It's no big secret after all. For skin to stay younger looking it needs protection. Like doctor recommended Alpha Keri Bath Oil. The kind of protection Mother would want for your skin.

Bathe in moisture.
Alpha Keri Bath Oil.

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Who could make light of themselves better?

Only 11 mg tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VOGUE'S eye view

From Paris--with love--treasures!

● If we could offer only one idea--head for the nearest notions counter--buy black ribbons! Satin, velvet, grosgrain--1" wide. To wear AM/PM on bare or shirt necklines, on the wrists, in the hair. Add the sparkle of small rhinestone pins--stars, moons, flowers, fantasy shapes.

● Snappy, sassy, fun--"Sportin' Life" boaters at Yves Saint Laurent. A "must-have"--his long, yards long, bias sash to wrap your waist, tie in a floppy bow.

● The extraordinary vests at Ungaro--damask, satin, very small--you'll be calling them weskits.

● At Dior . . . the most beautiful camisoles--beaded, embroidered . . . delicate.

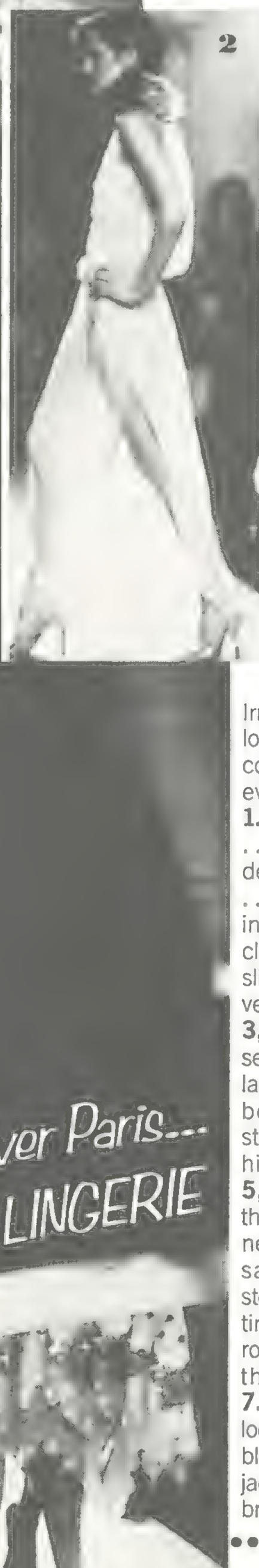
● Ungaro's muffler--pale, creamy chiffon embroidered with pink, blue roses. Ravishing!

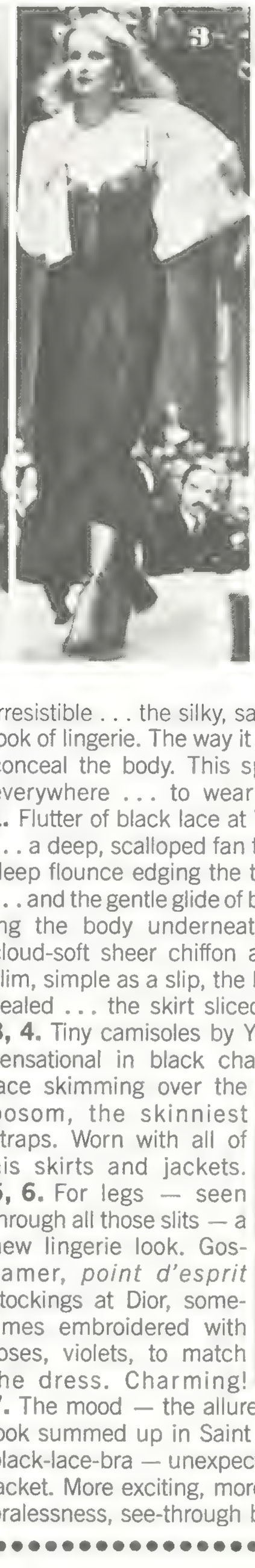
● At YSL, the delights of Nina Wood (she's American). Witty, charming, unexpected--her glittering organdy hankies. Tucked into pockets, lapels, softening tailored suits; worn in the hair.

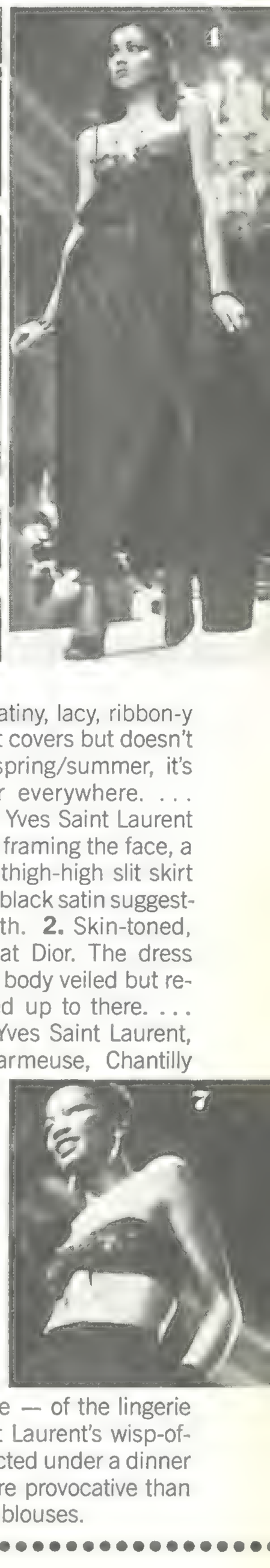
● And Paris has a passion for mother-of-pearl--its translucence, its sheen--in jewelry.

● Ankles--visible, to watch. Dior does them proud. Sandals so slender-strapped, they're barely there. Heels needle-thin, sky-high . . . gives the body lift, tilt! Terrific!









Irresistible . . . the silky, satiny, lacy, ribbon-y look of lingerie. The way it covers but doesn't conceal the body. This spring/summer, it's everywhere . . . to wear everywhere. . . . **1.** Flutter of black lace at Yves Saint Laurent . . . a deep, scalloped fan framing the face, a deep flounce edging the thigh-high slit skirt . . . and the gentle glide of black satin suggesting the body underneath. **2.** Skin-toned, cloud-soft sheer chiffon at Dior. The dress slim, simple as a slip, the body veiled but revealed . . . the skirt sliced up to there. . . . **3, 4.** Tiny camisoles by Yves Saint Laurent, sensational in black charmeuse, Chantilly lace skimming over the bosom, the skinniest straps. Worn with all of his skirts and jackets. **5, 6.** For legs — seen through all those slits — a new lingerie look. Gossamer, *point d'esprit* stockings at Dior, sometimes embroidered with roses, violets, to match the dress. Charming!

7. The mood — the allure — of the lingerie look summed up in Saint Laurent's wisp-of-black-lace-bra — unexpected under a dinner jacket. More exciting, more provocative than bralessness, see-through blouses.

Why the rich look different from you and me.

You cannot help but notice her. There is an aura of difference that goes beyond expensive clothing or being beautifully endowed by nature. And nowhere is it more evident than in her skin.

Because she, like many other women, had the good fortune to first discover Orlane on her trips to France.

Needless to say, it was almost no time at all before Orlane became an indispensable part of her beauty regime.

For one of Orlane's many achievements in the field of skin care is their Crème Hydratante Fluide. A remarkable moisturizer perfect for all women with normal to dry complexions.

And today, Crème Hydratante Fluide is an advantage shared by all women dedicated to flawless skin.

Crème Hydratante Fluide: Due to its unique formulation with a shark oil base, this moisturizer can actually replace 20% of its weight in moisture, leaving skin fresh and smooth.

Applied every morning, Crème Hydratante Fluide will protect your complexion from all the environmental hazards it must encounter.

The entire Orlane collection is sold by trained consultants at finer stores throughout the United States, as well as Europe.



ORLANE
Paris

An advantage shared by
the world's most beautiful women.

Orlane, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019. Paris.

What counts most for summer

The truth is that what counts most for summer is what counts most, period. And it is — fitness. By which we do not simply mean being thin enough to wear a bare maillot. There is a different—much deeper—approach to fitness today. It has nothing to do with following an impossible ideal, everything to do with being you at your best, and it focuses on good health and vitality. It's the joy—and it is a joy—of being able to run four miles on a beach, or swimming a dozen laps in the pool, or playing four sets of tennis, and still having energy to burn. It's being able to do what you want to do when you want to do it, and looking good is only part of it. You can't "get fit" in this sense of the word overnight; there are no magic formulas. It happens because you work at it—and it's worth all the work it takes to get there. And you're going to see how to do it, later this issue.

Why make an issue of fitness now? Because there is, in April, a sense of change...of things beginning to happen. You're already moving into a different way of dressing. No more wrapping and muffling in layers of clothes. Instead of a heavy coat or fur, you're in a soft, unconstructed linen or silk jacket. Instead of cozy-textured stockings and boots, you're in a bare sandal and pale skin-color stocking. Instead of a hat, your hair is loose and swinging. You're outdoors again and moving in a much freer, much more unencumbered way. Suddenly, you're being *seen* and what you did — or didn't do—all winter is also being seen. Above all, you're going to start looking for and wearing real summer clothes, and you're going to find that this summer they are the most revealing clothes you've ever worn. Which is the reason that fitness counts this summer—in a big way.

It starts with the fabrics. We've been telling you for a long time how thin fabric has been getting. Now, in summer when you're dealing with lighter-weight fabrics to begin with, that thinness has been raised to a new level. Fabrics are at their sheerest, lightest: see-through cottons, silks that just skim over and veil the body, thinner linens and linen blends, gauzy open-weave fabrics. All of them, non-droopy. Crisp. There is a cleanness to all fabric. And there's line—line to everything. Nothing hides ...nothing hangs. Whatever you're wearing reveals in one way or another....

Skirts that are slit, slashed, unbuttoned as high as the thigh, or in the sheerest prints that breeze on the leg and show ankles—and a bare ankle-wrapped sandal. There are narrow skirts that wrap like sarongs and hold on the hip. As you walk, they begin to ripple open—gently—and legs come through....**Pants** are narrow—*very* narrow—and always stop above the ankle. Pants to wear at night with billowy-thin tops that fall against the body, or with a silky little wrapper —like a man's dressing gown—that slides over bare skin. The newest pants for day are **shorts.** Not beach or tennis or play shorts (though, you'll find those, too), but shorts as another way of hot-weather dressing — soft-tailored and trouser-pleated or waist wrapped-and-tied like a British officer's shorts....**There's a new revealing in a dress this summer.** Whether it's as obvious as a sundress or as covered as a djellaba, sooner or later bareness is going to come into the picture —slits...the rolling up of a soft sleeve—or just the merest suggestion of a sleeve at the shoulder —a neckline that's a low, wide, clean V (which you don't cover with anything more than a silk "ribbon" of a tie—it gives you the charm *and* the bareness).

The tip-off to the whole mood: the basic summer top this year is a camisole. Not a T-shirt, not a blouse, but a bare little camisole on the thinnest straps or with a plunging-in-the-back halter neckline. You'll see camisoles on their own, or slipped under soft jackets...with pants, a skirt, or a camisole as the top of a two-piece dress. It runs through the American summer collections, and camisole-dressing turned up all over Paris (and signaled a new alluring take on lingerie-dressing).

The other key thing to know about clothes this summer: color. The best — the newest — colors are deeper, intensified. Shades of wine. Deep berry. Black. And a new intensity of bright color—red, green, yellow, violet—in textures that give brights a new character, a totally ungarish feeling. And when you have the combination of thin fabric, of revealing, and deep color, you have summer dressing that's cool and bare enough for the hottest days and "dressed" enough to go to work...to wear in a city. In short, you have the kinds of real clothes that everyone needs in summer and has had—until this summer—a great deal of trouble finding.

What goes with these new colorings—a new makeup. An unexpected way of making up that focuses on your own coloring and how to intensify it in a very natural, very easy way. What also goes—and we've touched on it—**all-over skin conditioning.** In summer, the first priority is sun protection. And this summer, it's practically mistake-proof—there's a scientific follow-the-number system that takes the guessing out of how much of what you need. If you follow that—and the few simple rules about moisturizers we've worked out—you should have no trouble keeping your skin smooth, healthy, "reveal-able."

Finally, the point to be made about fashion and beauty is this: you can't separate one from the other. It's been said before; it's never had more meaning than it does now. To enjoy this summer's clothes—really enjoy them—you have to look good and feel good. But it goes beyond that. Fitness is its own reward and it pays off every day, every season no matter what you're wearing. It gives you the energy and the confidence to carry everything off with style—a bikini to an all-out thigh-slit bias-cut evening dress. And if you need any further convincing, on the next page, the most glorious example we know of fitness...of everything we've been talking about...

summer

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ARTIFICIAL
ALL AMERICAN FARRAH FAWCETT MAJORS GOES
TO PARIS IN 4 LOOKS FROM THE PARIS COLLECTIONS
IN DAZZLING PAGES OF STAR FASHION AT ITS FARRAH
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET... AND THE COVER
AS IT'S NEVER BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE
NOW ON SALE IN NEW YORK
JUST FOR FARRAH. JUST FOR YOU. A TREAT!

PARIS ON FARRAH TIME...

It starts with

SAINT LAURENT—

in a glorious, upbeat mood.

On and on... from the first Sportin' Life pants suits,

strutting to Porgy & Bess,

to his seductive evenings.

He gives you the wit, the charm—the news!

Here, his '78 smoking in black (hey YSL color!)...

the flirt of a lace bra under the jacket.





PARIS ON FARRAH TIME

Farrah... the spirit of SAINT LAURENT!

From his show-stopping pants suits

to flamboyant bursts of color

at night, the energy—

the excitement—never stopped



PARIS ON FARRAH TIME

For a new Farrah... hair straighter, sleeker... the snap of DIOR's racy/jaunty suiting. Evenings—a magic mix of ease/all-out opulence. Farrah couldn't resist its allure



Patrick Demarchelier

le Chine tattersall shirt (Besson fabrics). Neiman-Marcus. To order a Holt Renfrew of Canada. Left: The evening jacket, th any year... opalescent/ golden beads, delicate

To order at Holt Renfrew of Canada.



PARIS ON FARRAH TIME

Farrah romantic

a glorious disarray of curls... the mouche...

the adorable dandy in waistcoat-and-tie.

UNGARO's ravishing evenings—

the whole collection! Color

and texture surprise...

after surprise



BIRDS ON FARRAH TIME

LA NOUVELLE FARRAH
This is where it started. The new look of Farrah—with wavy, wispy hair. Six months in the making, for Vogue. We did it for Paris Match and a make-over/fashion story. But it's only part of the story. The beginning of the delight. She found all the photos [illegible] like and showed it—to our photo-man over anything—a mirror, a window, [illegible], lit it up happy. Instantly. And suddenly it was a Farrah you haven't seen before. Always with the tremendous energy that's as much a Farrah nature as the smile. And with a confidence, charm and attractiveness that takes everyone by storm.

What's important to her now—going beyond the [illegible] Movie [illegible] primarily as an actress. Her first movie, just finished, *Somebody Killed Her Husband*. She's planning the second ... third ... fourth ... the offers keep coming. Then there's the Farrah Fawcett Hair Care Collection which she's helped [illegible] develop. It's new, as her new look ... if you think Farrah seemed before, watch out now—!

Farrah

and the changing moods

of Paris evenings....

GIVENCHY's

amazing evenings—

all luxury, extravagance,

and a new bravado!...

At GRÈS, the purity

of line and shape,

the seduction of thin fabric as

it falls on the body

Patrick Demarchelier

Left: From Mme. Grès, the at-home evening—the thinnest white cotton strapless "harem" dress—wrapping, draping, revealing a beautiful body. Accessories, these 10 pages, next to last pages.

Out and out beauty... and health

This is how we see a woman today: strong, fit, beautifully alive—with a whole new sensual awareness of her body. And the pleasure in simply being a woman that this brings. It's really a wonderful way to feel about yourself. And a man senses it immediately—even at first glance. The way Pat Andersen does with Patti Hansen, here. She just has on some makeup (details, opposite). She doesn't need a thing more.

A VOGUE SPECIAL
STARRING
PATTI HANSEN, PAT ANDERSEN
AND IMAN.
24 PAGES
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
FRANCESCO SCAVULLO
IN PETIT ST. VINCENT
EDITOR: POLLY MELLEN
MAKEUP: WAY BANDY
HAIR: HARRY KING

GUTSY LOOKS...

with a little color added – as long as it's beautifully underplayed. All Patti's done is put on a few 'Ultima' II Blossoms: Misted Blossom Sheer Radiance, Tender Blossom Blushing Creme, and Orange Blossom Super Luscious Lipstick. That's it! Great!

Being comfortable with your body is really the whole basis of beauty and health today. Nothing could be more natural—or as satisfying to you in every way

Knowing you look great and feel great and can keep right on going that way without giving it a thought—isn't this what every single one of us wants, when you come down to it? If you are in really great shape and have a body that works beautifully—and, after all, that is what it's supposed to do—then everything else about you seems to breathe a glorious ease . . . the look of out and out beauty and health that Patti and Pat and Iman all have, as you can see on these twenty-four pages.

Going with what you've got is the important thing. Not trying to be something you can't be or somebody you're not. It is actually quite simple. You take yourself at your face—and body—value . . . and go from there. What you want to do is to get your hair, your skin, your whole body in the best shape possible. To go yourself one better—in whatever ways you can and need to. With the emphasis on improving, not changing. To do this, it helps to be specific. To figure out exactly where you're at, exactly what you're trying to do.

Start with your hair. You want clean, strong, shining hair—buoyant and full of bounce, the way healthy hair should be. (We tell you about the new hair moisturizers on pages 225-227.) Maybe you also want your hair to have lots of sunny lights. Or be a shade or two sunnier all over. Or curlier. Or straighter. Or shorter. Or longer. Or whatever. But you want, above all else, to have it always look wonderful—without any doing. No "if," "but," "wait-a-minute," or "not tonight" about it—*none* of that. Just wash-towel-toss-and-go hair. That's great!

Now, how about your skin? Again, spell things out. You want skin that is scrupulously clean, clear, smooth, glowing—with, perhaps, the first warm blush of a summer tan. But a beautifully healthy look is the main thing you're after. So you want to be sure your skin is getting the right kind of cleanser, toner, and moisturizer—*and* body lotion. As well as plenty of protection whenever you are outdoors. (Sunscreens are an absolute *must*, so be sure you read the Sun Safety Guide on pages 220-221.) When you do what works best for your particular type of skin, taking care of it is no big deal. But it is an ongoing process and—as you can easily see— care does apply to every single inch of you. If you can just get a routine going so regularly it's a reflex, that does it. Then you know you can face the world without any makeup—or anything else, for that matter—anytime the occasion arises . . . and look terrific. Enjoy the sense of freedom this brings. "Skin," as Calvin Klein observes, "is in!"

When you put makeup on, that means going with what you've got, too. It's the whole point of makeup now. And Way Bandy shows you all the wonderful ways you can do this—you saw one way on the preceding page and there are lots more on the next ten. You'll find that when you extend your own coloring with makeup, instead of trying to change it, you can use a color shorthand brilliantly. Often, in fact, the less you use, the more provocative it is —take another look at Patti's makeup on the opening page.

You also want to give a good deal of thought to how your whole body looks—bodies are simply much more visible these days. Just what kind of shape are you in? Where do you need the most help? How about your midriff? Your thighs? Your upper arms? Your bosom? Your derrière? If you are already in great shape, exult in the fact. If not, start right in on a daily exercise program like the plan that Dr. Willibald Nagler has worked out for you on pages 222-223. Figure on the beginning of summer as your target date. April, May, and most of June—you've got a good ten weeks. Plenty of time to do a sensational job!

Your goal: a beautifully straight body—straight as a plumb line and as easily aligned—and all well-toned, trimmed, pampered, protected, *and* ready to do your bidding: walk for hours, run for miles, play five sets of tennis, work fourteen hours straight, or dance all night. Always with reserves you can draw on. As the need arises. Or the whim. Always with ease and readiness. A body you can delight in!



Francesco Scavullo

REALLY TAKING OFF...

Off and running – the whole idea of body care! To an extent we simply haven't seen before. Because you can now give every inch of your body – his, too – continuous protection . . . and one way is with Elizabeth Arden's new Visible Difference Special Moisture-Formula BodyCare. As he will be the first to tell you, the results are really quite noticeable. Vive la difference!

Out and out beauty...

...GOING STRONG ALL DAY

Francesco Scavullo

...ALL NIGHT

"Gutsy looks" we said at the start of all this. And now that you've got a full view of the situation, you can see how beautifully they get the message across – just what you want with something as sensational as this bit of chiffon from Zandra Rhodes. Of course, Patti's wild fling of sun-shot hair – the kind any man would love to get lost in – is no small part of her unkempt beauty. But then so is her gloriously bare golden skin – which Ultima II's new SPF 4 Scientific Bronzing Lotion can probably take a certain amount of credit for. Fashion details, both pages, next to last pages.

Patti and Way at the outset: she's in her black beach sari, he's in his working whites. To put color on Patti's mouth, right, Way uses an auburn pencil. To put color on her cheeks, below, he uses the sun: First, a sun blush all over (top photo). Then, sunblock everywhere but the cheeks (bottom photo). So the sun really acts as a blusher—a sensational makeup idea! It's done here with Coppertone's new Super Shade, which blocks out 99.5 percent of the sun's rays (more about its protection on page 220).



Out and out beauty...

summer makeup... 7 "Ways"





Way Bandy shows you all the ways makeup plays up your coloring—on these eight pages

"Nobody is telling you there is *one* way you've got to look," says Way. "Nobody is saying you must have a pale mouth. Makeup should be an extension of your own coloring. If you happen to have pale lips, just heighten that coloration. But if your lips are reddish brown, use an auburn pencil for a somewhat dark tone. If you have sallow skin, go with it—*use* the yellow in your coloring. If you have dark lashes, make something of that. My feeling is to always go *with,* rather than against, what you've already got.

"How do you know what your coloring is? Start with your hair, eye, and skin colors as a guide—experiment until you find the shades that seem to do the most for them. (Not necessarily the ones you would expect.) The auburn pencil is a good example. It gives a flat coloration as against a shiny one, and is very pretty with fair skin.

"A lot depends, too, on what you happen to be doing. Where you are. Whether it's morning or evening. Your whole mood. I like the idea of not having heavy eyes in the evening. Some of the daytime looks I've done for Patti have much more eye makeup—and the evening ones are really easier, lighter. It's almost a reversal, but an interesting twist."

Francesco Scavullo

more tips

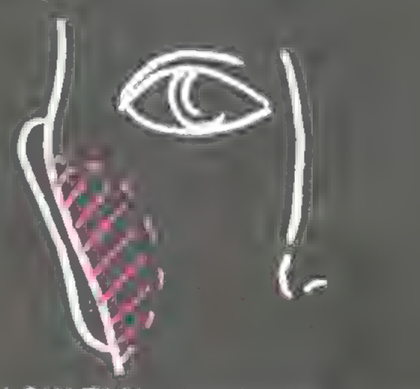
Some of the best ways to extend your coloring are so subtle that nobody quite knows what you have done or how. All they see is how great your makeup looks. Here's why.



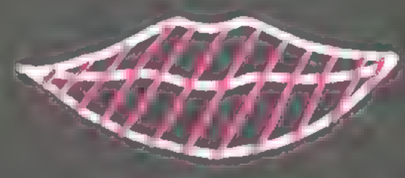
TAUPE pencil rims the eye — smudged close to lashes with cotton-tipped swab



BLOND shadow circles the eye — apply with sponge tip . . . blend with fingertip



YELLOW-TAN cheekcolor *rounded* on cheeks with soft brush or with fingertips



UNLINED mouth colored with *golden-caramel* . . . use lip brush



COOL!

Perfect pulled-together look for daytime
to the city – Way has really
gone to town in extending Patti's coloring
and made every single makeup step count.
She has on Tinted Daily Moisture Supply lotion,
with Misty Sherry Tender Blusher over it;
Hickory Brown Automatic Creme Eyeshadow –
plus a little Sungold Honey, and Crystal
Coral Automatic Lip Shine. From Estée Lauder.
Accessory details next to last pages.

DISCO!

Hold the makeup. Dare to go bare – as Way's got Patti doing here. Just a few jazzy strokes of Rocky Red Lip Color, Cosmic Blue Eye Coloring Pencil, Black Mascara. And hair hitched up somehow or other – a little comb, a little guile. What little makeup there is, is all from Fabergé's Babe Cosmetics Collection. Accessory details, these two pages, next to last pages.

Francesco Scavullo

Out and out beauty...

CINQ À SEPT!

Patti's rendezvous look is on and in the best European tradition. Way buffed loose powder over creamy color and focused more on the eyes than for a nine-to-five city look. Payot's new Rosée Pink Eye Pencil highlights smudgy Vert Forêt and Noir Noir, Soft Grey pencils the brows. Pêche Rousse blushes Poudre Légère Transparente #01 and Luminat #07 Bretagne; Rouge Calicot goes on the lips.

TEASE!

That unkempt beauty again! Men love it. And it's such fun to make up this way. Patti's eye shadow is smudged with Lancôme's Brown Henna Le Crayon. And she's got another crayon, in Way's favorite auburn, on her lips to give them the flat look he likes so much (Lancôme calls it Misty Amber) . . . along with Lancôme Maquiglacé Glowing Liquid Blush in Coral Amber. But not a drop of foundation. It's evening – so, bare skin! Fashion details, both pages, next to last pages.

Francesco Scavullo

Out and out beauty...

EASE!

You know how you get it? By contouring, says Way—just the opposite of the look across the page. So he used the most natural colors he could find—like these from Calvin Klein's "Honey Face": Beige Liquid Makeup, Toast Powdered Blush, Caramel Powdered Eye Shadow, Raisin Lip Color, Honey Lip Gloss. Everything's very simple—there's no straining for a look.

Out and out beauty...

Iman's makeup is on a real high above. All-out disco color flashed with strobe light. Pink Lilac on her lips, Superfrost Lavender on her lids. There's no contouring, no liner, not a thing more, says Way. That's the point. Just the blare of those two colors on bare skin. And it's so simple you could do it with both eyes closed, right in the middle of the dance floor. What's more, you can stash all your makeup in his hip pocket – and that's it! Feel free, as never before. The Super Frost Lipstick and Shadow are both from Revlon. Accessories, both pages, next to last pages.

ELECTRIC!

NATURAL!

Well, almost! But it's daytime, so Way does play up Iman's eyes quite a bit outlining them in black, adding more along the crease. Then he uses lots of color to intensify Iman's own skin tones (this way, you'll find, is almost mistake-proof!) – Dorothy Gray's Sheer Velvet Cocoa Tan Liquid Makeup with Protein, Glowing Amber Cream Rouge and Cinnamon Waterproof Eyeshadow, Satura Lush Mocha Lipstick

Francesco Scavullo

By Abby Avin Belson

Sun is essential to life on earth. And it's not just a necessity—it's a great source of pleasure as well. As long as you go about it the right way. What you have to guard against are the ultraviolet (UV) rays, which age your skin relentlessly—and are also the main cause of some kinds of skin cancer (a sunburn is the least of your worries). So, you really do need protection. How much? That depends on your type of skin (there are other factors, too: length of exposure, time of day, weather, surroundings, season, latitude, altitude). In any case, modern sunscreens can provide you with the protection you should have.

What *is* a problem is knowing what sunscreen to use. But now, the Food and Drug Administration is working out a grading system to help you choose the protection that's just right for you.

Here's how the new system works. Each product is given a Sun Protection Factor (SPF) rating. If you use a sunscreen with an SPF of 2, you can stand twice as much sun as you could without any sunscreen at all. Suppose that without protection it takes you twenty minutes in the sun to develop a barely perceptible reddening (some hours later). With an SPF 2 product, it would take forty minutes.

SPF's are being grouped in five categories of increasing protection:

Minimal: 2 to 4 SPF's
Moderate: 4 to 6 SPF's
Extra: 6 to 8 SPF's
Maximal: 8 to 15 SPF's
Ultra: 15 or more SPF's

Ultra and maximal are apt to be first choice among blonds, redheads, and people with freckles because they usually have such a problem getting a tan and are especially vulnerable to UV radiation. Tanning, as you undoubtedly know, is a defense mechanism. Special cells produce more melanin—minute brown and black bits of pigment that color your skin. And these extra pigments work their way up towards the skin's surface and form a partial shield against UV rays.

It's generally believed that fair-skinned people are at high risk in the sun because they are short of melanin. But, there may be more to it than that, according to research by Peter W. Post, Ph.D., of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and colleagues. They have found in laboratory experiments that red-brown and blond pigments in hair (called phaeomelanins) are shattered into at least seventeen different kinds of fragments by UV rays. They suspect that this process—reported at a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society—also happens in the skin and may be a clue to the higher incidents of skin cancer in blonds and redheads.

All the more reason to make sure you're well sunscreened. If you'd like some expert guidance on what kind of skin you have, check the Clinique counter at a department store. The Clinique consultant will analyze your skin, feed the information into a computer, and tell you which of four Clinique skin types you have. They range from Skin Type I, fair-skinned and fragile, to Skin Type IV, strong and sun-resistant.

Here are the recommended Clinique SPFs for each skin type:

Skin Type I: maximal or *ultra* protection (an SPF of at least 8).

Skin Type II: extra protection or better (an SPF of 6 and up).

Skin Type III: moderate or *extra* protection (SPF in the 4 to 8 range is okay).

Skin Type IV: minimal protection (SPF 2 to 4 is usually safe).

Clinique is delighted to give you this skin analysis, whether you decide to use their Sun Block or some other product.

There are many occasions when you will want to boost your SPF, just to be on the safe side. For instance:

(Continued on page 320)

The Sun Protection Factor is what counts—going from 1 to 15. And we show you here how to choose <u>your</u> number when you buy a sunscreen

Out and out beauty...

sun safety guide

Have your sun—and safety, too. A new system makes this possible. You pick the protection your skin needs from five groups of sunscreens

Francesco Scavullo

FLAT OUT! FREE!

Take the sun lying down, why don't you! It's a matter of knowing what to put on – and keeping it on...as Patti and Pat happen to be doing here. You don't need much as long as it's the right thing: Clinique's Sun Block, for instance. It gives maximum protection, allowing just a little sun to seep through – perfect if you're out to spend the whole day on the beach. Reapply Sun Block every couple of hours – especially on super-sensitive spots like your nose, shoulders, knees – and each time you come out of the water.

Out and out beauty...

fitness 3-way plan



Stretching. Strengthening. Endurance. All three kinds of exercise are needed for real fitness, says Willibald Nagler, M.D., chairman of the department of physical medicine and rehabilitation at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. How much exercise? "Work gradually up to fifteen minutes of stretching and strengthening daily," Dr. Nagler says. "And do twenty minutes of endurance exercise at least three times a week."

Pointers from Dr. Nagler:

- "Don't rush things. The key word is always *gradual.* Don't exhaust yourself—don't exercise until you hurt or start shaking. Ease into exercise over a period of weeks—especially if you haven't been doing much recently.
- "Stretching and strengthening routines are good for posture and figure. But they do not do anything for endurance. For that, you have to bring your heart beat up to 130 to 140 (or more, if you are very young) by using major muscles over a period of time. Before each endurance stint: always warm up at least five minutes to limber muscles and joints, raise pulse. And never stop cold: cool down to avoid faintness, nausea. Do stretching exercises before and after cool-down; fast walking is a good warm-up and cool-down for running.
- "As you get into shape, push yourself little by little to greater effort. Run further at the same speed, or the same distance faster. Exercise has to be progressive. Otherwise you never achieve a thing.
- "Check your doctor before plunging into an exercise program—especially if you are out of condition."

1. Stretching basics

"Build up gradually to fifteen to twenty times for each exercise. Left-right counts as one. Don't force or bounce—you will sprain a muscle or tear a tendon."

Front Bend: Feet twelve inches apart, knees slightly bent, bend from the waist and touch fingers to the floor. Rise and stretch.

Knee Lift: Feet together, raise right knee to chest and hug it. Then left.

Side Bend: Feet apart, hands behind neck, bend from waist to right side and back. Then left.

Arm Circles: Windmill right arm in both directions. Then left.

2. Strengthening basics

"Build up gradually to fifteen to twenty times. Go easy—don't jerk." From head to toe:

Neck: Hand against right side of face, press head against resistance. Hold five seconds. Then left.

Chest Muscles: Lie on back, on mat, arms out at side, bar bells in hand. Bring arms up, together. Lower.

Abdomen: Hang from bar (you can install expandable one in door jamb). Bring legs slowly up. Lower.

Upper Back: Lie on stomach, arms at side. (If necessary, have friend hold feet down.) Arch head and trunk up. Hold five seconds. Down. Repeat ten to twelve times.

Lower Back: Same position. Keep trunk down, raise legs. (Do *not* do if you have back problem.)

Inner Thigh: Lie on left side, legs straight. Place right foot on chair seat. Raise left leg to meet right one, then down—best with weight (sandbag) around ankle of moving leg. Series one side, then other.

Outer Thigh: Lie on left side, upper leg straight. Raise weighted right leg up, then down. Series one side, then other.

Derrière: "There is," Dr. Nagler says, "no short cut to a firm, tight fanny. But running, swimming, or dancing will do it."

Knees: Lie on back, pillow under knees, weight on ankles. Straighten right leg, down. Then left.

Calves: "The best way to get good calf muscles," according to Dr. Nagler, "is to run in the wet sand or on soft ground—where there is resistance."

Ankles: Sit in chair. Put weight on toes. Raise feet. Hold five seconds, then down. Tip-toeing is also good.

Feet: "They are very hard to strengthen because," as Dr. Nagler points out, "the arch is mainly supported by ligaments and bone. Walking on toes, then heels, helps some—but it will not prevent or cure flat feet."

3. Endurance basics

Walking: Three miles an hour gets you going. Four miles an hour is great. "Do it," Dr. Nagler says, "with low heels, high spirits."

Jogging, running: Excellent. But avoid hard surfaces—you can get varicose veins and other problems. Good shoes are essential. And you must have quite strong abdominal muscles or you end up with a very bad lower back. Stretch muscles and tendons in back of leg before and after—also lunge to keep limber.

Jogging—in place at home: "Okay if twenty minutes in one spot doesn't drive you crazy."

Rope jumping: Very good for endurance, calves, ankles. "Gives you a feathery, springy, elegant gait. But," Dr. Nagler adds, "do it fast like a prizefighter—with a twirling flick of the wrist and upper arms close to the body. Three minutes. Then a minute rest. Then another three."

Biking: Very good—for endurance *and* for hips, thighs.

Swimming: "First-rate," Dr. Nagler says—"provided you really move and don't just paddle around." Breaststroke bonus—it helps bosom, hips, knees.

Tennis: If you are good enough to play hard, it develops endurance. Caution: synthetic surface less elastic than clay: use shoes with cork support to avoid varicose veins and flat feet.

Dancing: Great. Ballet best of all—for endurance, figure, posture, everything. But disco's not to be discounted. Could your partner check your pulse rate to see if you are on target? "No," says Dr. Nagler. "There would be too many false positives!" More reliable: a Pulsar wristwatch. Gives digital readout of your heart rate.

Francesco Scavullo

WORK OUT

Take time every day to keep fit. Really work at it. And take time to keep your skin in shape, too. The 3-way plan: cleanse, tone, moisturize. Morning and night. Then once a week give it a good workout – with Shiseido Crème de Gommage Fondamentale. It's got pumice in it, so it really does the job in record time. Fashion details: these two pages, next to last page.

Out and out beauty...

be

...ANKLE!

It's a part of the body that's coming in
for a lot of attention right now.
So the ankle exercise Dr. Nagler gives
you two pages ahead is a real must.
Along with several other daily rituals:
soaking your feet in warm water and sea salt,
pumicing (the heels, especially),
massaging all the way up the leg with a
good moisturizer like Estée Lauder's Après Sun.
Then just do as Patti does here:
wear Estée Lauder's Sundown Red Lustrous
Nail Lacquer. Fashion details, next to last pages

25 fast auty tips.



On this page: 25 ways—everyone of them quick—to keep every inch of you in shape...now through summer

Starting with: All the skin-saving things you can take to and do **AT THE BEACH....1.** Some people have things worked out to a science, e.g., did you know that by the time you choose a spot at the beach, plunk down your things, and spread out your towel, you've exposed your skin—every square *unprotected* inch of it—to fifteen minutes of the sun's rays? Therefore: apply sunscreen *before* you leave the house and—so you reach every spot of you—*before* you put on your bathing suit. **2.** Re sunscreens: perspiration, water, and wind dilute their effectiveness. Take a double-dose of one before heading in for a swim—and, post-swim, reapply sunscreen, but not before blotting all the excess moisture with a good thick towel as Patti does *below*. **3.** Or use a sunscreen such as Johnson & Johnson's Sundown that comes off *only* with soap and water. **4.** What other sun protectors go to the beach? Sun blocks for trouble spots: cheeks, nose, lips and—especially—tops of ears; sunscreen lip balm (here, read Bonne Bell's Good Nature Lip Gloss). **5.** To protect eyes (since using a sunscreen near eyes may irritate them), how about a pair of plastic "spoons"—barely slit, to see through. **6.** And if you're looking for a good beach read, what could be more apropos than *The Suntan Book* by Albert Cassorla (Running Press)....**HAIR**—whatever way you clip it, braid it, swing it, cut it, it's just got to be healthy. Which means protection from salt and chlorinated water and sun. Hair won't exactly "burn," but the sun *can* dry it out, make it brittle, change it from blond to brass to blah—or produce structural damage that includes "ruffling" of the cuticle and splitting of the cortex. Some helps: **7.** Take along a wide-tooth comb and use it (rather than a brush) on wet hair (more fragile than dry) as Patti does, *above right*. **8.** Cover up hair (especially bleached) with either a big straw hat or a gauzy cotton scarf. **9.** And get into the good habit of using hair products with sunscreens added—several of Pantene's do. **10.** On the plus side of days at the beach is the natural fullness that humidity and salt air give your hair. And if you like that tousled look, all you need at night is a comb—to hitch it up—and off you go. A more controlled way to get hair looking thick is with a plumper-upper such as Redken's Bodimer. **11.** On the minus side of the scale—all those ocean breezes do make tangles. Here again, Johnson & Johnson to the rescue—with No More Tangles detangler. **12.** Gentleness is a must—and that goes for both combing and coloring. Put gentle sunlights in hair with, naturally, either a little help from the sun or from a friend—Clairol's Quiet Touch hairpainting kit is one we have in mind....**FEET 13.** To slim them: Run along the beach at the water's edge; feet feel cool—and ten times smaller after a half-mile trot. To exercise feet: Try picking up pebbles or tiny shells with your toes. **14.** To smooth feet: Walk in the sand and make an effort to dig in deeply—the abrasiveness of the sand acts like pumice. So, too, will modern inventions such as the Buf-Ped, now teamed with a special foot soap and lotion. **15.** To soothe feet: Go for something cool. Tingly. Refreshing. All of which Estée Lauder's Creme Pack is. Formulated with herbs and zingy wintergreen, Creme Pack is really a pick-up for face—but it took the Duchess of Windsor to discover how great it was for feet! **16.** To soften feet: Pennye Pennix suggests a hot-oil treatment three times a week with—best—sesame or sweet almond oil (they're absorbed by skin; mineral oil, she says, isn't). Massage well into feet; remove excess with a cotton ball soaked in non-alcohol-based toner. **17.** To refresh feet: Give them a midafternoon "shower" with a made-for-feet foot spray—that kind doesn't dry out your skin. Aida Grey's Lovely Feet is one, goes on—right through your stockings. **18.** To keep feet clean: soap, water, and brush them nightly. A.M., before putting on shoes, use a foot powder or antiperspirant—Scholl, of course, has them both....As for **BODY,** massage is the message—for everyone. For him. For her. For the two of you. Giving the man in your life a massage is not only the fun way, it's the better way. **19.** The best way, of course, to take a massage is the way Patti gives Pat his, *above*—in the buff and in the fresh outdoor air with a little wood-wheeled hand massager from Bloomingdale's. **20.** Use long, firm strokes, a circular rotating motion, and knead muscles (the way you do bread) starting from the ankle (as Patti does), always working towards the heart. **21.** As every good masseuse worth her fingers knows: never massage a "naked" skin; use a light oil. **22.** Or a cream like Estée Lauder's European Massage Creme. When you follow this with a bath full of her European Mineral Bath Salts, you've practically got your own Baden-Baden going full splash! **23.** Skin-suppling massage treat to give yourself: a loofah rubdown with a deep-cleansing lotion over all those easy-to-forget spots—elbows, heels, back. One to try, Doak's Formula 405 lotion/mitt duo. **24.** Elancyl-lovers note: There are now a massage soap and gel to add to their Home Massage Methode. **25.** What goes on after massage? Something zippy, tingly, refreshing....such as Orlane's Hydro-Tonique wake-up spray for face and neck—we love it once over lightly.



Sun, wind, water, humidity, heat. There are simple, easy ways to cope with them all—and beautifully



Francesco Scavullo

moisture musts

You need moisture on every inch of you—so put it on first thing in the morning and again at night

Moisture is one thing your skin can almost never get enough of—so the more ways you can bring it into your life, the better. Your skin will respond right away.

The important thing about moisturizers is that they help your skin hold on to whatever moisture is already there. That's why dermatologists tell you to put some on right after a shower or bath—while your skin is still damp. This way, the maximum amount of moisture is retained.

"Without sufficient moisture, your skin gets dry and rough," as Joseph Jerome, Ph.D., senior scientist of the American Medical Association's division of scientific activities, explains. "What happens is that the edges of the tiny cells forming the top layer of skin tend to curl up instead of lying flat. So think of a moisturizer as an ounce of prevention. It makes the surface layer smooth. There are no longer all those hills and valleys. Fine lines are less visible."

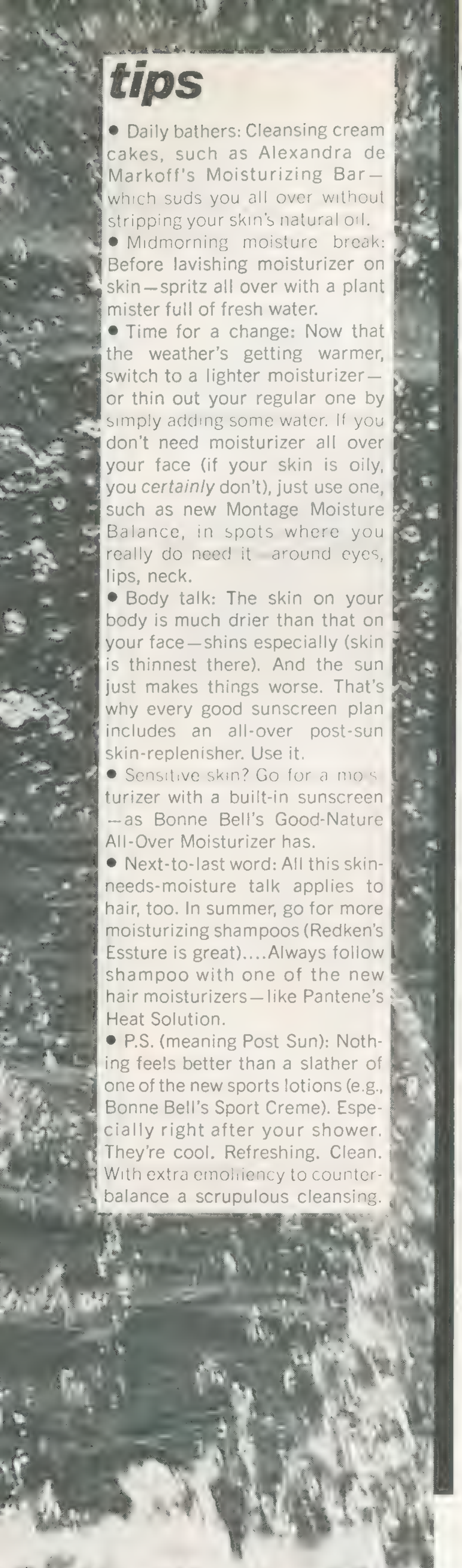
Many moisturizers are formulated with humectants—substances that, like those in honey, seem to draw humidity out of thin air. This is to help make up for whatever your skin may lack. By and large, however, you should think of moisturizer as an invisible film that traps what moisture you've got.

There are moisturizers for your face. Moisturizers for your body. Moisturizers you put on *before* makeup. Moisturizers *in* makeup. (See tips about these on the opposite page.) So you need never be without. They are to put on regularly—when you get up and again when you go to bed.

ALL OVER!

Blisters' Arms' Legs! Every part of your body
reacts to benefit when you put on a moisturizer.
But do have your mornings splash too!
As Bath does all right
Once you're ready, if you use Cremer's Body Lotion.
No. 1, you get a plus. Way! Because its
a Skin Equilibrium Supplement.
And Way has the great oil for you
plus a little of Cremer's Sun Tan (an Tan) Nature!
Your action with it—so your whole body
takes on a sunless glow.

Francesco Scavullo



tips

- Daily bathers: Cleansing cream cakes, such as Alexandra de Markoff's Moisturizing Bar—which suds you all over without stripping your skin's natural oil.
- Midmorning moisture break: Before lavishing moisturizer on skin—spritz all over with a plant mister full of fresh water.
- Time for a change: Now that the weather's getting warmer, switch to a lighter moisturizer—or thin out your regular one by simply adding some water. If you don't need moisturizer all over your face (if your skin is oily, you *certainly* don't), just use one, such as new Montage Moisture Balance, in spots where you really do need it—around eyes, lips, neck.
- Body talk: The skin on your body is much drier than that on your face—shins especially (skin is thinnest there). And the sun just makes things worse. That's why every good sunscreen plan includes an all-over post-sun skin-replenisher. Use it.
- Sensitive skin? Go for a moisturizer with a built-in sunscreen—as Bonne Bell's Good-Nature All-Over Moisturizer has.
- Next-to-last word: All this skin-needs-moisture talk applies to hair, too. In summer, go for more moisturizing shampoos (Redken's Essture is great)....Always follow shampoo with one of the new hair moisturizers—like Pantene's Heat Solution.
- P.S. (meaning Post Sun): Nothing feels better than a slather of one of the new sports lotions (e.g., Bonne Bell's Sport Creme). Especially right after your shower. They're cool. Refreshing. Clean. With extra emoliency to counterbalance a scrupulous cleansing.

play: it works

"Whatever you do, be willing to play at it. The time you do your best is when you are relaxed and let go of excess tension"

By Phyllis Lehmann

We *work* at our jobs. We *work* at making our lives successful. And many of us *work* at recreation as well. What ever happened to the spirit of play? Most of us left it somewhere back in childhood. But fortunately it's never too late to recapture the sense of play that can take life beyond the mundane and make it something special—yes, even fun!

"Play is an expression of your attitude," says Laurence Morehouse, Ph.D., professor of kinesiology at UCLA and author of *Maximum Performance* (Simon and Schuster), a guide to doing your best and getting the most out of any activity. You are playing at life, says Dr. Morehouse, when you get a kick out of what you're doing and are performing a job or participating in a recreational activity because that's what you really want to do.

"Some people look at life as a sickness to be cured," he says. "Every day when they get up, their attitude is, 'Oh, I've got to cure this or that.' Of course, by the time they go to bed at night they haven't cured everything. They're still sick, and they look forward to the next day as another sixteen hours of therapy.

"The person who faces life with a play spirit sees the world as a toy," Dr. Morehouse remarks. "Life is very exciting. It's something to explore. People who see life as a game derive great joy from their adventures, even though there may be some risk involved—losing money, for instance. Things should be a little scary, but the scary feeling shouldn't be a drag or result from the pressure of doing something just because you feel you should. There should be a sense of fun and adventure in the scariness."

How can you learn to approach life with a sense of play? Dr. Morehouse offers some advice:

Ask yourself some basic questions

For example: Do I really enjoy the things I do, especially those things I think I do for enjoyment? It sounds so simple, yet many people manage to make work out of leisure-time activities. "They schedule regular tennis or racquetball matches, but the games are work to them because they're fearful of their opponents," Dr. Morehouse explains. "They hate the fact that they may lose. They feel inadequate because they don't have the proper skills. They go into the game with a non-playful attitude, and consequently they don't play well."

How does liking or not liking something affect the way you perform? "Liking something and approaching it with a play spirit relaxes you," says Dr. Morehouse. "Physiologists used to think that good performance resulted from being serious, from really pouring it on. We're positive now that the time you really do something best is when you are relaxed and let go of excess tension."

Also ask yourself: Am I a competitive or non-competitive person? Do I like situations, either on the job or in recreation, where score is kept and where I'll be matched against somebody else? Look for certain cues to your basic nature. When you're playing a game, do you forget what the score is? The competitive person *always* knows the score. And she not only knows how many moves she has made; she knows exactly how many her opponent has made as well. That element of competition is play for her.

In business, competition often is built into the job. It's common for companies to talk of "winning" contracts. "If you're in the kind of firm where that game is being played, you should be the competitive type in order for the job to be fun for you," says Dr. Morehouse.

Be a happy failure

Don't dwell on your failures. Look at them as opportunities to learn. "Failure simply means that you've found a limit or are doing something the wrong way," says Dr. Morehouse. "The more things I've failed at, the more I know I'm out there having fun trying a lot of things and exploring. If I go through a day without a mistake, it's a lousy day as far as I'm concerned."

Resist the "don'ts"

Life is full of injunctions about what we should eat, what we should wear, how we should do this or that. "If we don't follow these injunctions, we feel guilty," says Dr. Morehouse. "Yet, when you analyze them, most don't make sense or are just not that important. A number of champion athletes have discovered this. They find they can perform extremely well without being in bed by 10:00 every night, eating a training table diet every meal, or warming up a long time before exercising. So they train on their own, according to how they feel that day. Most of us would function better if we didn't feel we *had* to behave according to what everyone tells us. So, resist the injunctions, and follow your own feelings."

Make sure that eating is fun

Nutrition is basic to our daily performance, but for many of us eating simply means stuffing down some food to provide the necessary calories as quickly as possible. We pay the price in indigestion.

"Every time you take an antacid pill, it should be a signal to you that you're not playing, that you're not in harmony with your life," says Dr. Morehouse. "A meal should not be the time when you're solving a problem or having an argument. And no matter how busy you are, eating should be fun. Once, when I was in New York, a friend and I both had killing schedules, but we took time out for a little picnic in her office. We sat around as if we were in the park and ate picnic food, and it really was a picnic. For just a few minutes, we had fun. It was good for our digestions, and it enabled us to relax and go back to work with a cheerful attitude."

(Continued on page 327)

Out and out beauty...

the good-sense diet

By Robert Henkin, M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Henkin heads the Center for Molecular Nutrition and Sensory Disorders at Georgetown University Medical Center. He is a leading authority on taste and smell — and a great amateur of the other three senses.*

Color, taste, texture, sound, smell: bring all five senses into play when you eat. You'll find it the best way to take off unwanted pounds and keep your weight in check.

The idea of appealing to a full sense-spectrum in order to eat less may at first seem odd. But the fact is that all those monotonous diets based on a single food or group of foods almost always fail. You do lose weight at first because you get so bored you can't eat much. But you are forever thinking about food and looking for a taste. Eventually, you break loose and race your weight right up again.

If, however, you please all five senses with lots of different foods you eat in lots of different ways, you actually can eat less and be readily satisfied. Nourishing the senses helps you cut calories. I call this the Good-Sense Diet.

Variety is the key to everything. Vary the foods you buy. Vary the ways you prepare them. Vary the drinks you serve, the utensils, china, glassware you use—the whole setting. Enjoy every single part of your meal, even the sounds — the crack of nuts, the bite of apples, the bubbles of Vouvray, Perrier water, or Champagne.



BITE!

Bright! Juicy! Sweet! And
like the sandwich that is peerless.
And so luscious you can barely
wait to bite into it, like the mango and
papaya. Pink and green are eating here.
Food that has a pleasure in
every serve. More succulent color
Bette Hannah Dressed from Halston
What's Ripe Mommy
Orange is Color from Avon
Fashion details, both pages, next to last pages

"We're trying to deliver nutrition in a way that uses every sensory cue possible and is lastingly effective"



Vegetables and fruits offer a marvelous range of tastes, textures, colors, and shapes (to say nothing of their nutrients, fiber, and moderate calorie level). At any time of year, there are probably three or four dozen kinds displayed in your supermarket, grocery store, or fruit and vegetable stand. The next time you're there, make a list and check off the ones you never seem to try. Like mangoes, pomegranates, Swiss chard, Chinese cabbage.

Here's one day of the Good-Sense Diet.

Breakfast
Orange juice in an oversized wineglass, with some Perrier water and ice added
Crusty piece whole-wheat bread
Small pat margarine
Tea with spoonful jam

Lunch
Raw vegetable-greens salad—spinach leaves, watercress, green beans, green pepper, chives, whole parsley clumps, mushroom caps, zucchini slices, endive, Bibb lettuce—with oil and lemon
Small wedge Pont-l'Evêque cheese
Biscuit
Yellow apple—eat it whole
Turkish coffee

Dinner
Curried mussels
Bulgur
Salad of tomato slices and basil
Neuchâtel wine
Strawberries with a few drops of *eau de vie*

Serve raw vegetables sometimes, with a dressing or dip, at the start of a meal. Not just the celery-and-carrot-sticks routine but unexpected choices—like young Brussels sprouts, or very small green beans, or zucchini slices, or potatoes cut thin. Even raw peas—shelling them on the spot is, of course, part of the game. When you cook vegetables, try steaming them—taste, texture, and appearance are excellent.

How many different kinds of fish have you had lately? What about red snapper? Cod baked with sorrel? Mackerel poached with fennel? Or fillet of sole with Brazil nuts?

Soups deserve much more attention than they get. And stews and casseroles—combining chicken or lean meat with vegetables and herbs. If you keep fat to a minimum, there is no special calorie problem. Some of the most delicious are also the simplest, like *poule au pot.*

In other words, make calorie-cutting and control fun.

SIGHT!

Look at how those sunglasses shine!
They're the most terrific thing to sight
And great as instant makeup
the lenses echo the palmer highlight
Do you realize what it means?
You can now take your "makeup" off to go
for a swim, put it on in a flash when you
come out. Patti's gradient amethyst sunglasses are
Halston for Bausch & Lomb. Imari's gradient
rose and champagne ones, Stuart Mey for Robinsons.
More new super sunglasses see Eyes Only
more about sunglass protection on page 226

Francesco Scavullo

people

talking about people

Cousin Hot—Jimmy C's boyhood nickname and his "Robin Hood" approach to tax-high, tax-low: slap the high-livers by leveling expense accounts; pacify mid-income parents with financial aid for college children. And this reminder from Cousin Hot's Madison Square Garden nomination acceptance speech: our tax system, the man said, was a "disgrace to the human race." . . . The New Hollywood and its wowser party givers, goers, star-up names: **Robert Stigwood** (a thousand "chums" to celebrate his *Saturday Night Fever* movie); **Alan Carr** ("A hundred of my newest, best, closest friends!" to dine at Le Dôme, to dance at The London Club); the **Herbert Rosses; John Travolta; Lily Tomlin.** The row-de-dow's definitely zipped from Washington, DC to Hollywood, L.A. There's even a blush of Beverly Hills-type Watergate —that **David Begelman** hanky-panky. . . . **Lisa Berkman,** U. of Calif. at Berkeley epidemiologist, and her nine-year-long people study, ages 30–69. She shows-and-tells that extroverts live longer than introverts—most likely. . . . **Vladimir Horowitz** and his fiftieth first-American-appearance anniversary year, tumultuous with Horowitz concerts for which thousands of ticket-hopefuls wait around the clock in foulest weather. Says the "highest paid classical artist in history": "The American public and I, we have grown up together." . . . **I.M. Pei's** East Building, a silvery roseate marble and see-through glass triple-triangle museum and visual-study addition to Washington, DC's National Gallery. Opening on June 1, East Building is alread heralded: a perfect design, an ultimate experience in twentieth-century architecture. . . . **Bette Midler,** going intensely dramatic in her first Divine Miss M.-starrer movie, *The Rose*—a Janis Joplin-like character hearts it. And this reported Midler clip-quip on Manhattan's Studio 54 patrons: "Vogue on the outside, vague on the inside." . . . **Marcel Proust** and the now-published semaphoric movie script **Harold Pinter**'s whittled out of the vast *À La Recherche du temps ferdu.* And this Proust close-up by the **Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre,** a Marcel friend, in **Mina Curtiss**'s just out, surprising, autobiographical *Other People's Letters*: ". . . Proust wasn't at all a snob. He was simply born into one circle and fell in love with another. It was like two clubs . . . each equally good in its own way." . . . Manhattan's—no, the nation's—Radio City Music Hall and its cliff-hanger saga, with *Newsweek's* **Jack Kroll** saying it for all of us: "Killing [it] isn't progress, it's self-lobotomy." . . . This overheard in L.A.'s **Valerian Rybar**-designed, outrageously beautiful restaurant, L'Orangeria: "Poverty's out—rich is in!" Especially on L.A.'s Rodeo Drive where, frequently, a jewel-studded blond drives a white Rolls, lined in white fur. Her license plate: K E P T.

—LEO LERMAN

Olivia Newton-John: *America's soft-focus sweetheart turns tough*

Michael Alexander

Doris Day of the 'seventies? Could be: the sweet-thing image comes easily to the eye when you look at very blond-haired, blue-eyed Olivia Newton-John —who houses healthily, in Malibu, with four dogs, two cats, and three horses; who goes in for jeans, not jazziness ("I'm pretty basic"); and who has the kind of fresh, fast-talking, funny personality that adds up, in America, to strictly delicious.

In four years, Olivia Newton-John's hooked four gold and four platinum albums with her wide-eyed, soft-voiced pop-country appeal; heated-up male fans run after her with screams of "I love you" and "Marry me!" Now, comes "Grease"—and O N-J's got her first big crack at acting: in the new movie version of Broadway's ode to fifties felt poodle skirts and ducktailed hoods. (This, for the daughter of a college professor and the granddaughter of a Nobel laureate?)

In "Grease," Olivia Newton-John gets her man, and the man's hyper-sexy John Travolta. Better yet, the soft-focus sweetheart winds up a greaser. What's a greaser? "You know," says Olivia, "tight pants and high heels. The rough lady who gets to hang around with the greasy guys."

Would Doris Day hang around with greasy guys?



It's not an orgy, it's...

Pilobolus



Robby Barnett
Alison Chase
Martha Clarke
Moses Pendleton
Michael Tracy
Jonathan Wolken

In de Kooning's Studio

THE MASTER USES NEW METHODS FOR NEW IMAGES IN SPACE HE DESIGNED FOR ORGIES OF CREATIVITY

Alexander Liberman

"The larger content of de Kooning's

Soon a vigorous seventy-four, the painter who gave American women a new and mythological look at themselves is shown here, with his 1978 paintings and drawings, in a pastoral studio where the salt-watery light suggests his native Holland. De Kooning has not relaxed in his hard-hitting struggle with his own genius through a forty-year career, the last dozen years traced in "Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," at New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum until April 23. More about his life, work on next four pages.

art concerns the creative act itself; he celebrates genesis"

"De Kooning starts his image with see-through drawings,

By Thomas B. Hess

"How much trouble and exertion," wrote Theodore Adorno, "what an effort of will, it requires to command involuntary expression. . . ."

You might suppose that Willem de Kooning, widely considered one of the, if not the, most important artist at work today, could relax from such exertions. Four years ago, he sang out to a friend, "Hey, next month I'm going to be seventy, but don't take it personal." He works all day. He's done nothing but work for forty years. You might suppose that, like Picasso in his last, *O Saisons, O Châteaux* period, de Kooning could indulge himself in the comforting virtuosities that always are ready to inform his wrist and fingertips. Alone among the first-generation Abstract Expressionists, de Kooning can draw like a Beaux-Arts angel. Once, when he was broke —the way all American artists were broke in the 'thirties—he executed some svelte drawings of nymphet hairdos for a high-fashion magazine. Typically enough, he worked them and reworked them until the effort required for a major painting was lost in four elegant little vignettes. One of the intentions behind all the willed troubles and exertions in his methodology is to bypass virtuosity, to make believe he can't draw. Sometimes, de Kooning draws with his left hand, or while watching television, or with his eyes closed.

De Kooning would like to cultivate each image, to let it "grow naturally, like a flower." The need to interfere with its metamorphosis, to correct and edit, is, he thinks, "disgusting—it makes me sick!" So he corrects, edits, destroys, re-creates, re-destroys drawings and paintings, cutting them apart, scraping them out, worrying the image until the white floors of his studio are littered with crumpled papers, exhausted canvases, brightly colored shreds and tatters that give an effect of Parnassus in blizzard season.

De Kooning stands in the middle of the heap, disgusted, sick with a particular de Kooning disease I've nicknamed "Kierkegaarditis": the love-dread of work, the mistrust of systems and the rage for theories, the endless search for that essential spark of faith that, if ever it were found, isolated, articulated in an image or a concept, immediately would turn to ash.

Kierkegaarditis doesn't show, of course; the photographs by Alexander Liberman on these six pages introduce you to the artist on a clear day; a winter sun pours through the studio windows. He fills the space with the energy of his personality.

De Kooning started to build his studio in The Springs, East Hampton, Long Island, in the early 1960's; he moved in by the summer of 1963. A great lover of Manhattan, especially of its downtown light-industry plants that artists have converted into studios, he wanted to "put a loft space" into the scrub-oak countryside of the North Shore. He succeeded in designing a dream work space where everything is available—stacks of paper, rolls of canvas, bowls full of pigment, glass-top tables that double as palettes, and desks for the snippets of environment de Kooning likes to keep around him while he works—a glamour photo of a celebrity torn from a newspaper; the telephone number of a friend; a book of poems or of philosophy; a bit of folk art, present of an admirer; a drawing that has something he wants to winkle out for a painting. The studio is engineered for orgies of creativity; whatever the artist craves, whenever he wants it, in whatever quantity and quality is right at hand.

Outside the studio, Long Island farms and suburban developments stretch to a low horizon. De Kooning has talked about the primeval American character of the landscape—all that scruffy second growth, which sprouts as thick as weeds, must have been there, he reckons, before the Colonists. It has the redskin look—wiry, tough, resilient, burning down and sprouting back. The landscape also is startingly like the artist's native Holland. The pale wide sky and oyster-white light could be Ruisdael's; the slashed umber and ochre earth is out of Cuyp; and, permeating all, there's the feel of Willem van de Velde's Atlantic Ocean; its grey-green salt-sea presence is at the periphery of everything you see, smell, hear.

De Kooning is as American as only an immigrant can be. He didn't just happen to be born here, he chose this country and sailed here when he was twenty-one, a stowaway, from his hometown of Rotterdam; he didn't return to Holland until 1968, when his retrospective exhibition opened to considerable fanfare in Amsterdam. His art is drenched in New York light; it's filled with allusions to the friends with whom he pioneered the New York School—to Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and the others. His mind turns on the American experience; in conversations, he refers to Sinatra and Faulkner as easily as to Soutine or Wittgenstein; he is crazy about American highways, steaks, the Rockettes, big lumpy automobiles. Still, just as Holland has surfaced outside his studio, the high tradition of Dutch painting appears in his pictures.

Holland is a land reclaimed from water; the ocean is its overwhelming problem. In de Kooning's art, fluidity, viscosity, moisture, freshness are prime characteristics. His famous Women often are positioned on beaches, docks, rowboats, in between water and land. You can't quite decide if the flickers of light that play over the bodies are dimples of pneumatic flesh or sunshine bouncing off nearby waves. In one of de Kooning's most famous paintings, "Woman, V," 1953 (recently bought by the National Gallery of Australia, Canberra, for a rumored $850,000), the figure seems to stand in water up to her thighs. The paint of the water, of her flesh, and of her clothes shares a slithery, oozy quality not unlike the bio-slush in which, at the beginning of history, the first carbon and oxygen molecules bonded for the first moments of cellular existence.

"Woman, V" also is close to Rembrandt's "Woman Bathing in a Stream," 1654 (a picture that was reproduced widely in the early 1950's, when it figured in a controversial restoration program at the National Gallery, London). The pose of Rembrandt's model, with her dress hiked up her thighs, is the same as de Kooning's, as are the quiet interior grin and, most of all, the luscious, oily, meaty quality of the pigments, especially the damp whites—whites of slightly dirty flesh and damp cotton shift, whites of spindrift and clouded sunlight.

In Liberman's photographs, you get a sense of the fresh, creamy nature of the pigments in de Kooning's 1977-78 paintings (all of them undertaken after a large selection of his works had been shipped off to New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum for a retrospective covering about fifteen years). He mixes his colors in glass salad bowls, with safflower oil and water emulsified by a little kerosene, and beats them to a fluffy consistency. The colors are applied to stretched canvases with three-inch house painters' brushes—the kind you buy in any hardware store—and with long-handled liners that used to be manufactured for scenery and display artists and now are special-ordered from the factory. De Kooning is amused by this custom-tailored detail in his methodology. He is even more eloquent about the house painters' brushes; he likes them, he says, old, dirty, frayed, doddering. Neatly ranged on his palette, the brushes remind you of Depression-days breadlines. Poignant. Hapless. And, in the artist's small, muscular hand, supremely efficient.

How de Kooning paints a picture has been described frequently. The intricate dialectic of creation and destruction is famous for its poetic ambiguities, for its emphasis on spontaneous expressions achieved under the pressure of the highest pictorial discipline. Less well-known is his use of water. Added to the emulsion, water slows the drying process; it keeps the pigments succulent; it dries to wrinkled, corrugated textures that add unforeseen variety to the play of light across a surface. De Kooning makes extraordinary demands on the good nature of accidents.

The image starts in drawings, endless drawings, usually on tracing paper, so, when the drawings are piled on top of each other, the line shows through and two drawings will suggest a third, and three a fourth and a fifth. Often, he slices the paper apart and rearranges the elements to suggest different ideas—to hit sparks off shapes, so to speak. The procedures of combining and recombining images also take place within the acts of painting. Part way through a picture he may stop work, apply a sheet of

piled up to produce more drawings..."

tracing or newspaper to the wet surface, press gently down, and pull the sheet off, taking a reverse impression or monotype of the painting. De Kooning studies the monotype as he continues with the canvas; he may cut the print apart or keep it to preserve a stage of development that may be useful for the work in progress—or for a future work. Also, the monotype offers a surface of ghost brush marks that appeal to this artist who enjoys a no-hands, objective look, even while he practices the most intimate, personalized features.

Drawings and monotypes accumulate. They hang from beams like hams in a smokehouse. They pile across tables in drifts. The atmosphere of the studio begins to whirl as your eye dances from shape to shape, backward and forward, across the walls and into the room. The artist is apt to observe the chaos quietly from a hefty Adirondack rocking chair, checking a work in progress; or he will start to paint again with chopping motions; he remains the still center of a whirling oeuvre.

Recently, de Kooning has modified his procedures. He will bring a canvas to the point where it's covered with paint, then scrape all the pigment off, leaving a stained slick surface; at which point he pours water over the painting "to get rid of the ridges" —to make the shapes even smoother, hazier, more evocative. He studies the image for hints and clues to other configurations, just as Leonardo da Vinci studied the marks made by a wet sponge thrown against a wall. Except that de Kooning has made his own sponge and his own wall.

A few weeks ago, a young artist told de Kooning that he always presents the figures posed head on, frontally, like those in a Byzantine icon or Ingres's "M. Bertin." De Kooning enjoys such challenges, and now he is seeking ways to accomplish a figure from the back. He studies the mottled, satiny, scraped canvases for signs of buttocks and spinal columns. Probably, in the coming months, new versions of de Kooning's favorite motifs—shoulder, thigh, hip, torso—will make an appearance from the rear.

The reintroduction of water in de Kooning's painting also has a significance. It serves a technical end. But, I believe, it also has a symbolizing, anagogic force. As

(Continued on page 335)

Overhead view, at right, of de Kooning tabletop, layered with the tracing-paper sketchings, mostly in charcoal, that he superimposes in changing drifts until drawings suggest new drawings that eventually lead to new paintings. In his studio at The Springs, Long Island (part of East Hampton), everything needed is at hand: including salad bowls of paint, house painters' brushes, and long, pole-y liners.

de Kooning observes the chaos





quietly... he remains the still center of a whirling oeuvre"



WOME

now you've

By Jill Robinson

Jill Robinson, left, is successful. People tell her so; she wears a purple suède coat, owns nine cars (four are Mustang convertibles; one Jeep works), and, in 1974, wrote a book called "Bed/Time/Story" that's sold, to date, to over half-a-million readers. This month, Alfred A. Knopf will publish Jill's new novel, "Perdido": a book that's bright, funny, frequently wistful, and, always, killingly perceptive—about growing up, Hollywood dreams, romance and the imagination, and a woman's realities. In this month's Vogue, we've excerpted a first look at "Perdido" (see Contents for page number) and here, seeing more success to come, have asked Jill to talk about women and success and fame and achievement. And Jill.

Leonid Lubianitsky

N & Success got it—how do you live it?

I have been looking at houses.

As a woman, success means: house. It came as a real surprise that I might be able to have my house without intermediary called husband. With this possibility comes the news I fear and hate and nearly died to have: I am successful. I have been (how easily I admit the sordid, tacky, crazy things I have been, but I squirm to say this word) successful for three-and-a-half years—since the publication of *Bed/Time/Story*. (Well, says my negative self, that's not so long—you could skid right out tomorrow, you know.)

One thing about success: it is sorely maligned. I think it is wonderful. I love it. And, as with anything one loves with any maturity at all, I do not expect success to be perfect. I do not expect it to change how I am. I will still always be late; always spend more than I should; always create out of anxiety; always find something else to long for; always be a year behind on my mail.

I first learned about success in Hollywood. I grew up in Hollywood; my father, Dore Schary, ran MGM during the 'fifties. I used to make togas and cloaks for the Oscar he won as a screenwriter; and I watched movie stars struggle, ironically, for their own lives and reality, competing against the myths they created—or the myths we created around them.

The idea of success—that magical *deus ex machina* illusion of an achievement, a smash hit, a blockbuster that will forever and ever make all the trouble, fear, and sadness go away—is a myth itself. And clinging to the myth of success, like so many swinging infant possums trudging through our imagination, are a lot of smaller myths, eight out of ten (do possums have *that* many babies?) of which have to do with women and success and generally are concentrated on how much trouble success is and/or how no one wants us to have any.

The first myth about women and success is that somehow success in women is this highly original, new idea. Barring a lot of other occupations such as Empress, women have been running efficient small businesses called households for several years now, managing employees, delegating responsibility, training potential management personnel and artists and scientists and all the other people children used to become before there were vans and optional year-off campus programs that mainly give them the option to drive around in vans. And wonder how to become successful rock singers, so they can live like other rock singers (which is how movie stars used to live in the days when we all wanted to be movie stars, before that became complicated with percentages and step deals and hyphenates and all the things that make success sound really complicated. And a lot of work).

I always knew success was work. And that it was something a woman could have.

When I dressed my father's Oscar, its togas and cloaks were made of fabrics sent to me by our relative, textile designer Hope Skillman Schary—who, like my aunt Lillian, a decorator—was a Businesswoman from the East. My mother, who signed her paintings M. Svet, worked six hours every day in her studio, competing feverishly against her own goal of excellence, working towards one exhibition, then fighting immediately towards the next. I watched Helen Rose design costumes and run the costume department at MGM. And I noticed how some actresses such as Loretta Young, Ruth Gordon, Rosalind Russell, Katharine Hepburn, and a few others had, like these other women, a kind of diligence, a sense of purpose and competence that shone through the variations in their personalities. I knew writers such as Cynthia Lindsay, Helen Deutsch, and Fay Kanin; film editors such as Adrienne Fazan and Margaret Booth; the Eastern agent everyone adored, Phyllis Jackson; and several women, by the way, who designed their husbands' success and ran it like a business.

It never occurred to me that success was antithetical to being a woman or that motherhood would get in my way any more than fatherhood does. My mother was with me and my brother and sister no more nor less than other mothers were with their children at that time. At a certain point in everyone's young life, it is probably necessary to claim a miserable childhood, if only as a way to propel oneself onward and upward. When the children of celebrities stop resenting and rebelling and complaining about their over-deprived childhoods, they often are able to learn a lot—to realize they have learned a lot—about success. I believe success is catching if you want it.

My own difficulty with success has more to do with fears about its demands and responsibilities, with the mythological notion that one will somehow, *must* somehow be punished for it. In Hollywood, especially, success can be as scary and chilling as the empty, early-fascist scale of certain modern architecture. No wonder the more sensitive stars were swept away, like leaves, by it. Men as well as women. No, I do not see success as a problem of gender. Not exclusively. I know too many men who struggle for success, feel inadequate to its demands, and, especially in the past, had to pretend a kind of stoic acceptance of all those responsibilities that came with it.

As a child, I used to be so relieved—when I was not having fame fits—that I wasn't a man. I knew that being a girl gave

"I always knew success was work. And that it was something a woman could have"

me some kind of out from the obligation of supporting someone like me and working every day even when I didn't feel like it. Indeed, I resented my parents' encouragement of my talents. I liked the idea of some sort of achievement, which I could miraculously whip up in a night's work, that would get me a moment comparable to winning an Oscar. I wanted to stand up, in gold sequins, and then go back to lying around reading and playing with babies and having dinner parties. But I suspected, from watching the successful women I knew, that success was not finite. You had to go on and do some more tomorrow. Yet, I still hope each book will be the one which makes the fortune that will give me the chance to retire. When I feel the next book quicken within me, it is like the approach of a nightmare. I love the idea of everything I write. I simply despise the writing.

I fought success for seventeen years, yelling that I wanted to be famous but kicking

(Continued on page 324)

PRIVATE WOR

For Mica: serenity

"My bedroom is my great luxury," said Mica Ertegün about the top floor room (shown at right) in the New York town house she recently renovated—a room with a feeling of almost Oriental serenity, achieved by using one texture, one color, on every surface. "It's a huge room—about 18 by 30 feet—the size alone is a great luxury; and it's soothing and peaceful. I don't want to look at anything that is disturbing to the eye."

And so, because she likes the warmth of its golden sand color, Mica used tissue-thin raffia (finely woven straw matting), from the Far East, to cover the walls and all the furniture except one chair ("and I'm thinking about covering even that"). "I don't relate a particular fabric to a particular season or place," she said. "I don't believe that straw, for instance, is only for summer or only for a beach house." The raffia comes in rectangular sections that were backed with paper before they were ap- *(Continued on page 336)*

"A huge room— soothing, peaceful— my great luxury"





Right: Mica's straw-gold bedroom; she discusses its calming contents above.
Above: Mica's mirrored and marbled bathroom—tub and floors are marble, walls and ceiling are paneled with mirrors. Generous lighting: a skylight gives the plants maximum sunshine; spotlights are recessed in the ceiling; row lights are multiplied by the mirrors.
Left: A corner of Mica's bedroom, showing raffia-covered TV and dressers, steps (lit from below) leading up to Ahmet Ertegün's dressing room, Chinese leather screen, hallway to bathroom.
Horst

LDS

TWO WOMEN WITH GREAT PERSONAL STYLE DESIGN THE BED AND BATH ROOMS THEY'VE ALWAYS WANTED



PRIVATE WORLDS

For Annette: old friends

"My bedroom is my domain," said Annette Reed about the second-floor retreat in her weekend house in the country. "I live in it . . . and I live on my bed: eat, sleep, wax my legs there; write, work, read—never use a chair or a desk. My bed (a canopy bed that Annette had enlarged) is where my children, my friends, my dogs (three terriers) are most welcome.

"I also like to surround myself with other old friends: my paintings, rugs, furniture, bric-a-brac—presents from friends, things I've collected. I find them comforting and reassuring to have around me. I'm very sentimental; I simply cannot unload anything. I like to put together everything I love; and, if I love something, even if it doesn't go with things the way other people think it should, I don't care —I just *make* it work. And I never worry about symmetry—I much prefer things that are asymmetrical.

"Everything I have must be able to be mussed or pushed around—to withstand children and dogs. I hate the fresh look . . . the look of new things. Even the flowers I prefer are old-fashioned ones in faded colors: delphiniums that last only an hour indoors, peonies, lilacs. When I'm feeling generous to myself, I have masses of them."

(Continued on page 336)

"I like to put together everything that I love"







Right: Annette's warm and comforting bedroom; she tells how she collected these loved pieces in article above.
Above: Tiny bathroom that Annette turned into something special with over-scaled printed fabric on the walls; painting of a dog; her collection of antique glasses, mugs, vases surrounds the cabinet.
Left: Second view of bedroom, showing fur-covered banquette against foot of bed, its canopy lined with a vivid pink-and-cream print; second print behind headboard.

Horst



the fine italian hand





Alfa Romeo taxi/van—roomy comfort for passengers, driver. By Ital Design

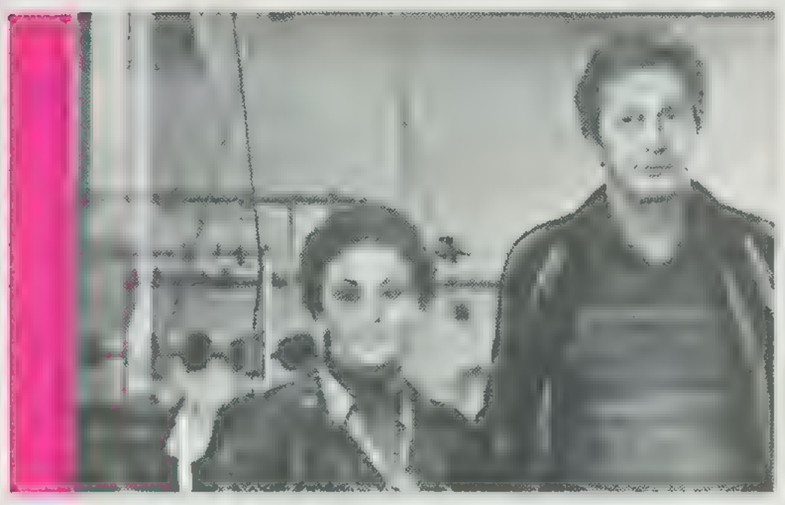
Beanbag chair—free-form seating, by Gatti, Paolini, Teodoro



Fiorucci: super-supermarket of kicky ready-to-wear—the '78 "Hawaiian" shirt

For fashion details, stores, see next to last pages

Italian design's irreverent spirit—unafraid to break old rules—has changed our way of living. Emilio Ambasz, free-thinking designer, discusses how and why with Barbara Rose



Rosita and Tai Missoni: world-famous knits—color, texture, design

Vertebra chair: a second spine. By Emilio Ambasz and Giancarlo Piretti

At thirty-four, architect-designer-author Emilio Ambasz is the wunderkind of modern design. Almost six years ago, his exhibition *Italy: The New Domestic Landscape* at The Museum of Modern Art in New York City was the talk of the town. The controversy provoked by Ambasz's adventurous investigation of the achievements and problems of Italian design continues; he himself remains convinced that despite a general flattening of invention in the last five years, Italy still is producing the most advanced modern designs—from cars to couches, typewriters to tables—anywhere in the world today.

Born in Argentina, Ambasz, in the U.S., whizzed through Princeton's undergraduate program in one year and the Hochschule for Gestaltung in Ulm, Germany, in six months, before becoming curator of MOMA's department of architecture and design in New York in 1969, a post he left two years ago to pursue his own career as an avant-garde architect and

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Photographic credits for pages 246-249 on page 323.

Emilio Ambasz, Italy's Argentine-born design whizz

(Continued) unconventional designer. In between he helped to found the influential think-tank Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies in New York City and organized a show called "The Taxi Project: Realistic Solutions for Today," which used the Museum as an instrument to stimulate thinking about new kinds of taxis suitable to today's city. A brilliant multilingual conceptualist fluent in all of the Western European languages, Ambasz speaks very quickly—a young man in a hurry to realize an important vision, to put into practical reality theoretical ideas whose time has come.

In his perception that today's complex social, economic, political, and environmental problems are interrelated, Ambasz is not alone. In fact, the most progressive young architects, designers, and urban planners are beginning to take a more integrated, interdisciplinary approach to improving the quality of life. Both a doer and a thinker, Ambasz manages a good relationship with both labor and industry. Dismissing all the current political ideologies as too simplistic, he prefers to focus his energy on solving the practical problems of everyday life. All his solutions stress flexibility, interchangeable parts, and environmental concerns such as recycling.

These days, Ambasz divides his time between New York City, where he feels the action helps him think and invent, and Bologna, Italy, where he works in a design cooperative to develop prototypes that are socially useful as well as functional and streamlined. Recently, Ambasz has concentrated on the work environment, where most people spend most of their time, designing with Giancarlo Piretti a range of office furniture that features a new kind of chair called the Vertebra that, without mechanical devices, bends in reaction to the changing position of the spine.

Often speaking in the parable form preferred by his countryman, the Argentinian writer Jorge Luis Borges, Ambasz has a devilish wit and a wry sense of humor. Regarding the widespread copying of the molded rubber bellows of the Vertebra chair, he tosses off competition: "As far as I am concerned, I am letting everyone know I am now working with a structurally hardening variety of zabaglione cream. Let them figure it out." In this interview, Ambasz explains why Italy remains the leader in design, and why he shuttles between Bologna and New York:

Rose: Why do you think that Italian design is the most advanced in the world today?

Ambasz: There are a number of reasons for the flourishing of Italian design today, including the Italian

(Continued on page 320)



Basile:
revealing softness,
the best
of Italian summer

Indoor pyramid environment: work, sleep, study, play. By Gae Aulenti

For fashion details, stores, see next to last pages

Rubber-tread flooring. By Pirelli, the tire people

italian design

The Valentino touch-all-out evenings...



In a year of romantic looks, Valentino was not to be outdone. His best looks: narrow, small-waisted, body-conscious. In pale pale colors, gentle fabrics, his prettiest-yet prints: this was his most tender collection. Here, irresistible Valentino evenings, worn by Marthe Keller, new woman symbol in movies on both sides of the Atlantic. Her next film, Fedora, releases this spring.

Left, the evening pyjama that was everyone's favorite: his kimono-sleeved man's lounging jacket in champagne/green/white-printed silk chiffon, wrapped over narrow champagne silk-gauze pants. (Stucchi chiffon, Taroni gauze, both The Ideacomo Group). At Neiman-Marcus. Right, Valentino at his best: evening at its most romantic. His slim, spare, bias-tiered dress in leaf-green-and-white silk chiffon, soft, revealing. (Sisan fabric/The Ideacomo Group). To order at Neiman-Marcus. Hair, Bruno of Mod's Hair; makeup, Jacques Clemente of Elizabeth Arden, Paris.

on Marthe Keller

...heavy bareness **Calvin Klein** cool—deep V-necks all through his collection. *Left*, a sliver of dress . . . spare, pared down. Silk crêpe de Chine the color of mulled wine. Pleats so small they look textured (Y. Nishida fabric). About $200. Late April. Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Montaldo's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus; May D&F; Frederick & Nelson. **Another take on bareness and silk crêpe de Chine,** *opposite*. Halter-tied camisole (about $110) and skirt (about $150), plaided in sophisticated almond/brick/brown (Y. Nishida fabric). Late April, Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Woodward & Lothrop; Higbee's; Famous-Barr; Balliet's; I. Magnin. On these 12 pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. Accessory information, next to last pages. **More Calvin Klein cool**—his wonderful new fragrance you put on the way you put on any Calvin Klein. . . . The only difference is it's sensed, not seen. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Look pretty/live easy, when it's hot...12 pages of great new city/resort dressing

FRESH START

Summer...a lot to look forward to

Arthur Elgort



The news in prints sensational, unsweetened — flatters thin enough to let the body come through. **The sheerest veiling of flowers,** left: Albert Nipon's pink cotton dress with a border print at the hip, ruffles at the sleeve. About $220. Saks Fifth Avenue, Garfinckel's, Martha, Palm Beach and Lord & Taylor, Bigelow's, Jacobson's, Stanley Korshak, Sax, Hahn & Lester, Frost Bros. For stores B... **Bill Blass's flyaway coat, blouse, big swirling skirt,** right: all in lush cotton stream with confetti . . . and more! (Maxzone Jeans, The Identity Group). About $1050. Elizabeth Arden Salons, Nan Duskin, Frost Bros., Neiman-Marcus. Accessory information, next to last pages.

Summer...the breeze of prints

FRESH START



Arthur Elgort



FRESH START

Summer...the news—black for play

The surprise: black—spiked with bright or turned out in sporting classics, all ease . . . **Fun from Castelbajac,** *left:* the flash of a bright pink slicker, knotted and bloused over a sleek black maillot. Slicker (polyamide), about $300. Maillot (polyamide/Lycra), about $150. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Country Club Fashions. **One of the most "dressed" takes on shorts-dressing,** *right*—in any season: Jaeger's trouser-pleated black cotton poplin bermudas (about $44), with a man's cream cotton broadcloth shirt (about $28), and a black wool Shetland crewneck (about $24). Jaeger International Shops. Accessory information on next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort



Summer...new tops/pants

Arthur Elgort

The big, big-top, *far left,* blowy, breezy, un-bulky (it's the thinnest, softest gauze) . . . in rich rose-taupe. To pair with wheat-pale pegged gauze pants. Donna Karan and Louis Dell'-Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Rayon/flax. Top about $110. Pants about $90. May, Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Rich's; John Baldwin; Hudson's; Famous-Barr; Balliet's; Sakowitz.

Streak-of-magenta skinny pants, quick cowl-y camisole, *left, inset.* Over this skin-closeness, a loose, shirty jacket . . . unconstructed, sweater-casual. Marina Ferrari. About $425. Cotton/viscose (Jackytex fabric). Henri Bendel; Mary Basile, West Hartford, CT; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Stanley Korshak; Lou Lattimore; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills.

Geoffrey Beene's new bareness, *right,* a clean, uncluttered neckline, waist-deep — the blouse lean but soft, in crayon-clear stripings of silk crêpe de Chine. Narrowing linen pants, pin-striped pink on brown. For easy evenings. (Menta Guiseppe fabrics). About $830. Mid-May, Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; Neusteters. Accessories, next to last pages.

to collect

FRESH START



Summer...the new revealing in a dress

The new narrowness, the sheerest fabrics — summer sets the stage for an unexpected kind of bareness. . . . **Bare shoulders and the slide of silk,** *left:* Givenchy's knife-pleated strapless Aztec print in red/blue/green/beige, "jeweled" with a brilliant violet tassel. Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique. Of Hurel silk. About $595. Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Sakowitz. . . . **Ungaro does city "sundressing,"** *right,* with its own oversized shirt-jacket for cover — in the thinnest shirting-striped coffee-to-cream silk, side-buttoned (or un-) for a glimpse of bare leg. About $600. Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, N.Y.C.; Neiman-Marcus; Eaton's. Accessory information, next to last pages.

VOGUE PATTERN #9859

VOGUE PATTERN #9912

Few things have the all-out sensuousness of—a man's bathrobe. Just slip over bare skin, sash over slim pants, *left*. It's that easy to look smashing at home, at a disco. And no problem to sew. Robe, Vogue Pattern #9859. Comes short or long—we opted for in-between, did it in red/olive/beige Jermi silk taffeta/The Ideacomo Group (through Dick & Goldschmidt). Call Leiters Designer Fabrics, toll-free, 1-800-821-7700, ext. 816M, for a representative. Pants, Pattern #9912 (we tapered the legs a bit), in fawn silk crêpe de Chine. To order at Maxine Fabrics, 417 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016. **The kind of easy/slide-y top that makes summer a breeze,** *opposite*. Goes anywhere, any hour. Over pants/over skirts/over shorts/over a bikini. Over and over. Vogue Pattern #9912 (we lengthened the top 5", slipped a drawstring in the bottom, slimmed the pants again). Scarlet silk crêpe de Chine (Horikoshi through Sewing Associates). Altman's; Sew Magnifique, Atlanta; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Accessory and pattern details, next to last pages. These pages: hair, Christiaan, makeup, Ariella.

Summer...sew

FRESH START

Arthur Elgort

VOGUE PATTERNS

easy, wear easy

wines

Insider's guide to Italy's choicest

By Barbara Ensrud

Italy makes more wine than any other country in the world. Almost twenty-five million gallons of it are imported by the United States, more than twice what we import from France. The Italians have been casual about their wines. Vintage years mattered, but not very much. For a long time, the Italians were far less strict than the French about regulating production and not at all aggressive about getting their best wines to the U.S. market. The increasing demand for good wines has changed all that. The Italian government has tightened regulations to guarantee authenticity of the wines. The better producers in most regions have banded together in *consorzi*, or leagues, such as the Chianti League for Chianti Classico, to set their own standards for what is acceptable for their wines.

As in France, there have always been numerous estate-bottled wines from superior small vineyards; these now are starting to find their way here, and even more of them will in the future. If you are not already familiar with some of the better Italian wines, there are marvelous discoveries to be made—and at astonishingly reasonable prices which, it appears, will hold for a while or go up only slightly.

Unquestionably, the great Italian wines are red, and most of the best come from the Piedmont. This northwestern province is known for its dusty white truffles prized in the restaurants of Florence and Rome as well as for its wines, sparkling Asti Spumante and superb reds from the distinguished Nebbiolo grape. Elegant Gattinara, for example, is a richly fragrant wine of depth and finesse rivaling many a good Bordeaux but a bargain in that exalted company at under $6 a bottle. Even less costly is Spanna, also from the Nebbiolo, not quite as elegant as Gattinara but of greater depth and intensity. Spanna often needs a good ten years to become drinkable and can last for twenty. The 1961 Vallana Campi Raudii, $8.75 a bottle, is a formidable wine and likely to be for some time. Santa Chiara 1975, owned by Mario Antoniolo, one of the top growers, is a great find for $3.79, dark and vigorously appealing at this young age but sure to develop beautifully if put away for a few years. Biggest of all Piedmontese wines is Barolo, perhaps the most generously apportioned of all Italian wines, a deep red color, very full-bodied, impressive in all its aspects. Top-flight Barolo from one of the best vintages, 1967, is about $7. Comparable wines from the Rhône Valley in France go for several dollars more.

Just east of Piedmont is the province of Lombardy, home of such succulent Italian cheeses as Bel Paese, Gorgonzola, and Taleggio. Here are more good reds—Sassella, Grumello, Inferno, and Frecciarossa—names that roll lyrically off the tongue like those in a Verdi opera. These are very attractive wines, particularly the first three, again made from the Nebbiolo grape, less robust than those of the Piedmont but superb with the true Vitello Costoletta Milanese served in the restaurants of Milano. In the U.S., they sell for $3.50 or less. A quite nice white wine, fresh, delicate Lugana, $3.89, comes from this region, too.

"One of the best Soaves is also the cheapest: Folonari"

The modest wines of the Veneto region, principally from vineyards around the town of Verona and along the shores of Lake Garda, are among the most familiar names in Italian wines—Soave (second-largest selling white table wine in the U.S.), Bardolino, and Valpolicella—all for under $4 a bottle. Bardolino is a light red, a bit *too* light to drink unless slightly chilled. Then, it goes with almost anything, even fish, and that is how they drink it over there with the pink-meat trout plucked from Lake Garda. Valpolicella has more substance, flavor but is still rather light.

More potent is Amarone—Recioto della Valpolicella Amarone, made from grapes left to dry until their sugar is concentrated into a rich essence yielding a wine of at least 14 percent alcohol—heady, indeed. It sells for about $10 or more a bottle, but its devotees feel it is worth it.

Ever-popular Chianti has changed somewhat in the last few years. There were always two different styles of Chianti, the young, zesty, fruity wine in straw-covered flasks, designed for early consumption with pizza and other hearty fare, and Chianti Classico, a more serious wine put up in Bordeaux-like bottles that could be stored to mellow and deepen in the tradition of great wines. Now the lighter style appears to dominate many of the Classicos as well.

Chianti Classico comes from a specially defined area within the overall region of Chianti in the hills of Tuscany surrounding Florence. Most of the best vineyards are clustered here and belong to the Consorzio Chianti Classico, a group of producers who have set specific standards to protect the quality of their wine and preserve the integrity of traditional winemaking methods. Among them are some very good buys for $3 to $4 from such estates as Antinori, Brolio (Ricasoli), Nippozano, Nozzole, Verrazzano, Montepaldi di Corsini, Gabbiano, and Querceto. Best recent vintages are 1970, 1971, 1973, and 1975.

Chianti Riserva is a further mark of quality that means the wines have been aged at least three years in wood, giving them added depth and complexity. They cost about $6 a bottle and generally should be left to develop a good six to eight years more to be enjoyed at their best. The 1973 vintage was especially light. Several estate wines of that vintage, Ruffino's Riserva Ducale, Antinori Riserva, and Brolio Riserva are ready to drink now. Look also for the 1973 Castello Fonterutoli, a particularly good buy (but not a Riserva) for $2.79.

Although Chianti is the best-known wine of Tuscany, knowledgeable connoisseurs in Italy covet Brunello di Montalcino, a highly esteemed red from vineyards outside Siena. Profoundly complex and extremely long-lived, these wines have been called the "Romanée-Contis of Italy." Initially hard and impenetrable, they eventually become silky and refined but often need venerable age to do so. The 1925 Brunello di Montalcino apparently still has remarkable vitality.

Very little Brunello has been available here but more is on the way this spring, including the one most sought after in Rome and Florence, Biondi-Santi. They're expensive. The 1964 vintage reportedly sells for over $100 a bottle in Rome. Here it will be $75, no cases available. But you can find less expensive vintages—1970 goes for $21 a bottle. Some of these vintages can even be found at some chic restaurants—New York's Parioli Romanissimo for one. You'll find them awfully good with the Osso Buco.

Italian white wines are less outstanding than the reds but still pleasant and refreshing. The above-mentioned Lugana is one. Soave is the most popular in this country, but there are several more interesting whites. (One of the best Soaves is also the cheapest, Folonari, $1.99 a quart.) Verdicchio, a crisp, bone-dry white, comes from the mountainous region of Marche on the Adriatic coast. Chalky hillsides and a somewhat arid climate seem well-suited to the Verdicchio grape. Fazi-Battaglia is the best-known brand. Tombolini is a bit more delicate, less an assault on the palate, but still full-flavored. Both around $3.50. Sicilian white Corvo is a very earthy wine like Fazi-Battaglia, agreeable but overpriced at $4.

Frascati shows signs of becoming more popular. Charming as it is under the shaded pergola of a little restaurant off the Piazza Navona or south of Rome in the hills of Castelli Romani, it is just as appealing here, but different. There, poured from open pitchers or carafes, it is a fruity, often half-fermented wine too low in alcohol to travel

(Continued on page 327)

Penn

VOGUE EN

'78
SUMMER
REPORT





PHOTOGRAPH GUY BOURDIN

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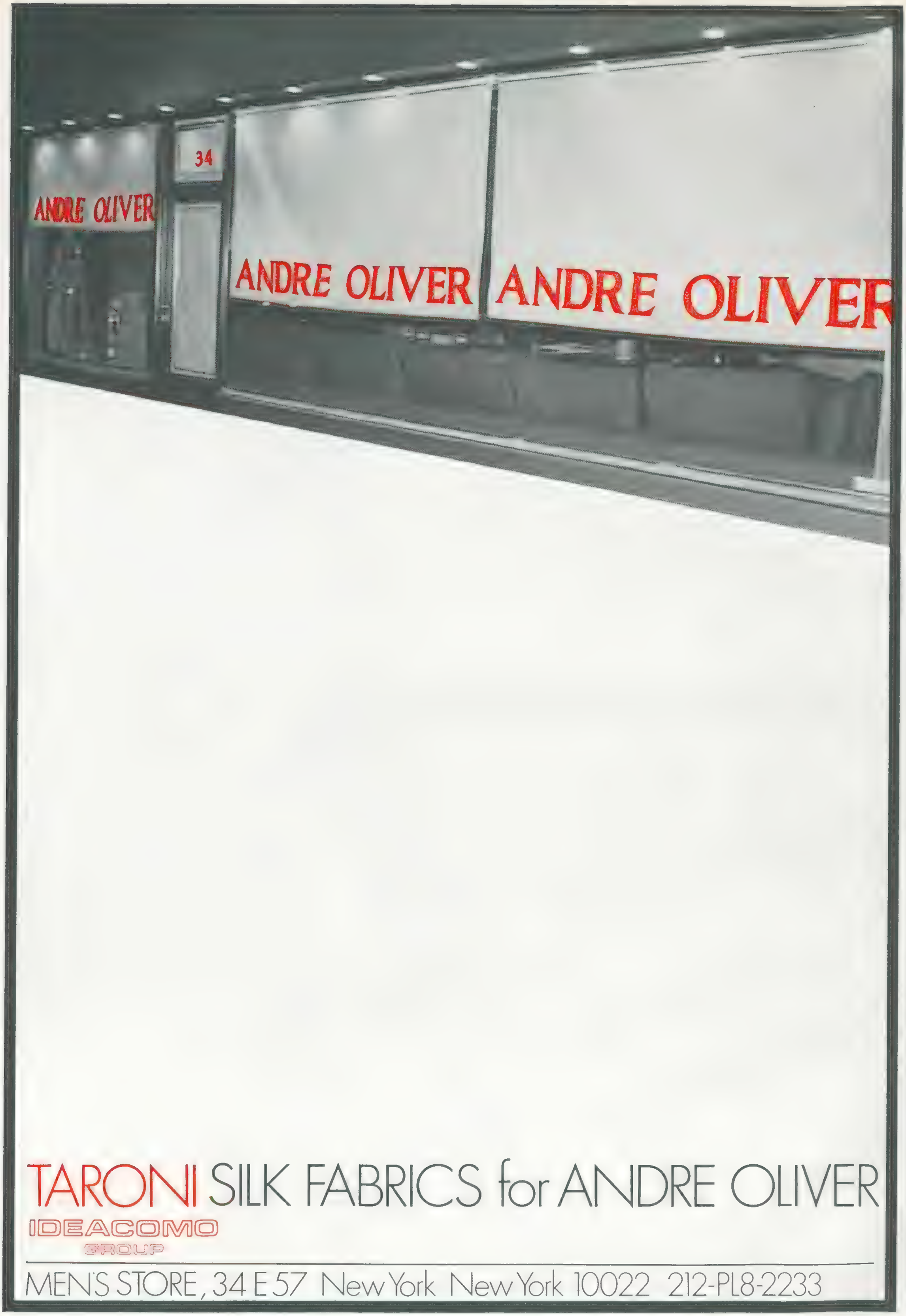
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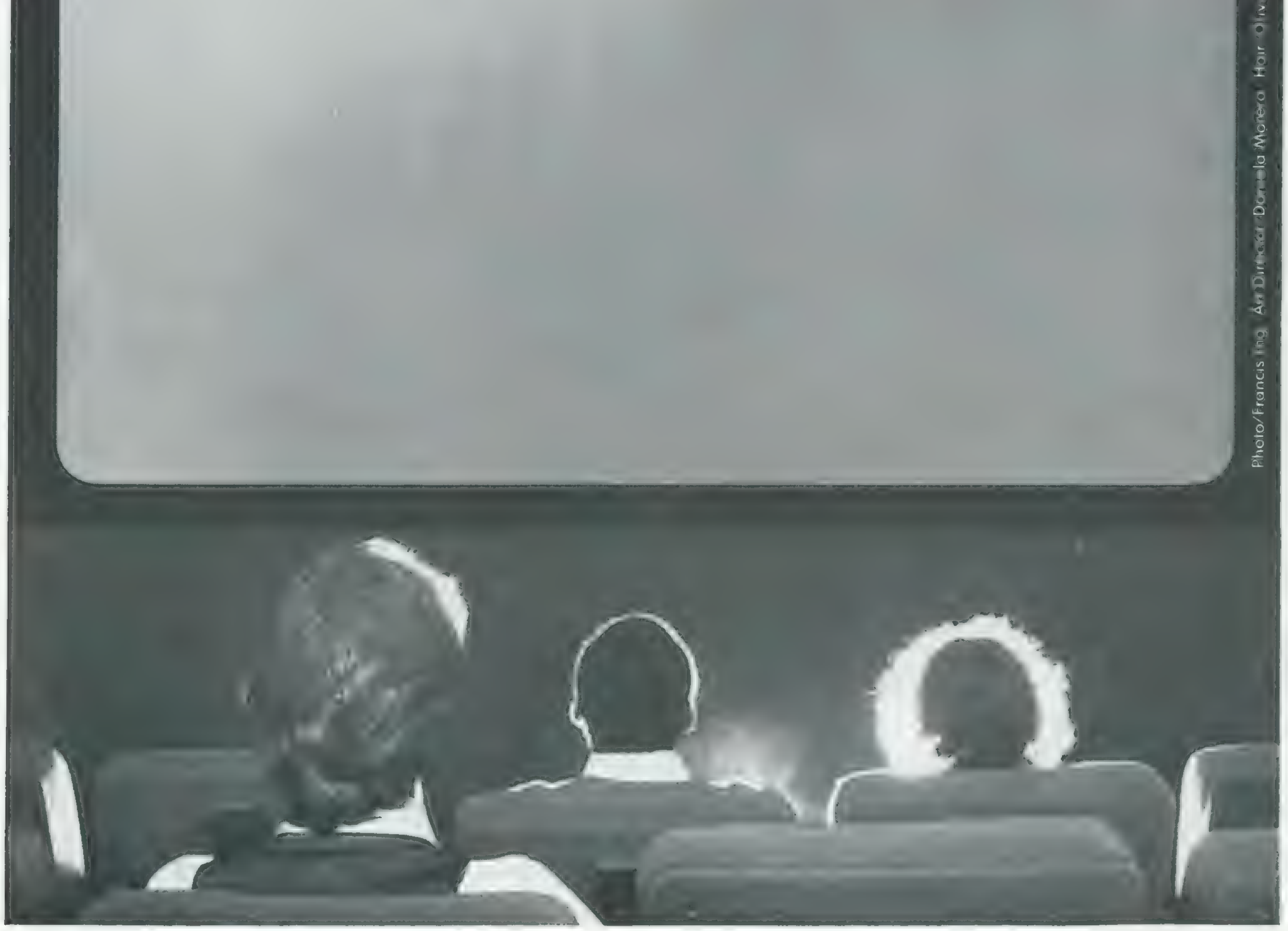
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VOGUE MEN

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COVER NOTE: Introducing Vogue Men—the new name on everyone's lips. And Lagerfeld for Men by Karl Lagerfeld—the new fragrance everyone will be talking about. Unmistakably male—woodsy, rich, with a few surprises tossed in to liven things up. The nail color in the picture, Indian Poppy Salon Formula Nail Lacquer by Elizabeth Arden. Photograph by Penn.

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men: style '78

EASE. INFORMALITY. MORE THAN CLOTHES. HOW THEY'RE WORN. AND WHY. A CERTAIN STYLE THAT ALWAYS COMES THROUGH

We could start by saying that there's a lot going on in the world of men and men's clothes—which there is—and plunge right in with the news. But what's new and what isn't; what's "in" and what isn't is not the point of this Vogue Men. The beginning is: why everything is happening and what it means...which is more than discussing new clothes and new men's designers.

The simple—and obvious—fact is that men care about the way they look. They're interested in looking good, in looking better. It's an attitude all of us share today. No one has to apologize for it or rationalize it. What is different: men now have the options—the means—to do it. Options that didn't exist before. Just as important as the way a man looks—the way he feels. Which has to do not only with feeling comfortable in clothes but with feeling comfortable, period. And it means a new interest in fitness, good health, hair and skin care.

The word that applies to all of the above is ease—and it's a familiar one to anyone who reads this magazine. But when it comes to men, ease has always had a special meaning—one that has to do with a certain style of dressing. Casual dressing, with a built-in dash and hacking-around quality. Natural, un-uptight clothes. It's meant going for comfort along with the snap. It's a way of dressing that American women have copied (think of all the soft sports-clothes dressing around today)...that the whole world has copied in one way or another. Because of the ease—and the look of it.

But it hasn't always been as easy as it seemed. The real difference—and the real news—in '78 is that the clothes have finally caught up with the ideal, with the attitude behind them. In the best men's clothes today—as in the best women's—there has been a whole new working out and re-defining of ease. The informality, the easy-going attractiveness—in a word, the modernity—that we take for granted in our clothes is now available to men in the truest sense.

It means: what's good has been made even better. The linings, the stiffenings, all of the hard "un-easy" elements have been eliminated in suits, jackets, in everything. And then it's been taken a step further. Texture—good-looking, honest, appealing new textures: suèdes, linens, cottons, silks—all have been used, and used in new ways. A suit becomes an unlined, unconstructed suède suit and it's worn with a silk shirt, with a nubby silk-knit tie. Or, it's a soft, crushable linen suit with a thinner-weight linen shirt underneath. They've taken jackets, knocked out all the insides, and "given them back" to men as totally relaxed, easy-to-live-in jackets. A blazer is done in terry and suddenly it becomes something a man wants to own for the beach. Ease has been raised to a new level and it holds all the way down the line.

That ease is always the framework. Within it, there are other differences: a narrower tie, a smaller-collared shirt, a gutsy suède hiking boot instead of a shoe, an antelope pullover instead of a sweater. They give a man variety. And it's where the adding, subtracting, moving around of all the pieces come in. You can call it an eclectic approach to dressing—taking the news, working with it, not having all of it, but fitting what's wanted with what's already owned. It's personal style, and it's the name of this particular game—for summer, in the pages ahead...for fall/winter, in the August Vogue Men.



"a handsome man is not the equivalent of a beautiful woman, he is the complement"



By William F. Buckley, Jr.

When, having no idea where I was going, I sat down to write my first novel, it suddenly occurred to me that it would need a protagonist. The alternative of trying to persuade Doubleday that I might create a new art form and write a novel about *nobody* struck me as unprofitable; and so, by the end of the day, I had created Blackford Oakes. And lo, there have been those, the feature editor of this journal included, who have denominated him distinctively American; and the editor asks now that I should say a few words about "the American look." I do so only on the understanding that I reject the very notion of quintessentiality. It is a concept that runs into itself, like F.P. Adams's remark that the average American is a little above average. The reason you cannot have the quintessential American is the very same reason you cannot have a quintessential apple pie, or indeed anything composed of ingredients. In composites, there has got to be an arrangement of attributes, and no such arrangement can project one quality to the point of distorting others. This is true even in the matter of physical beauty. An absolutely perfect nose has the effect of satellizing the other features of a human face, and a beautiful face is a comprehensive achievement.

So anyway, Blackford Oakes is not the quintessential American, but I fancy he *is* distinctively American, and the first feature of the distinctively American male is, I think, spontaneity. A kind of freshness born of curiosity and enterprise and wit. Would you believe that three days after meeting her, Blackford Oakes was in bed with the Queen of England? (Not, I hasten to elucidate, the incumbent: Blackford Oakes, as the distinctive American, is a young man of taste, who sleeps only with fictitious queens, thereby avoiding international incidents.) There is something wonderfully American, it struck me, about bedding down a British queen: a kind of arrant but lovable presumption. But always on the understanding that it is done decorously, and that there is no aftertaste of the gigolo in the encounter. I remember, even now with some trepidation, when my first novel, *Saving the Queen,* came out in the British edition. The first questioner at the press conference in London was, no less, the editor of *The Economist,* and he said with, I thought, a quite un-British lack of circumspection: "Mr. Buckley, would you like to sleep with the Queen?" Now, such a question poses quite awful responsibilities. There being a most *(Continued on page 316)*

THE BUCKLEY STYLE

William Buckley (left, with wife, Pat) dressed in his "best" suit. "I'm the worst-dressed man in New York," says the author/editor/lecturer, host of television's "Firing Line." Then he hastens to add, "But it's not my wife's fault [she buys all of his clothes except his suits, which are tailor-made] —it's the way I wear clothes. I have only two styles—the one you're looking at [dark conservative suit, button-down shirt, narrow tie—he had them made up specially like that when only wide ties were available over the counter] —and my Shetland sweater and khakis."

Pat counters: "I like the way you dress. I hate the contrived look. Men have been going around for years looking as if they were going to a Halloween ball—hairy chests hanging out, dangling medallions. Now, thank heaven, there's a return to normality."

In this article, written for Vogue Men, William Buckley gives his views on American men's style, using Blackford Oakes—hero of his first novel, "Saving the Queen," and also of his second, "Stained Glass" (published this month by Doubleday & Co.)—as his prime example.—S.C.

Avedon

style '78

closeup

AMERICAN DASH. A NEW MOOD.
FREEING-UP CLASSICS. EXTRA PUNCH.
NOT A CHANGE BUT A DIFFERENCE



20-page section photographed by Irving Penn



Brooks Brothers classics: the navy-blue blazer, ivory trousers, striped button-down shirt, silk foulard tie. '78 updating: red socks and black evening pumps, the modern racing-watch — it's a change... it's '78 style. Wool flannel blazer, about $200; wool gabardine pants, about $67; blue-and-white cotton shirt, about $25; tie, $12.50. Porsche watch by Rafael Variations, about $495. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.

fit

ACTIVE. OUTDOORS. THE UNBEATABLE SHIRT. STRIPES OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

Classic/casual—the '78 sport shirt—rust-and-yellow rugby stripes, with a white collarband. In cotton, from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C. About $25. Turtleneck: The Arthur Richards Man. Cesarani shorts.

the news

LINEN EVERYWHERE. COOL. EASY.
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Giorgio Armani double-breasted suit, about $550. At Barney's, N.Y.C.; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Charles Gallay; Wilkes Bashford. Giorgio Armani shirt and tie. Trussardi belt.



style '78

Giorgio Armani suit, with double-breasted jacket, pleated pants. About $930. Barney's, N.Y.C.; Ultimo; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Charles Gallay. Silk shirt, Pinky & Dianne for Private Label. About $85. San Francisco, N.Y.C.; 1359 by Britches, Washington, DC; Me and My Lady, Royal Oak, Michigan; Ultimo; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford. Giorgio Armani tie. Leather belt by Trussardi.

surprise

THE SUEDE SUIT. THIN. UNLINED. UNCONSTRUCTED. CIGAR-COLOR. AND A SILK SHIRT, KNITTED TIE



style '78

UPDATE. A NARROWER LAPEL.
SMALLER SHIRT COLLAR.
SKINNIER TIE. A NEW LOOK.
NEW SUMMER CLASSICS

easy

Left: Classics with a difference—from Polo, Ralph Lauren's sports-jacket (Walden Textiles), about $190, and pleated linen pants (Hamilton Adams), about $70, with his new button-down smaller-collared oxford-cloth shirt, about $32.50, and silk rep tie, about $20. The Polo Shop at Bloomingdale's; Dimensions, Philadelphia; Brittany, Ltd., Chicago; Outfitters, Dallas; Perkins Shearer, Denver; The Polo Store, Palo Alto; Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills....The Splash: Ralph Lauren's new Polo fragrance—woods-and-leather traditional, definitely modern....Inset, top: Unbleached linen—Browns Clothiers single-breasted jacket, about $225; matching pants, about $95; pinstriped linen shirt, about $95. Barney's, N.Y.C.; Armadillo, Boston; 1359 by Britches, Washington, DC; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Elliot Gant tie, about $10. May, Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. Trussardi belt....Inset, bottom: The new-look suit from Basile—the shaping, the color, the fabric—everything's softer. Grey linen/cotton herringbone. About $400. Barney's, N.Y.C. With a grey linen shirt from Browns Clothiers. About $100. Stewart Ross, N.Y.C.; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus. Elliot Gant tie, about $10. May, Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. Sock, shoe: Paul Stuart.

style '78

OPEN COLLAR. OPEN AIR. EASY. BLAZER AND SHORTS. HOT-WEATHER SHIRT. A JACKET THAT GETS IT GOING. NEW COLORS



Opposite: Color/texture news — Christian Aujard's double-breasted blazer in fresco-red linen (about $200); olive linen pleated pants (about $125). Both, Agache fabric. Blazer, Barney's, N.Y.C.; Eleganza, Millburn, New Jersey. Pants, Barney's, N.Y.C.; Theodore. Short-sleeve silk T-shirt, from Pancaldi & B. About $100. Wilkes Bashford. Porsche watch by Rafael Variations. Trussardi sandals....Inset, above: Classic black shirt, gauze-weight linen voile. Pinky & Dianne for Private Label. About $120. Late April, at Charivari for Men; Nan Duskin; 1359 by Britches, Washington, DC; Ultimo; Maxfield Bleu; Wilkes Bashford. Porsche watch by Rafael Variations. Revue Optiks sunglasses....Inset, right: A different blazer — double-breasted black linen, thin, two-buttoned. Pinky & Dianne for Private Label. About $130. Late April, Stewart Ross; Me and My Lady, Royal Oak, Michigan; Wilkes Bashford. Cotton walking shorts, by Willi Wear. Macy's, San Francisco. Concord watch. Sunglasses by Revue Optiks....The splash — the spice: Devin by Aramis. The perfect relaxed/open air/country fragrance.

relaxed



men: looking good care '78

good hair

The news in men's hair care, cutting, and coloring: freedom and a natural, shorter look. Freedom, according to Gio, the master barber at Jerry's Barbershop at Bergdorf Goodman, means never carrying a comb.

"If you can't comb your hair with your fingers, change your barber," he says. You should have your hair cut in such a way you can shower, towel it dry, run your fingers through to give it shape, and be done with it. (Blow dry if you have to, Gio advises, but no more than a minute or a minute and a half, so as not to damage the hair.)

The new haircut Gio favors looks trim and neat, not shaggy or stringy, is scissors-cut two to two-and-one-half inches all over the head. You can part it or not. Sideburns come to mid-ear. There are no sharply clipped or defined lines at the ears or back of the neck. Hair shouldn't overlap ears or collar by more than a fraction of an inch—one-quarter inch at the most. And it should look as if you had been to the barber about a week or so ago—never as if it had just been cut.

The new shorter hair, Gio says, looks fuller, and thinning or receding hair should always be cut this way: "It makes the absolute most of what's there." It also suggests executive status. More presidents and board chairmen probably visit Jerry's than any other place in town. The super top brass at CBS go to Jerry's en masse, and the president of one of the country's largest cosmetic firms is seen on the premises every two weeks, along with Bob Jeffries, for a trim.

At Kenneth's Salon, more and more males are being spruced up, usually by people who do their wives' hair. Alexander Sprinkle, one of the talented young men at Kenneth's, will make house calls after salon hours to tend to some of the most luxuriant heads of hair and beards in New York.

There are other hairdressers who usually work with women but are glad to do men's hair, either in their respective salons or at the client's home. Suga at Bergdorf Goodman is cutting hair to all different lengths and does many businessmen, actors, and a "few punks." Marc Sinclair, most often found at the Elizabeth Arden Salon, will wield his wonder scissors at his own home or at a client's place. Mr. Sinclair reports fewer beards and more moustaches, a trend confirmed by many other top hairdressers. Incidentally, beard and moustache clipping are usually included in fees, which should be agreed to in advance with the hairdresser.

If you're not quite ready for fingercombed, no-styled hair, or don't want to go to a traditional women's salon, *(Continued on page 319)*

good skin

- *Whatever soap you use, be sure to rinse thoroughly, says Robert Auerbach, M.D., of New York University School of Medicine. Otherwise pores clog up. If your skin is very oily, Dr. Auerbach suggests astringents (alcohol-based cleansers) instead of soap.*
- *Moisture is probably even more important for a good shave than you realize—it reduces beard strength by about 60 percent. Ideal time to shave is right after shower or bath. (Of course, a pre-shave beard softener helps too.)*
- *Electric razors, as Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., of Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York, points out, are a little more irritating than a wet shave. What helps is using an oily pre-shave rather than a powder.*
- *A beard may be "tough" not only because it consists of strong, thick hairs. What really makes a beard hard to shave, according to Dr. Auerbach, is when it grows in every direction. If, for you, a close shave means going against the beard's grain, you risk cutting the whiskers beneath the skin. The result may be ingrown hairs and infection.*
- *Slapping on an after-shave may be bracing, make your skin feel tighter for a while, leave you smelling good. But follow it with a splash of water—and then, while the skin is still damp, rub in a thin layer of moisturizing cream.*
- *The biggest body-skin problem is the tendency toward dryness that comes with age, says Joseph Jerome, Ph.D., senior scientist in the American Medical Association's division of scientific activities. To prevent this, he advises using lukewarm rather than hot water.*
- *"Aging" of the skin and cancer of the skin, Dr. Jerome says, seem to bear some relation to chronological age—but they're more directly related to the amount of sun exposure you have had. So, always wear a sunscreen or protective clothing to block ultraviolet rays when you're going out in the sun for any length of time.*

tender care

Today, a man's fragrance is an everyday affair. It's right there doing its part in everything a man needs to get ready for what lies ahead—including his shampoo. Working up a good lather, opposite, is Chanel for Men's new Conditioning Shampoo. It's formulated to make the hair very easy to manage, even when shampooing is a daily routine as here. And, incidentally, the fragrance is most compatible with that of Chanel's Cristalle Body Lotion for women—also very much in the picture now.

good fragrance

Fragrance, as men are fast finding out, has a lot going for it. A lot more than just the traditional slap of after-shave. It is a simple, pleasurable, sensuous part of life. And an important part of life with someone else. A fact documented by the rocketing demand for men's eau de cologne: amounting, at last count, to some 40 percent of the total annual sales for men's preparations. Obviously, fragrance is something men are starting to use on a regular daily basis. Splashing a little on neck or chest in the course of dressing for the office. Sprinkling a drop or two on hands or handkerchief after changing to go out to dinner.

Quite a lot is going on with the fragrances themselves these days. They now cover a very broad field—no more having to get locked into any one scent simply because it happens to be quote masculine unquote. Certainly, no more than one *has* to wear Lovett tweed or to drive a Mercedes or to read *Barron's*. Options—isn't that the word that goes here? If a man likes his sandalwood straight, that's fine. His taste is undisputed. And the same holds true for all the great men's fragrances based on a single scent. They are timeless—*and* marvelous. Guerlain's Vetiver is a case in point. Would you could buy it by the case!

At the other end of the scent spectrum, however, there is the man who thrives on change. Who likes having his senses challenged. Who is constantly on the lookout for something that is pleasingly different. That's exactly where a fragrance like the new Lagerfeld for Men comes in. There is no getting around the fact that this is real fragrance. Unmistakably—but with an unexpected twist. The whiff of tobacco tossed in with the patchouli and sandalwood and oak moss. *That* and the *(Continued on page 319)*

style '78

crisp

COOL. HOT-WEATHER SUITS. LIGHT
COLORS. THE NEWS IN TOWN.



Far left: The crispness, the cut of Rafael's beige linen suit...the monochromatic effect you get when you put it with a rust/beige/black pinstripe shirt, beige knit tie. Worn by Matt Collins, who appears throughout these twenty-four pages—now on screen as Valentino in "The World's Greatest Lover." Bill Kaiserman for Rafael suit, about $335. At Bonwit Teller. Cotton shirt, Bill Blass for Gates Shirt Co., about $30. Late April, at Bonwit Teller; Morry's, Chicago. Serica silk knit tie, about $35. At Morry's, Chicago. Madonna belt....Left: The three-piece white suit, revved up with color—cornflower shirt, pink tie. Suit, John Weitz by Palm Beach Co., of polyester/rayon/flax, $129. At Lord & Taylor. Cotton shirt, $45. From Andre Oliver, N.Y.C. Elliot Gant tie, about $10. May, at Lord & Taylor; Bullock's....The Splash: the new, woodsy fragrance of John Weitz—check out the After Shave, it contains skin-soothing aloe.

style '78

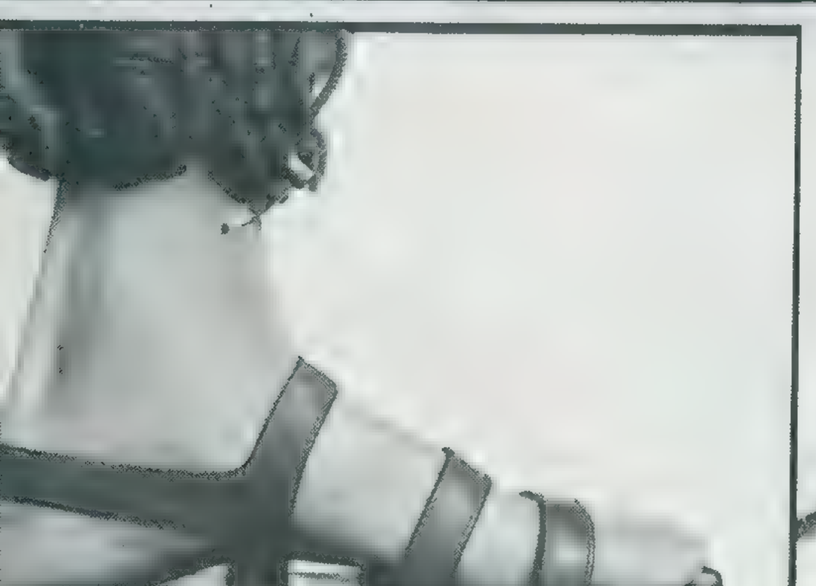


freew

INFORMAL. ASSERTIVE. JACKETS, TOPS,
SHOES TO FEEL GOOD IN. NOT JUST WHAT
YOU WEAR...BUT HOW YOU WEAR IT

Left: '78 bomber's jacket—a softer, lightweight covering for everything—in khaki cotton poplin. From Christian Aujard (about $285) with his linen shorts (about $95). Jacket (Borgomaneri / The Ideacomo Group) at Barney's, N.Y.C.; Louis International, Boston; Eric Ross, L.A. Shorts (Agache fabric) at Louis International, Boston. George G. Graham's cotton miner's scarf, about $16. At Steve, N.Y.C.... Right: Ultimate softness—Caumont's off-white antelope pullover. About $475. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y.C. Sunglasses, Colors In Optics, Ltd., about $25. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Robinson's, California. Aurea gold chain, about $150. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's.... The Splash: the modern scent of Baron. ...Top inset: All-around great shoe—grey suède hiking boot, crêpe soles. $75. Hunting World.... Bottom inset: Most at-ease shoe—Trussardi's classic leather sandal. About $75. Right Bank Shoe Company at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills.

heeling



style '78



MOOD: BEACH. FREE. NEW JACKETS
LIKE SWEATERS. YOU SHAPE THEM

comfort

Far left: Gianni Versace's single-breasted cotton terry jacket in olive drab—great '78 beach color. (Jackytex fabric). About $150. Barney's, N.Y.C. Left: The news of a fleece-y blazer—Cerruti's off-white double-breasted one in soft brushed cotton (Boussac fabric). About $235. Madonna, N.Y.C. Aurea gold chain, about $150. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Watch: Audemars Piguet, at Bulgari-Danaos Ltd..... The Splash: Kanϕn's warm, spice-y scent—terrific when you're outdoors.

well-bred clout

Brooks Brothers comes out on top

By Stephen Birmingham

You knew where to find him. In New York, he would be on Madison Avenue or on Wall Street; in Boston, on State Street; in San Francisco, on Montgomery; and in Washington, on Capitol Hill. He was earnest and honest, a straight arrow. His sexual orientation was conventional; his position, the missionary. He was the archetype WASP. He might have gone to Fordham or to R.P.I., but, oh, how he wished it had been Yale. He was your lawyer, your stockbroker, your doctor. He may have been a bit of a square, but at least you could *depend* on him to be a square. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote about him in the 'twenties and 'thirties, and John O'Hara carried him on through the 'forties and 'fifties and 'sixties. The cut of his clothes said it all. He was the Brooks Brothers Man.

Of course, you tended to feel a little sorry for him, a trifle condescending. One wondered. Perhaps, he was a victim of a Chinese foot-binding childhood and had been dragged into Brooks Brothers as a pre-adolescent (having been weaned from the Toddler Department at Best & Co.) by overpowering parents who had instructed him that Brooks would now outfit him until the day he died. Perhaps, he had been forced into his Brooks Brothers uniform in order to conform with some giant corporate image. Or perhaps, Brooks Brothers was his security blanket; and, beneath the self-confidence that the three-button, natural-shoulder suit was intended to convey, there lurked the frightened soul of a Caspar Milquetoast. It was even possible that he was a con man and had chosen Brooks Brothers as the cleverest of possible disguises (as readers of O'Hara novels know, the heavies can always be spotted by their padded shoulders and flared lapels). But the one thing you could never have accused the Brooks Brothers Man of being was the latest thing in fashion. In fact, unless he was blessed with a skinny *derrière*, the Brooks No. 1 Sack Suit tended to make him look a little hippy. Now, all at once, all that has changed. The newest look for men from Europe for the summer of 1978 is, of all things, Brooks Brothers.

European men, it used to be said, liked to "feel" the clothes they wore. In a jacket cut high at the armholes and nipped in at the waist, and in trousers cut high in the crotch and tight at the fanny, a man in a European-cut suit was very much aware that he was inside something. Sitting down was a delicate operation, and crossing the legs was not to be undertaken lightly. But now it seems that European men and European designers have discovered something Americans—and especially Brooks Brothers—have long respected: comfort. The gloved-body look is giving way to an eased, looser, freer style.

In Rome and Milan, designers are talking excitedly of "our new Brooks cut" and holding up versions of the familiar, rumple-able No. 1 Sack Suit that are, if anything, even more rumple-able than the original. In London, on Savile Row, from whence Brooks Brothers took its first cues 160 years ago, the talk is also Brooks Brothers, as though Brooks Brothers represented some sort of recent phenomenon. Even such iconoclastic designers as England's Zandra Rhodes, whose pricey "punk" fashions for women include tattered dresses held together with safety pins, tops off one of her curious outfits with a classic Brooks Shetland men's sweater—to tell us what? Perhaps that there is at least something to be said now for tradition.

"Setting trends by ignoring them": that's the Brooks way

News travels fast in the fashion world; and, back in New York, Calvin Klein—the most recent American designer to take the leap from women's fashion to men's wear—told *The New York Times* in January, apropos of his first men's collection, "I approached men's clothes with the same philosophy as the women's. They're for Americans who like simple, comfortable but stylish clothes—but with nothing over-scale or extreme." He might just as well be describing the philosophy of the oldest retail clothing establishment in America, which has always believed in clothes that were of soft construction and easy to wear.

Meanwhile, while European designers are behaving as though Brooks Brothers had just happened yesterday, the reaction in the executive offices at "Madison Ave., Cor. 44th St." (as Brooks's discreet ads have directed customers for generations) to the news that Brooks Brothers suddenly has become trendy is one of well-mannered amusement. Brooks Brothers, the most *nil admirari* of emporia, has always taken the attitude that Brooks clothing represents the only sensible, *responsible* way to dress.

In his very Brooks Brothers corner office—subdued wood paneling, carpeting, lighting, lithographs and sporting prints on the walls, deep leather sofas, a fireplace in one corner—Brooks Brothers's very Brooks Brothers president Frank T. Reilly says, "Our customers want to be comfortable. They're self-assured. They don't need clothing to project themselves. They feel no need to be clotheshorses. They give the impression that clothing is not the most important part of their life. They don't expect to be looked at for their clothing.

"We have been called the strongest single influence on men's wear in the United States, and we have been. We always have found acceptance by sticking to our last. In the end, good taste always triumphs. I believe it was Molière who said, *'Je veux être comme les gens de qualité.'*" Mr. Reilly produces a somewhat dog-eared copy of a 1930 Brooks catalogue and, flipping through the pages, points out that much of what the *gens de qualité* were offered in that long-ago year is still available on Brooks's racks and counters in 1978. Only the prices have changed; and yet, since Brooks does most of its own manufacturing—avoiding the cost of middlemen—Mr. Reilly feels that Brooks's customers still get good taste at very reasonable prices.

When things change at Brooks Brothers, the changes are so subtle as to be imperceptible to the untrained eye. The trouser bottoms, for example, have varied undramatically in width between seventeen and one-half inches and eighteen inches over the years, rarely by more than one-eighth of an inch at a time, have never been flared or angled, and are almost invariably cuffed. Ninety-eight percent of all suit coats and sports jackets sold have always had center vents. Several years ago, when lapels began shooting outward like wild wings and buttonholes began to disappear from them, Brooks's lapels remained steady at three and five-eighths inches and buttonholes stayed. Last year, lapels were ever-so-slightly wider, but no one noticed; and, this spring, they will shrink by one-eighth of an inch, which no one will notice either.

When neckties got wide, Brooks Brothers ties held at Brooks width, between three and one-half and four inches. When padded shoulders—a European influence—became the rage, Brooks Brothers ignored it all and went right on turning out natural-shoulder coats as it has been doing since before Lincoln was assassinated in a natural-shoulder frock coat with a Brooks Brothers label. In other words, by ignoring trends, Brooks Brothers has gone on setting them.

Some thirty years ago, the last member of the Brooks family quietly departed, and the company was taken over by the Garfinkel Miller and Rhoads retailing complex in Washington, DC, which also runs (though Brooks doesn't like to think about it much) a chain of stores called Catherine's Stout Shoppe for women. Though it would not be accurate to say that the Garfinkel people have no say at Brooks Brothers, Garfinkel's attitude toward Brooks, since Brooks is so profitable (current annual gross: $70 million), has been one of benevolent paternalism.

Under Garfinkel, a selected program of expansion began. To the two New York stores (Madison Avenue and Liberty Plaza) have been added a suburban store in Scarsdale and fifteen others in cities across the country. Not long ago, an undergraduate at the Harvard Business School was asked where he planned to locate after graduation, and he replied that it would be in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati,

(Continued on page 318)





At Barney's, New York.

British men's fashion: from pinstripes to punk

An insider's guide to the newest shapes, fabrics, colors, looks

By William Green

EDITOR'S NOTE: *William Green, writer on British Vogue, reports that the "old school tie" is still going strong—as a belt. More notes on what the well-dressed Englishman is wearing, from Erica Crome, editor, Men In [British] Vogue.*

It all used to be so easy. You were either an Englishman or an artist. If you were an Englishman, you wore a suit; and you expressed all the subtle idiosyncrasies of your personality with your choice of matching tie. The wider the stripe, the bolder you were. The really bold would choose a tie that didn't match the suit at all, but then, so did the vulgar, so that was always a little dangerous. If you were an artist, you wore the latest Paris fashion—a smock, a beret, and a fierce existential expression. So easy. The great distinction between men and women was that *men* didn't spend thirty minutes every morning, and an hour every evening, deciding what to wear next.

I have a suspicion that it was the importation and proliferation of jeans that changed all that. Jeans are a sort of half uniform; and, when they replaced the suit, they left a yawning space above the waist. Every individual had to choose how to fill that space. Everyone had suddenly to be an artist of the upper half, whether he had taste or not, whether he wanted to or not. It was all very well for the Americans. They had the T-shirt. But the English climate does not favor the T-shirt. The English climate, in fact, abhors the T-shirt. For a while, then, it was the great day of the jacket—velvet jackets, leather jackets, safari jackets, horribly loud jackets. And that was enough for the rot to set in.

Insidiously, the feeling crept in that, like every woman, every man had to dress differently from any other. In the first flush of freedom, many will shudder to remember, came flowery shirts, beads, jewelry, caftans, bare feet and sandals, and long scarves that kept catching in doors and breaking necks. Grown men would spend hours agonizing over original ways to knot their Day-Glo handkerchiefs, and all for a printed dinner invitation that read "Come as you are."

All that fuss has died down a little, but still a great confusion reigns. It takes an insider to pick his way through the sartorial Babel and to discover that you still can tell a gentleman by the cut of his clothes. The old distinctions persist. There remain the colonies of young men in pinstriped suits, still migrating every day to the City, with rolled-up umbrella and rolled-up newspaper. But, like blue overalls, this uniform is only for work, for the office. The same young men will be observed, later in the evening, wearing old corduroys, antique waistcoats, and their grandfathers' tweed jackets, preferably heavily darned. If they are wearing their Old School Ties, the ties will either be belted around their waists or else plaited into their girl friends' hair. Above all, they will look *comfortable*.

Here is the New Age of the safety pin, not just for the street punks but also for the drawing-room dandies. Nothing gives the parvenu, the impostor away quicker than the uncomfortable neatness of a slick, new ill-fitting suit. If good clothes are the ones that last, then, it seems, you must prove it by wearing the ones that have lasted. Nothing is smarter than to wear the old jersey that Granny knitted for your father when he went away to war; and, if it's got a couple of holes in it, well, then so much the better. It has seen life.

WHAT TO WATCH FOR NOW

The newest shape for suits and sports clothes: The inverted triangle—wider shoulders, looser bodies, more tapered trousers (often with small pleats).

Top fabrics: Featherweight wools, worsteds, mock-linens, smooth tweeds, needle-cord, knit-weave effects, hopsack and basket-weave looks.

Predominant colors: Pale naturals—stone, ecru, string, greige with blue accents; light navy, grey.

Sportswear details: String ties; calico and webbing trim.

The latest sweaters: Oversized cardigans and pullovers in classic shapes, mesh or openwork textures.

Reshaped T-shirts: Big shoulders, dropped sleeves, V-necklines; worn over narrow or straight-cut creaseless trousers.

Sport shirts: Pull-ons with shirtband neck, pleated back, roll-up sleeves, practical pockets, rounded tails or drawstring ties at the hip.

Shoes: Ankle-high pull-ons with elasticized side inserts, plain fronts, almond-shape or even narrower toes, welted leather soles. In every shade of brown.

Hair: Short—in Ivy League and English public-school tradition, side-parted, with a clean-cut look. ▽



Paris tip sheet: skin care for men

How the French male plays the skin game—cares for and pampers his looks

By Christiane Hélouise

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From Christiane Hélouise, editor-in-chief of French Vogue's Special Beauty Supplement, the newest Paris places to go, treatments to use, grooming secrets of famous Frenchmen.*

Eighty percent of men's cosmetics in France are bought for men by women. A "man" does not enter a perfumery. If his wife is away on a trip, he prefers to go shopping for his toiletries at a drugstore. But there, he won't find all the traditional products, such as Aramis, Guerlain, Revlon, Chanel, Christian Dior.

Now, for the first time, a man has another alternative. A perfumery that's exclusively for men has opened in Neuilly, one of the most elegant neighborhoods in Paris. At "Carl," a man can enter the store ostensibly to shop for a tie, bathrobe, silk or flowered-cotton boxer shorts, or a Davidoff cigar trimmer—but end up buying an exfoliating mask for his oily skin or a skin cleansing gel.

• • •

Mr. Loic Delteil, international marketing director of perfumes and beauty products for Yves Saint Laurent, says that "men will one day use makeup after grooming themselves. Improving his complexion becomes a necessity for every man who wants to be a success." Saint Laurent was the first firm to market a skin-care cream for men (very successfully, too, with 10,000 sold the first year) and will soon launch a pink masque to cleanse, soften, and prepare the skin to absorb the cream.

• • •

Rosy Carita, who, with her sister Maria, reigns over the most prosperous hairdressing and beauty salon in Paris, believes that the majority of Frenchmen want to remain young-looking. But, she explains, those who come to the Beauty Center at the salon prefer to go through the back door. "Once installed in a reclining chair, they are in our hands—ready for eyelash dyeing, anti-wrinkle treatments, moisturizing gels, and treatments to remove hair from their nostrils, eyebrows, even from their backs and shoulders—but never from their chests." Mme. Dulac, director of the Beauty Center, says, "They want to keep all the chest hair they've got, to look as virile as possible."

Among the Center's best customers: Akram Ojjeh, new owner of the S.S. *France,* singer Claude François. He comes in for skin treatment, makeup, eyelash dyeing.

• • •

Pierre Auge is promoting a complete line of six skin-care treatments for men, including wrinkle-prevention cream, a soothing masque, and a cream to reduce the flushed cheeks of the bon vivant.

• • •

If, in the United States, 70 percent of men use an eau de toilette, half of the male population in France wants to smell nothing but "male." To seduce them into trying a new scent, cosmetic firms baptize their products with such virile labels as "Trial," "Majong," "Bacchus," or they decorate the container's cap with a fake smoking pipe—Schiaparelli's "Snuff." To launch his first eau de toilette for men, couturier André Courrèges financed racing-car drivers competing in the Grand Prix of Monaco.

• • •

Legendary chef Paul Bocuse, who reigns over the saucepans of his three-star restaurant near Lyons, thinks that the perfume of a guest, be it man or woman, adulterates the fragrance of a well-prepared dish. He also warns the ladies against a too fruity lipstick, and orders his waiters to look well-groomed—recommending the dregs of Beaujolais wine to condition hair.

• • •

President of the Republic, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, has a problem with thinning hair. The cartoonists always portray him with about three hairs on top of his head. His hairdresser, Guillaume Sénéchal, recently cut the curls at the nape of Giscard d'Estaing's neck and shortened his sideburns. Sénéchal also clips such other well-known heads as those belonging to David de Rothschild, actor François Périer, tennis player François Jauffret.

• • •

Singer Charles Aznavour enjoys muscle-relaxing facials with hot towels after his recitals at Olympia, the Parisian music hall, where he appears nightly. He's also partial to eau de toilette Balmain, keeps his face tan in winter with Max Factor's "Pan Cake," uses Pantene for his hair.

Actor Yves Montand enjoys the old-fashioned way of shaving: with a shaving brush and soap. He mixes the lather in a copper bowl.

Neither of these men, unlike the majority of Frenchmen, considers it a waste of time to keep himself well-groomed. ▽

(News: French men's clothes, next page)



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French men's fashion: what to watch for

Shapes, fabrics, colors . . . little details that count . . . designers who make the news

By Gerald Asaria

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Paris, always a mecca for women's fashions, is now solidly on the map with exciting designs for men, too. Gerald Asaria, editor-in-chief of Vogue Hommes, summarizes the latest news in French menswear, for Vogue Men.*

New collections from top-name designers: Courrèges, Givenchy, Ungaro, Ricci, joining Saint Laurent, Cardin, Lanvin, Cerruti, Lapidus in making a special effort for men. Kenzo, Renoma, Castelbajac, Georges Rech, known for their relaxed, sporty ready-to-wear for women, are now coming out with young, sporty ready-to-wear for men.
The unconstructed jacket: Natural shoulders, looser waist, narrower lapels—no stiffness whatsoever. The "in" way to wear it: collar up (it's cut with the same fabric on both sides), sleeves rolled up, a punk pin with a printed saying—"make love, not war," on the breast pocket, replacing a handkerchief. Lots of shirt jackets for casual wear.
Comfortable trousers: Wide, pleated at the waist, looser to the knee, slightly narrowed (26cm) at the ankle, and cuffed. In sportswear: trousers are much narrower below the knee (fit sleekly into desert boots); Bermuda shorts are back.
Colors: Earth tones such as beige, ochre, lime; and glen plaid.
Fabrics: Natural fibers—wool, cotton, corduroy, silk, and, most popular of all, linen. You can wear it, wrinkles and all, if you know how to carry it off.
Shirts: Looser, with small round collars. Classic Brooks Brothers "button-downs" are back bigger than ever. Popular for sportswear: *blousons,* very wide, unfitted shirts.
Farewell to the hard-edged attaché case; new pet: the pliable, slipped-under-the-arm briefcase.
Ties: Narrow, narrower, narrowest.

"HANDSOME MAN"

(Continued from page 291)

conspicuous incumbent, one could hardly wrinkle up one's nose as if the question evoked the vision of an evening with Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee. The American with taste has to guard against a lack of gallantry, so that the first order of business becomes the assertion of an emancipating perspective which leads Queen Elizabeth II gently out of the room before she is embarrassed. This was accomplished by saying, just a little sleepily, as Blackford Oakes would have done, "Which queen?"—and then quickly, before the interrogator could lug his monarch back into the smoker—"Judging from historical experience, I would need to consult my lawyer before risking an affair with just *any* British queen." The American male must be tactful, and tact consists mostly in changing the subject without its appearing that you have done so as a rebuke.

Blackford Oakes appears at age twenty-three, so I stuck him in Yale, which gave me the advantage of being able to write about a familiar few acres and, I suppose, Blackford Oakes emerged with a few characteristics associated in the literature, with Yale men. Like what? Principally, I think, self-confidence; a certain worldliness that is neither bookish nor in any sense of the word anti-intellectual. Blackford Oakes is an engineer by training, and his non-royal girl friend is studying for her Ph.D. and doing her doctorate on Jane Austen. *She* is not expected to show any curiosity about how to build bridges. The American look wears offhandedly its special proficiencies: If one is a lawyer, one does not go about sounding like Oliver Wendell Holmes, any more than Charles Lindbergh went about sounding like Charles Lindbergh. But Blackford quite rightly shows a certain curiosity about Jane Austen, and probably has read (actually, reread: one never *reads* Jane Austen, one *rereads* her) *Pride and Prejudice.*

Blackford Oakes is physically handsome. Here, I took something of a chance. I decided not only to make him routinely good-looking but to make him startlingly so. I don't mean startling in the sense that, let us say, Elizabeth Taylor is startlingly beautiful. It is hard to imagine a male counterpart for pulchritude. An extremely handsome man is not the *equivalent* of an extremely beautiful woman, he is the *complement;* and that is very important to bear in mind in probing the American look which is not, for example, the same as the Italian look. So that when I decided that Blackford Oakes should be startlingly handsome, it was required that he be that in a distinctively American way, and what does that mean? Well, it doesn't mean you look like Mickey Rooney, obviously. But it doesn't mean you look like Tyrone Power, either.

I think the startlingly handsome American male is made so not by the regularity of his features, however necessary that regularity may be, but by the special quality of his expression. It has to be for this reason that, flipping past the male models exhibited in the advertising sections of *The New York Times* or *Esquire,* one never finds oneself pausing to think: that man is startlingly handsome. But such an impression is taken away, from time to time, from a personal



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For men, "Made in Italy" means inspired by America

Great colors, fabrics, ease—sportswear has it all, and everyone wants it

By Flavio Lucchini

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This report on Italian men's fashion—and the sportswear takeover—comes from Flavio Lucchini, editor-in-chief of Vogue Uomo, most-admired international men's fashion magazine.*

In Italy today, the social climate, economics, and politics have an enormous influence on fashion; and the sportswear market has never been stronger. Young men are rejecting the "traditional classic" suit, representing, as it does, a static choice that youth identifies with the generation holding the levers of power—the Establishment which they oppose and try to supersede, often by violent means.

For them, sportswear is the solution: its greater simplicity involves lower costs, eliminates the rigidity of the classic suit, is extremely comfortable, and looks good even when worn for hours. And it represents a way of dressing that tends to banish social differences. But this style of dressing isn't confined to students, or to leisure time: it is beginning to cross the thresholds of the work world as well. Both functional and "fashionable" sportswear are doing well, based as they are on practical materials with rustic good looks, "ecological" colors, and reasonable prices.

But to understand the reasons for the great success of "Made in Italy" sportswear, you have to recognize the enormous importance of American menswear, from pioneer days right up to today. Everything that has influenced and continues to influence European and Italian sportswear comes from the United States. Our young people and our designers do nothing but import, modify, choose, and draw inspiration from "basic" American clothes. They introduce these clothes into the context of European fashion, reinterpret them, and then relaunch them on the international market.

Yet, even in the American market, I wonder whether Americans fully realize how important and valuable their original way of dressing—basic, simple, and democratic—has been and continues to be, throughout the world and even in a political sense.

As for the classic, "traditional" suit, Italian-style, that, too, has been transformed in a couple of different ways: either it has become more youthful, lively, casual, and less expensive or it has become even more exclusive, "precious," super-refined, made of rare and very expensive materials.

But even the "young classic" suit may, at times, become very expensive—attaining a level of refinement and creativity that sets it apart as the property of an initiated elite. Giorgio Armani's suits are most representative of "young classics," and are the prototypes for this whole *genre*.

Armani's jackets are unconstructed, loose-fitting, with narrowed lapels, and without padding or lining. Often they are worn like shirts, with sleeves pushed and rolled up, with country-type shirts, vests, or nothing at all underneath. Trousers fit closely around the waist but are eased and comfortable at the hips and along the legs, narrowing slightly along the bottoms. Often, they are without creases, like slacks. Soft fabrics emphasize the careless appearance of these suits which, even when new, pretend to look worn.

All this is because the lover of the "classic" style who wants to be fashionable cannot ignore certain factors that are part of everyday life. These are a rediscovered interest in European tradition, including folk culture and the importance of ecology, which make the choice of natural, handmade fabrics, used today in the same way as in the past, a vital part of this whole look. ▽

encounter, or even from a candid photo. And the American look, in the startlingly handsome man, requires: Animation, tempered by a certain shyness, a reserve.

I thought of Billy Budd. I have long since forgotten how Melville actually described him, but he communicated that Budd was startlingly handsome. Looks aside. Budd's distinctiveness was not that of Blackford Oakes. Billy Budd is practically an eponym for innocence, purity. Oakes, though far removed from jadedness, is worldly.

Billy Budd, alas, is humorless. Correction: not *alas*. "Do not go about as a demagogue, encouraging triangles to break out of the prison of their three sides," G. K. Chesterton warned us, because if you succeed, ". . . its life comes to a lamentable end." Give Billy Budd a sense of humor and he shatters in front of you into thousands of little pieces. Blackford Oakes doesn't go about like Wilfred Sheed's protagonist in *Transatlantic Blues* or John Gregory Dunne's in *True Confessions* being hilariously mordant. The American look here is a leavened sarcasm.

Escalate sarcasm and you break through the clouds into the ice-cold of nihilism, and that is my last word on the American look. The American must—*believe*. However discreetly. Blackford Oakes believes. He tends to divulge his beliefs in a kind of slouchy, oblique way. But, at the margin, he is, well—an American with American predilections and he knows, as with the clothes he wears so casually, that he is snug as such; that, like his easygoing sweater and trousers, they . . . fit him. As do the ideals, and even most of the practices, of his country. ▽



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BROOKS BROTHERS

(Continued from page 312)

Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, or Washington. Asked why he had picked this particular list of cities, he explained, "Those are the cities that have Brooks Brothers branches."

Into every city where Brooks has branched, Brooks has come determinedly as *Brooks*—thoroughly Northeastern, with no pandering, thank you, to what might be considered regional tastes. If a Texan wants a ten-gallon hat, he will not find it under the sign of the Golden Fleece. In fact, Brooks Brothers is so scornful of regional tastes that, in the eighth-floor boardroom in New York, the directors will not even concede that there are such things, though it has been noted that brown suits are more popular in the Southwest than in the East. No one really knows why or cares.

"Thoroughly Northeastern, with no pandering to any other 'regional' taste"

One of the most conservative cities turns out, surprisingly, to be Los Angeles, where Brooks has a store in the downtown business section. Brooks has also been told that it would do well in Beverly Hills; though, if it opened a store there, it would not be placed on Rodeo Drive, cheek by jowl with some foreign stores it considers to be just too flashy.

When Brooks Brothers opens in a new city, the occasion is often one of great local celebration and self-congratulation. In Seattle, for example, the advent of Brooks Brothers was treated as though, at last, Seattle had gone on the map as a place of national importance. A Seattle newspaper editorialized at the time, "If Brooks Brothers comes, can Tiffany be far behind?"

For all the store's air of traditionalism, conservatism—even a certain fuddy-duddiness—it would be wrong to suppose that Brooks Brothers is never innovative. Brooks has, over the years, introduced American men to a number of important fashions. It brought Bermuda-length shorts to America, for example, and shirts, jackets, and trousers of bleeding Madras. Brooks *thinks* that it was first in this country with the seersucker suit, which had been a staple of the British Raj in India and South Africa. There were also the Brooks polo coat and the famous pink shirt. (There had been pink shirts before, but the Brooks was a *pinker* pink.) The pink shirt became so popular with women—who were buying it in the Boys' Department—that Brooks, with a certain amount of reluctance, finally gave women a corner in the store and began to cut for the female figure.

Most enduring, perhaps, have been the classic Brooks Shetland sweater—an idea imported from Scotland—and the shirt with a button-down collar, which a Brooks scout had first noticed being worn by polo players in Great Britain (the buttons kept their collar tabs from flapping in their faces as they tore about the field). The button-down collar, eschewed by fashion leaders for a few years, is now back in full force with the "new" Brooks look from Europe. Ralph Lauren, a Brooks Brothers alumnus, evidently felt that the famous billow of the Brooks button-down was a bit excessive, and his new line of button-downs shows a touch more restraint.

When Brooks Brothers announced, two years ago, that it was discontinuing its bespoke tailoring department, there was dismay among some of the better-heeled members of the sartorial establishment. It seemed as though Brooks Brothers was finally selling out to mass production and ready-to-wear. Not so at all, insists Brooks Brothers. For years, custom tailoring had amounted to only a tiny fraction of Brooks's business and had never really been a profitable part of the operation. American men, Brooks realized, no longer wanted to spend $600 to $700 on a custom-made suit built to last for fifteen years. Instead, today's man preferred to have a number of ready-to-wear suits that they could buy quickly off the rack and replace every year or so with new ones. This same throwaway impulse—the Goodwill syndrome if you will—is now being catered to by the European designers of the Brooks look.

Brooks Brothers, typically imperturbable, is not the least concerned about the fact that Brooks is now being imitated by European designers and will not even go so far as to call the imitators imitators. "Let's just say that they are focusing on the same market as we do," says President Reilly, politely. Mr. Reilly, on the other hand, is pleased to note a certain increase in European customers and European charge accounts—indicating that some European men, not satisfied with imitations, are coming to America to shop for the real thing.

Brooks feels the same way—kindly, tolerant, forgiving—toward American competitors, parvenus really, compared with Brooks, who, for a number of years, have taken the Brooks fashion route. After all, it all started at Brooks.

Brooks Brothers *was* a little worried—oh, just the tiniest bit worried—when, in the 1960's, American youth adopted the funky, tattered, sloppy-Joe patched-blue-jeans look. "We knew we were losing our young people during the 'sixties," says Frank Reilly, "and we wondered what would happen to that generation of young men when they entered the business community. Well, we found out what would happen. They came back to Brooks Brothers for their first working clothes, and they stayed back. In the end, our customers always come back. Yes, it's true that we cater to the Establishment—the business and professional leaders. But it's an Establishment that's *proud* to be an Establishment. If European designers are just discovering that an Establishment can be proud of what it is—well, that's an important discovery for those fellows. We wish them well."

Spoken, you might say, like one of the *gens de qualité*. ▽

GOOD HAIR

(Continued from page 305)
there are several mid- and uptown places in New York City where you can feel perfectly comfortable and have a bit more finish to the look. The St. Regis Barbershop, where the last staghorn in town is on view, cuts many a distinctive head. Paul Molé, on Lexington Avenue, has been barbering East Side types for years. And at the Broadway Barbershop, 2713 Broadway, according to Nick Webster, managing director of the New York Philharmonic—"There is no wait and I get a perfectly fine haircut and moustache trim for $4.00."

"Grey hair is in again"

How about the conservative environs of Wall Street? Ask any broker where he has his hair cut and—unlike his uptown counterpart—he may be very secretive. He'll mumble something about "that place on Gold and William Street next to the jeweler," or it's "someplace around the corner." Much of this evasiveness comes from men who use the services of a private, in-office barber. Several of the big investment firms have visiting or resident barbers who cut the partners' hair right by their telephones, in the seclusion of their offices. (Further south along the Eastern seaboard, it might be noted, there is a more open attitude. Jimmy Carter has his hair cut every two-and-a-half to three weeks, and will readily tell you his barber's name: Ismael Rodrigues-Morales, a man who has "a little barbershop in Washington, DC."

Back on Wall Street, if you want your hair cut in your office, The Reapers, 70 Pine St., will dispatch chief cutter David Toumekian. When he's not making office calls, Mr. Toumekian presides over The Reapers—the first on Wall Street to promote "freer" hair. Clients are both men and women, and the salon is down one flight because "conservative people would be uncomfortable on the ground floor with people looking in the window." A mobile phone makes it possible for customers to be plugged into what's happening at all times.

In between downtown and midtown lies the Antenna Salon, 333 Park Avenue South, where freedom in diversity reigns. Brokers mingle with artists and actors. Frank Langella and Frank Stella come here for cuts—as do various brokers. Jason, the head man to see at this easygoing place, was formerly at Vidal Sassoon. He reports that, "Grey hair is being appreciated again." This may mean that being over thirty is okay these days, or simply be another manifestation of the natural look's new acceptance. Jason says hair is now short or medium length.

Haircoloring does not seem to be a burning issue. However, Rose Reti, the well-known colorist, says that she does a good deal of "very natural looking color" for men—she often treats many a well-known grey beard with a special technique of zig-zagging color so that the new grey or white growth integrates with the added color.

At Jerry's Barbershop, Mr. Anthony, the resident colorist, will accommodate a client with either permanent color or a temporary color rinse, often leaving the hair at the temples a natural grey. If the whole head of hair is colored, Mr. Anthony advises touching up the temples at least every two weeks. And Mr. Anthony reports a good deal of work on beards, moustaches, and eyebrows, too. Frosting and tipping the hair to a lighter shade are also done here.

ALEXANDRA PENNEY

GOOD FRAGRANCE

(Continued from page 305)
tonka bean and the musk. It is rich, sensual, male.

What is happening more and more these days is that fragrances are being designed with a certain kind of man or a certain kind of life in mind. In creating Devin, Estée Lauder saw this as a fragrance for the man who lives in the country most of the time or, at least, spends his weekends there. That is why most of the ingredients in Devin are country scents taken from sweet grasses, mosses, fresh greens, and woods. The idea makes perfect sense: a cologne that a man can enjoy on days when he's out sailing, playing tennis, riding, or just cutting across the fields on an afternoon walk.

Devin is, for men, the counterpart of what Estée Lauder was doing when she created Aliage for women who like the outdoor life and weekends away from the city. The two fragrances—the one very masculine, the other very feminine—have been created with the same point of view. And they go perfectly together.

This leads us to the next point—a key one. The more fragrance becomes a two-way form of communication, the more important it is for two fragrances to be able to live together as harmoniously as their wearers do. That's why, if a man likes a fragrance from one designer or one particular company, it isn't a bad plan to choose a fragrance for her from there, too. It is worth a try, certainly!

Take two very young gutsy scents like Revlon's Chaz and Charlie—you sense the same freshness, the same very young modern way of thinking about fragrance. Or take another doubles match: Paco and Calandre. The pair really couldn't come from anyone but Paco Rabanne . . . nor could they be better together. They are a great couple!

If a man opts for a fragrance from an American designer—Geoffrey Beene's Grey Flannel, let's say—then Red comes to mind immediately. The mood is the same. The relationship is bound to be a good one. If he picks Ralph Lauren's new Polo, not only does the fragrance blend wonderfully with Lauren, Ralph Lauren's new perfume for women, but the bottles themselves get that same message across—they, too, are a well-matched couple. With Halston, the pattern changes slightly—here, the man gets twice the amount of attention: he has Halston Z-14 *and* Halston 1-12 to choose from; a woman has simply Halston (not that she is the least bit badly off!). More, however, should still be less, in Halston's mind: "I just sprinkle a very little in my hand and then rub my hands together. No more than that. If it's too noticeable to anyone who's in the elevator with you, then it's too much. It loses its personal allure." ▽



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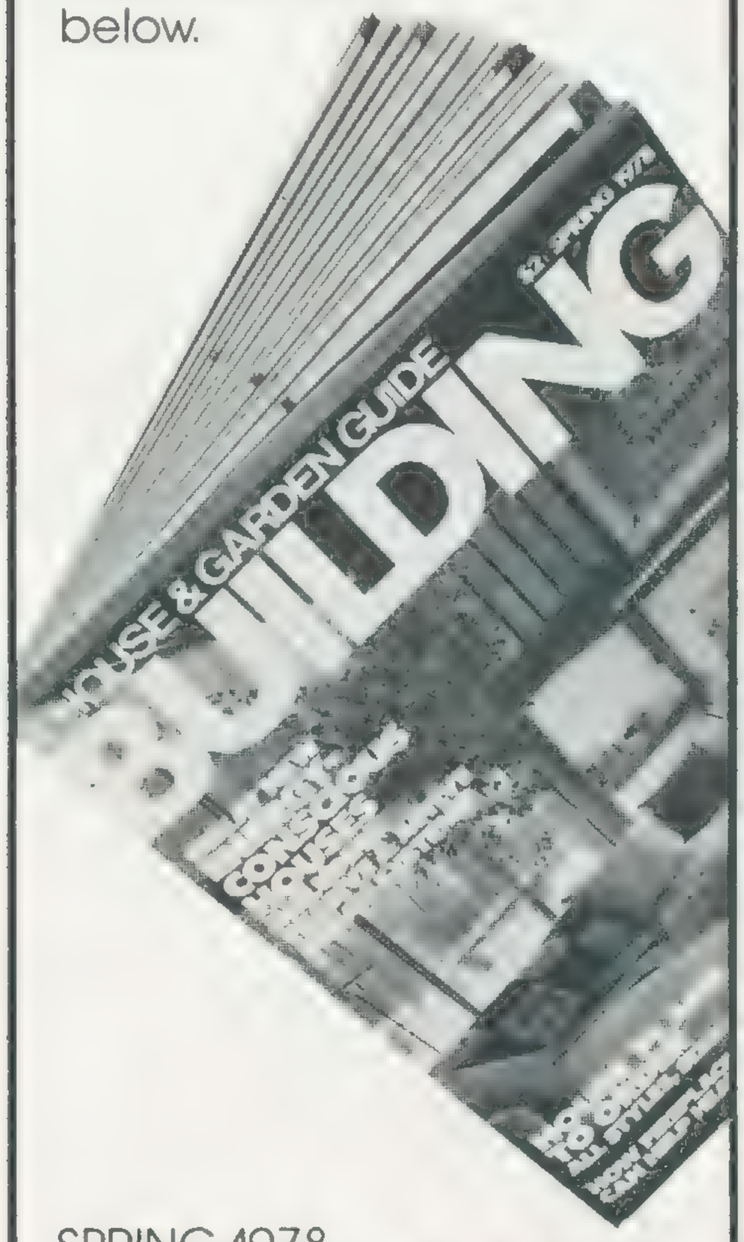
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SUN SAFETY GUIDE

(Continued from page 220)

- If you plan to spend a long day in the sun, use a maximal or ultra sunscreen—even if you already have a good tan.
- The four hours in the middle of the day call for special caution—and a higher SPF.
- The closer you are to the equator, the more intense the UV radiation. Isaac Willis. M.D., of Emory University School of Medicine, a leading authority on sun and skin, gives an example: "If you take twenty minutes in Philadelphia to redden, an SPF of 6 will protect you for two hours. But in Miami, where you will redden in twelve to fifteen minutes, you need an SPF of 8 or 10 for two hours' safety."
- Consider a higher SPF, too, if it's hot and humid. Frederick Urbach, M.D., head of dermatology at Temple University School of Medicine and director of the Center for Photobiology, explains why: "The same radiation harms more on a hot day because sunburn is a chemical reaction which is speeded up by heat. And damp skin—like a wet T-shirt that you can see through—admits more UV rays."
- The higher you are above sea level, the worse the UV radiation is because there is less atmospheric filtering action.
- If you're on the Pill, you may need special protection against facial blotching.

The SPF ratings aren't yet mandatory, but some companies are already grading their products. For instance, Coppertone—with the new Super Shade 15 and other preparations with SPF's of 2, 4, and 6. Westwood Pharmaceuticals have PreSun in the maximal category and also offer a series of Piz Buin products with SPF's in the three lower groups.

There are two basic kinds of anti-UV products, as explained by Edward Marlowe, Ph.D., vice president, research and development at Coppertone: "One has *chemical* protectors like PABA—para-aminobenzoic acid—and/or the benzophenones, which absorb UV rays. For strongest screening, more than one protective ingredient is usually required. Then there are the *physical* protectors that scatter the rays—opaque substances like zinc oxide or titanium dioxide. These give the most complete shielding. But they're unattractive and wash away easily."

The main reason for combining several protective chemicals in a sunscreen: to cover the fullest range of UV radiation. PABA, for instance, is very good against the longer ultraviolet rays (the UVB's), whereas the benzophenones can be called on to deal with some of the longer rays (the UVA's). UVB's, known as the burning rays, are considered the main culprits in skin aging and cancer. Scientists used to think that UVA rays, which share tanning activity with UVB's, didn't burn and were protective. However, Dr. Willis reports that they actually increase the burning effect of UVB's and also set off drug reactions. Nothing to welcome into your skin.

To get the most out of a sunscreen, timing is important. And, adds Dr. Jerome Levy, dermatology director of Westwood Pharmaceuticals, if you are using a sunblock like PreSun, which is absorbed by the skin, you should then wait about twenty minutes before putting on your moisturizer. Reapply sunscreen after swimming or exercise that's made you perspire—and, in any case, every few hours. Vulnerable areas like lips, nose, shoulders need special attention. Extra help: Westwood's PreSun Sunscreen Lip Protector; Coppertone's Noskote. Don't forget right under your shin—that spot can be burnt if you're on a sandy beach, which acts as a giant reflector of radiation.

Another bit of advice, from Dr. Urbach: Wear makeup outdoors and be sure to extend coverage down over your neckline. Some cosmetics, even some eye shadows, now have added sun protection.

Sunglasses to go with your sunscreen

Today's sunglasses do all sorts of remarkable and protective things. Some examples: *Photochromic lenses* admit adequate light in the shade, darken as your surroundings brighten. Consider: Corning's Sunsensors and the new Sunsensor XDF (extra dark and fast); Bausch & Lomb Ray-Ban Amber-Matics—which change color *and* shade intensity; Schott Optical's Variomatics.

Gradient-density lenses admit different amounts of light in different parts of the lens to give the best screening where it is needed. Sunglasses may be darkest on top to reduce glare from above. From Corning: a Sunsensor offering both gradient density and photochromic performance.

Polarized lenses work without color by screening horizontal rays to cut glare and are usually good for driving. Color may be added to further block light. Polaroid also offers gradient-density polarized lenses—here, color improves screening on top.

Note: If you need prescription glasses, think of getting contacts like Bausch & Lomb Soflens. Then you can combine a single vision corrector with as many kinds of sunglasses as you like. ▽

ITALIAN DESIGN

(Continued from page 248)

sensitivity to color and form, as well as their imaginative utilization of the possibilities offered by the new hard and soft synthetic materials and advanced molding techniques. And the relationship between quality and quantity in Italy is very different from that of other industrialized countries for a variety of reasons, which creates a climate favorable to experimentation with new forms. This, coupled with a high level of craft, creates quality. For a variety of reasons, real mass production in quantities we are used to in America is an exception rather than the rule in Italy.

Also, the talent pool for designers is very large in Italy—again because of curious historic circumstances. Where else can you find schools of architecture like Florence's with five thousand students? In Rome, there must be seven or eight thousand architectural students; in all of Italy perhaps fifty thousand students of architecture in a country that can employ only 5 percent of them. So you are going to have the best educated shoe salesmen in Europe as well as a lot of energy going into interior design instead of architecture.

Rose: Why do you have such a situation?

Ambasz: You have such a situation because a great part of Italy is frozen. It is archaeological territory and you can't touch it. And new construction, if and when it ever happens, is mainly speculative building, not

architecture, because there is no comprehensive housing plan. This frustrating situation, however, has created a high level of critical consciousness, not only on the part of designers and critics who come out of the architectural community but also on the part of the individual and communal users.

In Italy, the users are questioning more than the good or bad taste of an object; they are questioning its sociocultural meanings and implications. This critical attitude is a good part of what makes Italian design so advanced. Many Italian designers are involved with the meaning as well as the use of the object.

Rose: Then you are suggesting that utilitarian objects are really the expression of a culture's attitude toward itself?

Ambasz: Exactly. They are fetishes, magic utensils with which we act out our fears and our desires and some of our biological needs.

Rose: Many people have said the International style chair of the steel and leather variety is uncomfortable. What does such discomfort symbolize, the triumph of esthetics over human needs?

Ambasz: The chairs provided resting places, more or less uncomfortable, but, let us assume, tolerable for the first two hours. Their designers were mainly architects involved primarily with enacting an esthetic credo which, although preserved as functionally motivated, responded really to a stylistic pursuit. Seen yet in other terms, an object like Marcel Breuer's Wassily chair can be seen as socially deterministic; it determines the mode of social relationship. It is a cubic chair, you can place it only vis-à-vis another chair—either facing it or beside it, or you feel something is askew. This limits the possibilities for social interaction considerably.

Now on the other hand, with the Beanbag chair, designed in Italy thirty or forty years after the Wassily chair, you have the opposite situation. The Beanbag chair has many possibilities, and it forces the individual to make a statement. First of all—you must decide in what position you want to sit. The Beanbag doesn't provide you with a given posture; you have to decide what posture you wish to assume.

Like the Wassily chair, the Beanbag chair influences the mode of sociability. For it is as difficult, you will find, to be stiff and formal in a floppy Beanbag as it is to be relaxed and informal in a Wassily chair. The Beanbag gives you another problem: how close do you sit to another person? A Beanbag in relation to another Beanbag can be very very close—even on top!

Rose: I never thought of the Beanbag as a radical statement, but you seem to feel it had a social intention. Is there a growing consciousness of social goals on the part of designers?

Ambasz: Of course, designers are concerned with the social function of objects and aware that the artifacts we use express the way our culture sees itself and deals with reality. Today, some designers, especially in Italy, where the critical level is very high, feel they must perform a useful social function. When I organized the Italian design show at MOMA, I asked Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper to design something that might be useful in a crisis, such as housing the refugees in Bangladesh.

I said, "Look at those people, taking refuge in cement tubes. Don't we have enough refuse in our culture to make housing for them, for instance, from the containers used in shipping?" And that's what Zanuso and Sapper did. They took an aluminum freight container and turned it into a house that could be used in case of natural or artificial disasters. Two capsules come out—one containing the kitchen and one the bedroom. This type of immediately portable house could be sent to an area where there are floods or earthquakes. I persuaded Fiat to produce the model, hoping they could be mass-produced very cheaply. In typically Italian fashion, they developed the prototype, but did not mass-produce it.

Rose: Do the major corporations control design in Italy in the way that they do in the United States?

Ambasz: Certainly not in Italy, because in Italy most of the industry is government owned. One of the few big corporations that is not government owned is Fiat. It's also one of the few that doesn't lose money. What is remarkable in Italy is that, despite the lack of large sums of investment capital, you have many, many small and medium-sized industries willing to take risks in developing new products. Typically Italian is the factory with forty, sixty, up to one hundred workers. Nowhere else could you find as many entrepreneurs willing to take a chance on a new, untested product as in Italy today.

Rose: Why are so many new products designed in Italy?

Ambasz: For two reasons: you have a small but extraordinarily sophisticated public with relatively large incomes able to subsidize experimentation. More important even, you have a relatively low cost of developing your products and very gifted workers and engineers. Given this situation, you can make six thousand units of a chair and break even.

Here in America, there is absolutely no chance of breaking even with such a small quantity, not because of the high cost of labor, which is actually *cheaper* in America, but because of the higher cost of prototype development and of all the craft stages of creating the molds and tools to manufacture the object.

Rose: In other words, in Italy, there are not only more adventurous entrepreneurs but also the craftsmen and artisans capable of making models and molds?

Ambasz: The craft tradition survives in Italy because of the apprenticeship system which really goes back to the medieval guilds, in which special skills were handed down from master to apprentice. For example, in Bologna, in the school where the kids are taught crafts, mothers will stand in line forty-eight hours, changing places with relatives to register their sons because there are only 246 openings.

The Italians have learned one deep secret: you cannot have an electronic society without craftsmen. If I were to start a new republic and have it up-to-date, the first thing I would do would be to kidnap all of Italy's craftsmen. You cannot have a contemporary environment any other way.

Rose: It was my impression craftsmanship

(Continued on page 322)

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ITALIAN DESIGN

Continued from page 321)

was dying in Italy as it is elsewhere. Isn't that true?

Ambasz: No. What did happen is that between 1955 and 1975 a whole generation was not interested in the crafts, and you will find a whole generation missing in the future. But now, Italians are realizing that with the present industrial production system the only real area of freedom left is that of the creative craftsman.

Let me give you an example: There is a man in Bologna who used to make molds for aluminum die-casting. He saw that those who commissioned his molds for production became rich, so he decided to become a producer instead of a mold maker. He bought a machine to do the casting, and hired a lot of people, but he really couldn't deal with being a businessman. So, he went to Germany, bought himself the most advanced equipment, and now sits alone in his huge factory with two automatic die-casting machines, assisted by robot hands, which pick up each piece and show it to him. He approves each piece, lets it drop, and it goes into a machine that cuts the burr around the piece, polishes it, and packages it; and he is back to being a craftsman.

Rose: But is there really any practical alternative to the assembly line?

Ambasz: The assembly line is dehumanizing whether it is in Russia or in the United States. In Scandinavia, they have experimented with teamwork; but absenteeism is still very high. What I like about Italy is that there are still small shops. The shop, as opposed to the large dehumanizing factory, is small in scale, like the neighborhood. You work with six to eight to ten people, and you have a feeling that your destinies are bound with those of others.

In Italy, because of the extreme restrictions of the unions, it is very difficult to have a large factory. By accident, the Italians have found the solution to a major problem; and, now, they are trying to break up the large factories into small working units because this has labor and tax advantages. The small unit gives the individual the sense that he can creatively intervene.

Rose: So, in a sense, Italy has turned a liability into an asset?

Ambasz: Let me tell you another parable, a story about an architect who could not find work, nor could he move from the city or even the neighborhood. He couldn't build a house because he didn't want to engage in speculation with substandard housing. What could he do with his training? He began drawing on the back of an old envelope a design for a marvelous chair. He went to a manufacturer with the envelope; the clever manufacturer realized that there was a public, even if it was limited, for fine-quality design.

The public was now interested in buying modern design because, after World War II, modern design for Italy came to symbolize the entrance of a basically agricultural country into the modern world, and sophisticated Italians were very anxious to show that they were modern people.

To continue with the parable: The manufacturer takes the drawing on the little envelope, calls his carpenter or model maker in his shop, and they make a prototype that looks like the real thing. The manufacturer has a brilliant idea—he calls the photographer Aldo Ballo, who photographs the prototype magnificently. They publish the photograph in *Casa Vogue* or *Domus* and, all of a sudden, the little manufacturer is at the Cologne furniture fair taking orders for something that doesn't exist yet. I know of one case where the manufacturer had six thousands orders for a chair produced by hand to look as if it had been machine-produced because that would be cheaper! The Italian will always find some way to do it, you see. He will invent a new solution.

Rose: So, there is a close relationship between designers, market, and design magazines like "Domus" and "Abitare"?

Ambasz: The magazines are the designers' and manufacturers' showcases. More new ideas can be circulated in photographs than in reality.

Rose: Again, you have greater selection and variation in the publications in Italy because quantity isn't an issue.

Ambasz: Where else do you have House Vogue, Man Vogue, Lady Vogue, Baby Vogue . . . soon, in Italy, they will have Left-handed Vogue!

Rose: You wonder how so much creativity can survive the current economic and political crises.

Ambasz: Italy, the high-living widow of culture, now fancies herself the promised bride of history. But, remember, the genius of Italy is its adaptability—Italy has been invaded many times—bent, but never broken. It has been able to survive many invasions and absorb whatever is interesting in the culture of the invaders.

Rose: I also have come to feel that flexibility and ingenuity are the great Italian strengths.

Ambasz: More than anything, Italians want to be alive. In Italy, there is no greater sin than that of being dead. This allows the Italian not to be fanatical. And they are, of course, extremely sophisticated. Sometimes, I find their abominable capacity to perceive shadows within shadows very tiring. I sometimes have the feeling Italy is like a country of fifty-four million people who walk around reading or crying while looking into a book; but, when you come close, you see the book is all white pages. That is the impression of a foreigner, of course. Where Italians see print, I see only shadows; yet, from these words—shadows to me—they make analyses and draw conclusions.

The Italians are the only people in the world who believe that culture has something to do with reality. They are very passionate about culture. If you have ever seen the fights that go on about the Venice Biennale, you are stunned by the level of political intrigue and manipulation. For example, when I was trying to put the Italian design show together, people would be talking about who is this Ambasz? There would be a dinner in Rome one night, in Florence the next, in Milan the next. They would say, what do we do with this Ambasz?

In spite of the Byzantine intrigue, the Italians are really wonderful and very advanced in their thinking. For example, Americans are just becoming aware of the very few degrees of freedom left to them for personal expression. Italians realized that a long time ago. Knowing that they can't act upon their cities because they are

historical monuments or beyond their control, they have found freedom in the home and the apartment—where one can enact all the personal fantasies. In your own place, you can fancy yourself the graceful *chatelaine*, you can live in the year 2001. . . . Whatever you like.

Rose: But haven't we in America also arrived at this point?

Ambasz: Just now. In Italy, they are way ahead. Now, they have come to the realization that the house is actually the golden cage—not real freedom. So, the last degree of personal freedom in Italy is coming closer to the body. They are focusing on the body by giving fashion the kind of importance it used to have in Japanese court society. The Italians now have an incredible awareness of the quality of fabric, how it feels on the body. It is very sensuous.

When I see a girl walking down via Montenapoleone and she is wearing a silk dress, well, you may think me a sex maniac, but, I perceive that she feels the silk on her skin and that determines her movements. The cut of the clothes is very important, the way material drapes. The amount of intelligence with which Italians treat even two or three stitches is absolutely remarkable. Their awareness of color is extraordinary.

Rose: Again, in Italian fashion, it is the small shop, the family enterprise, like the Missoni's, for example, that innovates.

Ambasz: You cannot imagine how subtle the Italian fashion scene is. The strategy is worthy of the Pentagon. It is amazing how a boutique like Fiorucci, which has branches everywhere now, decides what to manufacture, plans how a song or a television event may alter perception and change the climate of opinion. Fiorucci himself is a merchant in the great Marco Polo tradition, who started importing English and then American culture.

However, in Italy, although you have a lot of strategy, you do not have the situation where a few decide a trend—the color and the cut of the year everybody copies. In Italy, the buyer is too aware that fashion can create artificial trends, so it's a game between the designer and the buyer. The couturier will pick a color, but he knows it is only a proposition he is making. He knows that the customer will not use something as purchased. Something will be altered, modified, personalized.

Rose: You mean it's not your standardized American mix-and-match?

Ambasz: Absolutely not. An Italian woman would not like her neighbors to think she is the slave of fashion. She will always change what she has bought in some way to make it her personal expression. Now, the designers are beginning to make clothes that have choice and permutation built into the design.

Of course, I am not now talking about lots of Italians who can barely make ends meet and have to mend and sew. But one can make certain generalizations that apply to all Italians: They are cheerful, they have good spirit. They don't despair. They exaggerate, but they are skeptical about their own exaggeration. And then, of course, they are dedicated to maintaining *bella figura*.

Rose: Yes, to cut a "beautiful figure"—to look good in public is essential to Italians. It is like maintaining "good face" in the Orient. Of course, "restaurant culture" is so important in Italy; and clothes form part of the public presentation in the restaurant.

Ambasz: The Italian attention to the esthetic is perceptible in everything they do. Look at the *autostrada*, for example. I found out that often the engineers would calculate curves in terms of how beautiful they were in relation to the landscape and the view.

Rose: Is this sensitivity to the esthetic the reason you spend so much time in Bologna?

Ambasz: Not really. I spend four months a year in Bologna because that is where I can work on prototypes with other people who belong to the design cooperative. It is where I fancy myself the "maestro."

Rose: Yes, one thing a professional—especially in the arts or the humanities—perceives in Italy is that there is still a great respect for those who practice the humanistic disciplines Italy invented. In Italy the term "professore" or "dottore" or "maestro" still implies dignity and respect.

Ambasz: It is true. When I asked my friends how I should have my cards engraved—architect, doctor, professor, curator, *schlemiel*—they said "maestro," because that is the highest.

Rose: We don't have the idea of mastery in America because of, I think, a very stupid and narrow definition of egalitarianism.

Ambasz: The concept of "maestro" doesn't exist in America because it implies two things: that you have gone through a certain apprenticeship and that you have your own individual style. The first came from the medieval guilds, the second from the Renaissance.

Rose: Who really has the final word in Italian design, maestro or manufacturer?

Ambasz: This is another important difference between Italy and America. In Italy, the designer has a one-to-one dialogue with the entrepreneur. In America, middlemen decide everything mainly on the basis of maximum profit; and a design will be changed by the manufacturer. In Italy, it is unthinkable that the manufacturer would tamper with the designer's concept.

Rose: It seems so much more desirable for a designer to live in Italy; why do you spend most of your time in New York?

Asbasz: Because it is the hub of the contemporary world. It is really what contemporary life is about. Where else can you see people abusing themselves in such a way, violating themselves every day? It is fantastic—it creates an intellectual ferment, a mental aggravation that is necessary to creativity. New York is the antithesis of Bologna, and I need them both. ▽

PHOTO CREDITS: THE FINE ITALIAN HAND

All photos—except Beanbag chair, "grass" body support, container housing, Pirelli flooring—by Aldo Ballo for *Italy: The New Domestic Landscape—Achievements and Problems of Italian Design,* edited by Emilio Ambasz, The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.C., in collaboration with Centro Di, Florence, 1972.

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WOMEN & SUCCESS

(Continued from page 241)

every opportunity in the teeth, dulling my frustration and confusion with alcohol and drugs. I blamed my failures on everything, including the fact that I was a woman. But there was no one getting in my way except me. No one who didn't try to help, except me.

The other major current myth about women and success is that women have trouble with competition and that, when they are helpful to each other, it's only as a result of the latest notions of sisterhood. During a process of reclamation, when I surrendered to discipline and effort and wrote *Bed/Time/Story,* I was consistently supported and encouraged by other women, as well as by men. One woman writer bought me a coat I longed for, all slathered in purple fur, and said firmly, "Now, you pay me back with the advance you'll get on that book you're going to write." Another writer filled in the application blank for the grant I was too scared to apply for, another sat and read pages I was too timid to hand in. People who are comfortable with their own success are generally helpful to and supportive of each other.

Everyone has moments of doubt and fear, and there is a certain abrasive insecurity most successful people must ride through; it may be the flint that sparks the next achievement. *Too* much comfort with one's own success may extinguish the fiery illusion that there must be more out there. I use coveting—generally of things money can buy, not money itself, and not, anymore, of another's success—as a way to whip myself into a frenzy. But I still feel strongly that most truly successful people concentrate on the work itself, the creative goal, not on the money or the things the achievement may bring. When I stopped worrying about being a writer and what that could mean and started just writing, I began to make a good living at it. Which is not to say I don't still worry or demand a lot of attention.

I am still at a stage where I love how fame (different from success, which can be quite a private experience between oneself and one's bank) can be. When I go on local live TV shows in New York, I run around Madison Avenue all day, knowing there will be people out there who have seen me and will say something or will just look at me in that way you learn to recognize which is slightly stealthy and shy and which is not just the glance of a passerby.

For all my ambivalence about success, it beats failure. But I see things about it, even where I am, that are changing my life and that often affect other women, and somehow that's unsettling. I am trying to learn to manage my time; to think of my work not first, maybe, but not as the last in priority anymore. I hate the distance I feel when I must rush, when I can't talk to someone I really would like to chatter with for an hour. I begin now to identify with successful women—people—I've known, and I try to copy the way they trot through their days as though there were a metronome going, rather than lounging through weeks the way I really like to do.

Sometimes, I find myself competing with the old myths of what a successful woman is like and I go too far, getting all bright-eyed and brisk, ticking off too many lists, making investment plans based upon the thinnest of air, practicing using a phone with buttons and dictating letters at the same time. And I laugh. The closer one gets to that sort of thing, the farther one gets from writing.

But I also think one must take oneself seriously. I no longer find it necessary, myself, to play the grateful little girl, receiving compliments with a giggle of astonishment. I have taken off my very-well-cut hair shirt, too; and I don't pretend my life is all too difficult and confusing and just this incredible burden. Who's going to believe that, when I can pay my bills and put my children in college and when I've bought a curious assortment of nine cars over the past three years.

Yet another myth about success, one hardly anyone is immune to, is the idea, presented and encouraged by one's most well-meaning friends, that you must live a certain way then. A lot of people say, "Now, you can travel." I have never been particularly fond of any travel I cannot drive myself to.

Success, for women or for others, is and must be subjective. I think it's important to know when enough is enough, when you're pushing beyond boundaries of energy and true enthusiasm. Some people want power more than the things money can buy. I think this has become very popular for women now, this idea of power. I like a little fame around the edges, but the idea of power is exhausting. Think of the example of consistent energy you must set.

I've never seen power or fame—or success—*necessarily* make anyone happy. To some of us recalcitrants, success still has to come with a side dish and relish tray of romantic happiness. For many women, I think, the most important symbol of achievement is still a new house. Before Liberation, women experienced competition with each other first in spelling class, then over boys, then over houses—how one did them, entertained in them, etc.

Probably the happiest people I know evaluate success from the vantage point of creative satisfaction—competing, in a positive way, with themselves. They are aware that success takes grit, total commitment, and a kind of healthy confidence but mostly that it takes careful appraisal of one's own work and some fondness for it. They have come to accept, not their limitations, necessarily, but the time and energy certain kinds of success cost. They understand that fame or celebrity or achievement is often a neat, highly approved way to avoid deep personal involvements and confrontations with values.

The last myth about success is that you can choose how you feel about it. I think that women who really want success will have it and that the trick in feeling compatible with success is to believe you deserve it. I also feel, however, that people who are really involved in what they're doing never quite know when they are successful. You feel it sometimes around the edges—especially when someone else tells you—but, in the middle of the night, in the middle of the work, when you're stuck (and no matter how successful, you will be stuck again), you're right back to the beginning, the first project, the first anxiety, the first fear. That may be the most important moment: I fear *most* of all the time when I sit before the typewriter and am *not* stricken with chills at the sight of the empty page. ▽

Fitness news: muscles do more than move you around

What your muscles reveal about your health and what to do about it

By Melva Weber

Muscle was Latin-named the "little mouse," *musculus,* for its rippling running action beneath the skin. Your body has about six hundred separate muscles, a quarter billion individual fibers, making up 40 percent of your weight. Your muscles are incredibly powerful; if they were all one muscle, it could lift twenty-five tons!

Muscles are of three kinds: smooth involuntary muscles that work your blood vessels, intestines, various organs, the irises of your eyes, receiving no conscious direction; heart muscle, also involuntary, made of interlocked, contractile fibers knitted together; skeletal or striated muscles, which look gaily striped under the microscope, their light and dark bands constantly, imperceptibly flexing. These are the voluntary muscles which we can consciously stretch, contract; we can train and develop them for strength and suppleness.

But these muscles aren't just the mechanical body parts we've thought them to be. Scientists now have discovered that the skeletal muscle is also a great metabolic organ, storeplace for protein, regulator that keeps the right amounts of protein parts and sugars in the bloodstream—this, a new concept in physiology by London's P.M. Daniel of the Royal College of Surgeons, with associates O.E. Pratt and E. Spargo, was described in *The Lancet.*

Your liver, weighing barely three pounds, cannot possibly do all that's needed in breaking down proteins, building them anew, converting amino acids into glucose, keeping nutrients balanced in the blood. Muscles help to provide two to three times as much protein turnover as does liver, wrote the London scientists. The researchers believe that these chores—storing, metabolizing and keeping body chemistry in balance—are almost as vital as your muscles' other work of holding your body upright and giving you motion and power.

On these two pages, words from muscle experts on vibrancy of muscle tone and how to get and keep it; how to get the most out of sports and exercise; how to avoid muscle injuries but, if they happen, how to take care of them.

Muscle tone: To use or to lose

Tone is the sound of music, the resonance of a voice. Tone in muscles is the ceaseless, slight contraction of striated muscles, where the humming along the fibers generates force to let us sit, stand, run, apply the body's power. Physical activity is essential for maintaining muscle tone; out of tone is out of tune.

"Put a muscle at rest and it immediately begins to lose its tone," said Allan J. Ryan, M.D., surgeon, professor of rehabilitation medicine, and now full-time editor-in-chief of *The Physician and Sportsmedicine.* "If you have to stay in bed a week or so, chances are, when you get up, you'll need help getting on your feet. Even if you just have a cold and remain in bed for a day, you'll feel weak on arising. That's not caused by the cold infection; it's simply a loss of muscle tone."

Does even a night's sound sleep cause a slight loss of muscle tone? "Yes, it does; but this is transient," said Dr. Ryan. "If you have good muscle tone, you overcome this small loss very quickly. People who can't get going in the morning often have poor muscle tone and simply take a long time to reach normal function. On the other hand, people who bounce out of bed ready to take on the world usually have good muscle tone.

"Regular exercise is, of course, important to your health; it builds and maintains muscle tone. But the best thing for maintaining muscle tone probably is just continuous movement, whether you're sitting, standing, doing something else. Not jerks and twitches, but steady small motions like flexing arms and legs. Notice how people do this without thinking when they stop to converse on the street in chilly weather; they keep moving, shuffling, swinging arms. Remember, also, that rule of oldtime ballplayer Satchel Paige: 'Keep jangling around loosely.'

"In particular, always keep moving at parties, not only for muscle tone but to prevent slowing of circulation in your legs. And, if there's dancing, dance. A Puerto Rican woman once explained to me, 'People in the United States go to parties and they sit down to drink and they all get drunk. At home, we drink, too; but, we dance when we drink.' And, to me, that's an excellent idea."

No-hurt approach to sports and what to do when injuries do happen

Christine E. Haycock, M.D., associate professor of surgery, NJCMD-New Jersey Medical School in Newark, advises:

Warm-ups—not one, but two: The greatest number of sports injuries happen when—and because—muscles are over-tight. Before you play squash or tennis (or ski, swim, or race) do spend at least five minutes—eight to ten is better—in stretching exercises. Stretch legs and arms. Bend over, lean forward, let your arms swing. Limber up the muscles in the backs of your legs, the thigh muscles (more stretching exercises plus strengthening ones on page 222). Jog in place for a while. What you are doing is stimulating the circulation, moving out some of the waste products, getting your muscles ready for work.

Warm-up two: a preliminary workout in the game movements. "Don't go right in and start the game," said Dr. Haycock. "If it's squash, hit a few leisurely balls. If tennis, hit a few and serve half a dozen; two practice serves just before a set are not enough. Before golf, take a bucket of balls and hit them on the practice range; use every club in your bag because each one requires different muscle action.

"Even in swimming, do loosening and limbering exercises on land, then swim slowly for a while before you speed up. In water-skiing, onshore warm-up exercises are important, especially knee bends. And since you're going to be dunked anyway, you might as well get into the water and just swim around for five minutes before you ski.

Proper sports gear: All sports that take shoes deserve well-fitted shoes. "Some women wear men's running shoes for jogging," said Dr. Haycock. "I say, get rid of them. Sporting-goods stores now carry women's shoes for all sports in many styles. You must have shoes that are right not just for your feet but for your ankles, knees, hips, and spine. Ill-fitted shoes allow the body to get out of alignment; then, you're very likely to get muscle pulls."

For a foot problem that calls for special fitting, Dr. Haycock recommends seeing a good podiatrist—particularly one who is interested in sports medicine. Some podiatrists work with athletic trainers, can tell whether you need arch support, or a wedge or insert in shoes so your feet strike the ground properly. If you have a real foot defect, you may need special shoes.

Women with medium-to-large breasts, particularly those who have premenstrual swelling and tenderness, need well-fitted brassieres for vigorous sports. Injuries to the breast, though usually minor, include contusions, abrasions, hematomas (hemorrhages within tissues), and possibly painful infections.

Dr. Haycock, along with Gail Shierman, Ph.D., of the University of Oklahoma in Norman, and Joan V. Gillette, A.T.C., certified athletic trainer in Las Vegas, did research on the motion of breasts during physical activity. Their ideal brassiere for sports: it must prevent bouncing in large breasts: must be made of firm, absorptive, non-irritating, non-allergic, non-stretchy material. Hooks must be padded inside to protect the wearer and outside to protect others who might contact brassiere fasteners during game action. Straps must not slip off or cut into shoulders, must attach close to midline in back. The bra must not ride up in front, must give support beneath breasts. The garment must be wide-banded and designed to lift from below, not from the shoulders.

Several manufacturers are now at work on sports-brassiere design, and Dr. Haycock hopes for good ones to appear in sporting-goods stores before long. Meanwhile, her advice to busty ones who jog, run, play tennis and squash: Get a good maternity brassiere. Ask for one cup-size smaller than your regular brassiere: if you regularly wear a B cup, try an A cup maternity bra.

When you hurt a muscle—apply heat or cold? Cold packs—such as ice wrapped in a towel—are the first step for any muscle injury, said Dr. Haycock. Keep the cold compresses on for at least half an hour. If there is swelling, continue applying cold for sev-

(Continued on page 326)



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YOUR MUSCLES

(Continued from page 325)

eral hours; and prop up an injured leg. If the pull or strain is a slight one and the swelling is all gone by the end of the day, though the muscle is still sore, take a nice warm shower or tub bath and just soak. The water should be warm and comforting, not hot. Just above one hundred degrees is about right.

Dr. Haycock believes that you can start running on an injured leg even when there's some pain left. "Begin by running a short distance each day," she said, "and quit when it really hurts. You'll find you can increase the distance day by day." Best to ask your own doctor's advice when you are injured.

"When a muscle strain is just too painful for you to engage in your accustomed form of exercise," said Dr. Haycock, "find alternate exercises that don't involve the sore muscle. For example, increase the kind of warm-up exercises you ordinarily do, avoiding, of course, the injured member. If you have a really bad tennis elbow, you may be able to jog or swim. When you start playing tennis again, use an elbow guard, which takes the pull off the injured tendon when the muscle contracts. If you're recovering from a hurt knee, wear a protective guard but do get back into action. Don't let yourself get out of shape."

Body building: the new lift

Weight lifting for women? Absolutely. Holly Wilson, a certified athletic trainer at the University of Iowa, says an ideal conditioning program for women includes weight lifting on two or three days of the week, aerobic exercises such as running or bicycling on alternate days. This program gives you the best of two worlds—muscle strength and endurance plus top conditioning of the heart, lung, and circulatory system.

Will "pumping iron" give you bunchy biceps and swelling back, thigh, and shoulder muscles? You don't want to be a female Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Have no fear, said Ms. Wilson. "In the male body, it's the hormone testosterone that causes bulky muscle development. Women have only small amounts of this hormone, greater amounts of the feminine hormones."

Can women develop their muscular strength and endurance to a maximum and still be agile, supple, and graceful?

"By gaining strength, you don't lose your range of motion around joints, the source of your body's flexibility," said Ms. Wilson. "Actually, the quality of muscle tissue is the same in men and women, but women don't have as much of it; and women also have a body frame that is quite adequate for the amount of muscle attached to it."

For women who want their muscles in the best possible condition, these points from trainer Holly Wilson: If you haven't been really active, get a physical examination before you embark on intense activity. Consult some well-known conditioning course such as Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper's *Aerobics.*

To build muscle strength, probably the best program is the "Royal Canadian Air Force Exercise Plans for Physical Fitness." Using this as a guide, you can test yourself and start at the correct level for you. (Or use plan on page 222.)

You must start *within* your capability in order to avoid muscle injury. But to build strength, you must overload by steps. This is called "progressive resistance" exercise.

Always warm up before you do any weight-lifting exercises; first, jogging or jumping jacks to loosen up, then, the movements of the lifting exercise you're going to do, but without the weights.

You exercise differently for building strength than you do to increase endurance. To gain strength, for example, you may lift six times in three sets, with rests between sets, and use fairly heavy weights. For endurance you might use lighter weights but do three sets of fifteen lifts each. If you want to work on both strength and endurance, your weights and the number of lifts would be somewhere in the middle ground.

For beginners, weight lifting should be done only three days a week. You need a day's rest between sessions.

One worry of new weight lifters: They may find they're gaining weight when they hoped to lose. What actually may be happening: fat is disappearing, being replaced by firm muscle tissue, which is heavier. Tape measuring usually reveals that slimming actually is taking place even if weight is greater.

Once you get in condition with weight lifting (after about twelve weeks of exercises), you can maintain your *strength* by lifting only once a week; but, for maintaining peak *endurance,* once a week is not quite enough.

Muscle care-and-soothing shopping list

Hydrocollator ColPaC, by Chattanooga Pharmacal Co. Keep it in the freezer. Available at surgical/medical supply houses, sporting-goods stores, some drugstores. Reusable, gel-filled pack keeps cold application going for hours. Available in various sizes, shapes.

Flexible-Reusable Cold Packs, by Cramer Products, Inc., Gardner, Kansas. To keep on hand in your freezer. The Cramer line is widely available in sporting-goods stores. Also for cold: Cramer's *Cold Spray,* a surface chill to zap a mild muscle pull.

Johnson & Johnson Instant Reusable Cold Pack, at drugstores selling athletic supplies, is another quick-cold aid.

Hydrocollator Steam Pack, by Chattanooga Pharmacal Co., fabric envelope of silicate gel, to soak in hot water, swathe in towel, and place on sore, stiff muscles for penetrating, steamy warmth. At sporting-goods stores, other athletic-supply places.

Cramergesic, by Cramer Products. A mild heat-producing rub.

Atomic Balm, by Cramer Products, a medium-hot counterirritant rub.

Red Hot rub, by Cramer Products, for those who want something really hot.

Atomic Rub-Down, by Cramer Products; a warm, oil-based liniment.

Atomic Foam, by Cramer Products, is medium hot, for massage, favored by weekend athletes to ease stiff muscles.

Sports Rub,* new from Cramer Products, a nongreasy warming cream, soothes the weary muscle.

Medicated Back Plaster, by Johnson & Johnson, like an old-fashioned mustard plaster, warms and soothes the aching back.

Ben-Gay lotion or ointment, by Pfizer's Leeming Division, is a long-used standby for muscle aches.

Protective pads and braces, by Cramer are in sporting-goods stores, in range of sizes. ▽

PLAY: IT WORKS

(Continued from page 227)

Fun eating must include some fun foods—those goodies that have zero nutritional value but that tingle the taste buds. "There's something out now in some parts of the country called Pop Rocks, which are flavored particles that release carbon dioxide," Dr. Morehouse says. "When you put them on your tongue, they pop into bursts of flavor. It's zero nutrition, but it's fun. Obviously, Pop Rocks shouldn't replace an egg-salad sandwich; but fun foods can excite the play spirit and improve your general well-being."

Choose an exercise activity that's fun for you

Just because everyone else is playing tennis or racquetball, that doesn't mean those games are for you. You may be happier walking in the park or perhaps never venturing outdoors at all. "But be sure to try a lot of different things," advises Dr. Morehouse. "Don't run down to the sporting-goods store and spend $500 on the paraphernalia for everything new that comes along. Just put on your sneakers and shorts and get out there and do the best you can. Find out how you react to the activity and to the types of people who participate in it.

"You may find you're the type who is happy with ten minutes of calisthenics three times a week. You're pleased when you've finished your little program, and you don't give it another thought. For other people, exercise is the central core of their lives. They think about it, read about it, talk about it. They are real exercise types. But you won't know what is right for you and what you can really play at unless you explore."

Fight the blahs with change

We tend to confuse mental or emotional fatigue with physical fatigue. Usually, boredom and ennui are responsible for our muscles' not wanting to work or our eyes' not staying open. If you find yourself falling asleep at your desk day after day, it's a signal that your work is not fun and that you've created a monotonous work situation. The solution, says Dr. Morehouse, is to devote an hour or two during the part of the day when you function best to those monotonous tasks that must be done. At the end of that time, deliberately insert something that's fun—a coffee break with a friend or dashing out to buy that hat you've been admiring. This gets rid of the boredom and revives your spirits.

"If you're bored sitting around the house," says Dr. Morehouse, "there's something wrong with the house. If your house or apartment has been the same for three or four years—every chair and lamp in the same place—it's time to change it. Buy one new thing, and rearrange the room around it. Or bring out something you like that hasn't been prominent in the room, and make it the focal point. You'll have a fresh room with excitement in it, and the whole project can be very vitalizing."

The same goes for rearranging your personal appearance. "If you're bored with your image of yourself, it can be very detrimental," Dr. Morehouse warns. "Try coloring your hair. Or playing with a new fashion. Match your spirit to your costume. If you're wearing vamp clothes, be a vamp. Flirt and play that game."

Remember that play is attitude. So, whatever you're doing, be willing to play at it. "The play spirit," says Dr. Morehouse, "means exploring and fooling around with something to see how you react to it. That's the key for diet, for exercise, for your job, for recreation, for life in general." ▽

ITALIAN WINE

(Continued from page 264)

in that state. The ones we get here are more finished and smooth, though they lack the attractive gutsy character of the Italian version. There are many Frascatis available and the ones for $1.99 are as good as the most expensive at $3.39.

Most Orvieto has that dry, slightly bitter but pleasing aftertaste that characterizes several Italian wines. One sip makes you want to have another. The best is Ruffino's Orvieto Secco (Abboccato is a bit sweet) for $3.69. Quite different from other Italian whites is Pinot Grigio from the northernmost province of Trentino Alto-Adige. Grown in the alpine region near Switzerland and Austria, this wine is fruitier, more flowery in fragrance and taste, clean, pleasantly acidic and fresh, $3 to $4 a bottle.

Grapevines cover Italy from one end to the other, and the number of different wine labels is dizzying. The ones mentioned here are among the best to be had. There are always those who would choose to accompany the impeccably exquisite specialities of Northern Italian cuisine with the classified growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy. But don't pass up the chance to try a fine Gattinara, Brunello de Montalcino, or Barolo. You will be glad you did. ▽



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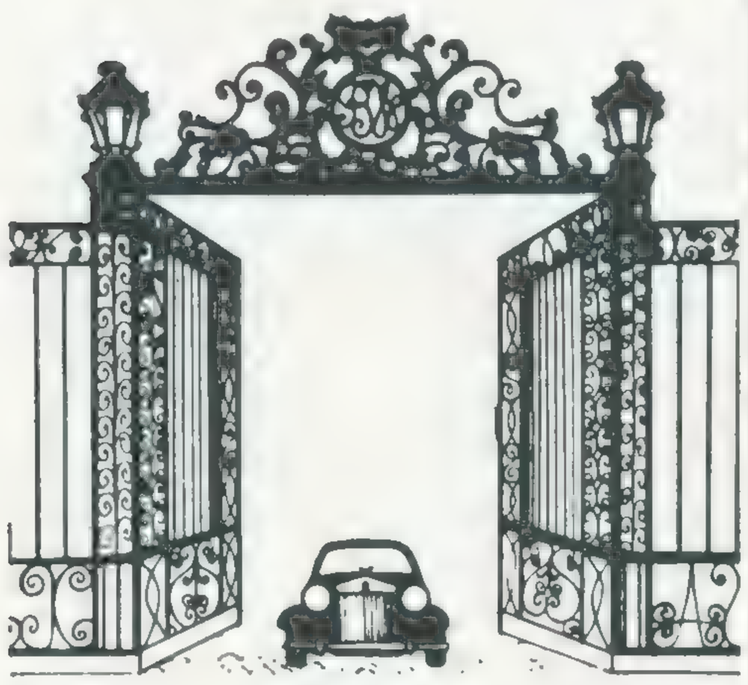
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Are you in love with a Plain Clothes Man?

What to do when the man in your life dresses like a thrift-shop reject

By Kerry Flug

Be honest—does the man in your life think that "Lacoste" is a small province in Spain and that "Saint Laurent" is the leader of a religious cult in France? Does "Valentino" bring a wistful smile to his face as he contemplates the romantic exploits of that celebrated screen lover? When he hears the word "Polo" is the game all that ever comes to mind? Does "Lauren" suggest only "Bacall" and "Chanel" what the English swim? If your answers are a reluctant "Yes," he, like so many other men today, is a "Plain Clothes Man."

To the PCM, TV Detective Columbo is not ill-kempt or beggar-like in appearance; he is "comfortable!" Once, in desperation, a friend told her PCM that such sloppiness was a contagious disease, which could spread to other parts of the body as well as to other articles of clothing. To support this last-ditch effort, she had the man in question watch one of the Columbo shows, citing Peter Falk's disheveled hair, pants, socks, etc., as "proof" of the creeping disease. All was in vain, as the object of her concern countered by moving to California, where he has shaved his head and lives in permanent-press shorts and sandals, thereby establishing immunity to her nagging! My friend now happily dates a Brooks Brothers' mannikin and only watches dapper Robert Wagner of *Switch!*

Comfort is a key word in the vocabulary of many PCM's. To them, fashion and *dis*comfort are one and the same thing. Conversely, anything old is comfortable. It does no good to point out that Confirmation suits or Senior Prom sports jackets are now out of date. Many such "afflicted" men would sooner part with their right arms than with absolutely any item of clothing they have ever owned (a condition Freud might find "Verrrry interesting!").

As a quick learner and a close associate of a PCM, I devised what I once believed to be a perfect solution to this problem. I made "piles" of whatever I deemed expendable and allowed my PCM husband "visiting rights." I figured after seeing the discard piles awhile, he'd get used to them and to the idea of disposing of them, and I could gradually move the piles closer to the door, and finally out of it and to Goodwill . . . if they'd have them! (Now being a Goodwill reject *is* embarrassing!)

Well, such sly devices do not work. At first, my husband would register delighted surprise as he'd paw methodically through each potential giveaway pile. He had not realized he still owned most of these clothes! He would chat pleasantly about the great times represented by this shirt or that pair of slacks. Without fail, he would justify the fit, size, style, and all-around crucial importance of each article "under the axe." To my dismay, the clothes would all find their way back to the closets, only to be removed and reexamined next year.

It is far wiser, I am convinced, to "pitch and not tell"—men never miss the stuff and throwing the clothes out affords tremendous sneaky satisfaction to the self-appointed "guardian" of a PCM.

Lest you think you are alone in your suffering with this type of man, consider the following: A nationally syndicated female columnist recently made the ill-advised comment that any man who looked like a slob had a woman at home who just didn't care about him. More letters than could be imagined came pouring into her office explaining in great and frequently outraged terms that just the opposite was true.

PCM's are powerful adversaries, and come hell or high water (or a well-intentioned female) they remain steadfast. One distraught reader told the columnist that her executive mate had been nagged and bullied into finally buying appropriate clothing (*i.e.*, not threadbare or with gaping holes) but that the items remained in his closet as he did not want to "spoil" or "dirty" them!

A common and favorite defense of the PCM is that he is an individual and resents conforming to fashion images. But, as staunch as the PCM's are in their right to shun fashion, their would-be improvers are equally zealous. Why is that? Why don't these beleaguered women redirect their energies? One such crusader says that it is because of the inconsistencies—they drive her wild! Her husband, for example, is fastidious about his appearance and up-to-date in terms of everything but clothes. He wears neat, clean, ironed garments that are comfortable and match (usually), and that is it! He doesn't bother trying mixing and matching articles in his existing wardrobe. One pair of pants triggers the thought of a certain shirt and tie. The thought that other shirts or ties might also go with those same slacks never occurs to him. He *really* doesn't notice how often he repeats his outfits. His wife has the choice of badgering him or being bored by his predictable choices. He confesses to understanding why she wants him to look good for her and for himself, but he finds the old habits too hard to break.

Another "source" tells of a like experience. During the winter, she grew extremely weary of seeing the same "weekend" outfit on her PCM. He wore a very nice pair of cords and a wool shirt, but it was invariably the same outfit over and over again. She had to show him the other garments with their *previous* year's cleaning tags on them for him to face the fact that he really did not vary his wardrobe. The next time, he wore a different shirt and pants, but then

(Continued on page 334)

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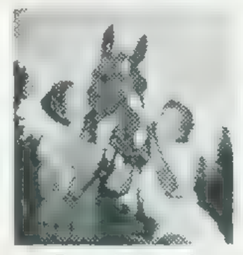
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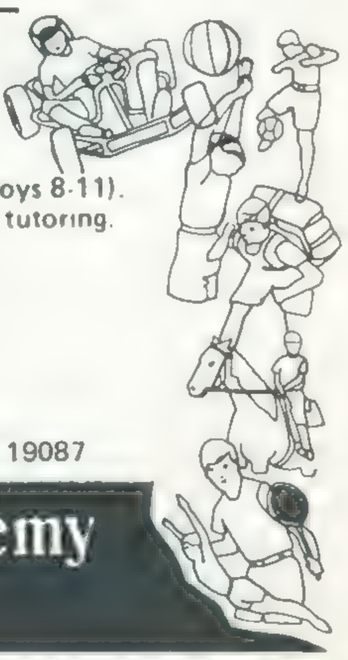
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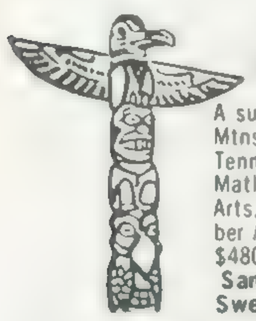
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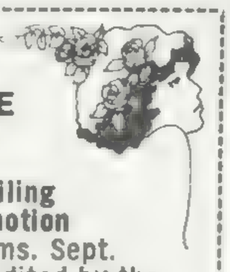
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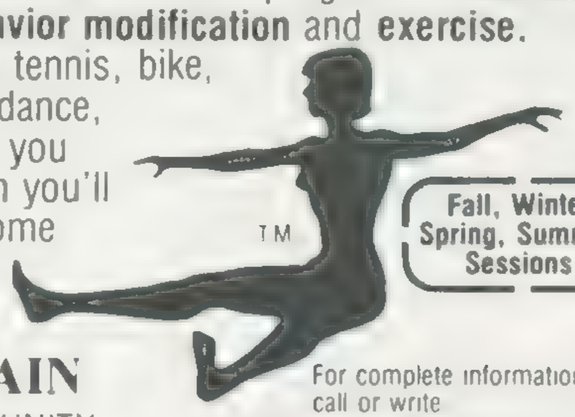
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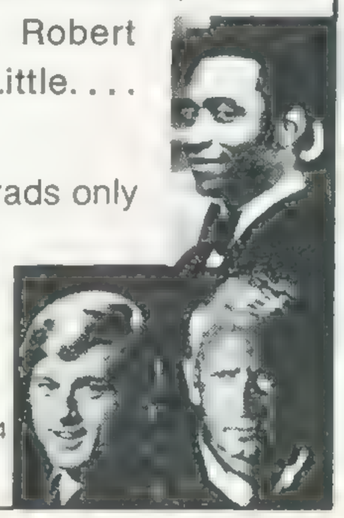
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By Françoise Mohrt

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Françoise Mohrt—wise, witty editor, writer, wife of author Michel Mohrt—reports on, specially for Vogue, what she knows best: the cultural life, excitement of Paris now.*

The weight of women is the big question of the day in France; is this because of the elections? France has three new "feminist" magazines: *F*, launched by Claude Servan-Schreiber (wife of Jean-Louis), with a circulation of 450,000, no fashion, no knitting or beauty, no color photographs—except for advertisements; *Femmes en Mouvements* and *Histoires d'elles*—covering "violence, politics, and everyday life." . . .

I read, in the classified-advertisement pages of the *Nouvel Observateur*, this notice: "There is no place in Paris where women can meet together to eat, drink, and laugh. . . . We have, four of us, created a **café for women.** Telephone (mornings) Anne 585.11.37 and (after 6:00 P.M.) Madeleine 325.18.48." . . . **Humor,** everywhere evident in the language of the unmarried men and women searching for partners in the Personal Columns of the *Nouvel Observateur*. Women are not afraid to present themselves as "opulent," and the men (often "bearded") are evidently looking for them: i.e., for young women "not too thin," "plump," "a beautiful lush plant"! . . . Which leads me to an address for good food: The restaurant Les Belles Gourmandes, 5 rue Paul-Louis Courier, 7° (548.47.08); chef Madame Contini offers boiled eggs with purée of truffles. . . .

Their wives speak: (and it's been a great sales success). Nearly the whole intellectual history of Europe at the end of the nineteenth century has been told through the recently published diaries of wives or mistresses of famous men: The diary of Cosima Wagner (wife of Richard), published by—in two enormous volumes—Editions Gallimard; *Ma Vie* by Lou Andreas Salomé (Presses Universitaires de France); and, translated from the Russian, *Les Carnets Intimes*, by the young wife of Dostoyevsky—Anna Grigorievna Dostoïevskaïa (Editions Stock). Anna Dostoyevsky wrote (husband and wife were in Geneva), "Garibaldi arrives tomorrow at 5 o'clock. There will be a tour on the lake and, after, a private dinner offered by Victor Hugo." . . .

Women are directing films: *Diabolo Menthe*, the first film by twenty-eight-year-old Diane Kurys, is number one at the box office and just received the Louis Delluc award. . . . The tender tone and uncomplicated satire of Coline Serreau's *Pourquoi Pas!* could make it 1978's *Jules et Jim*. . . .

Françoise Sagan has put the Borgias back in fashion with her television series *The Golden Blood of the Borgias*, which she adapted—with her brother, Jacques Quoirz—from Etienne de Montpezat's book. Michel Zevaco's first novel, *Borgia* (Nouvelles Editions Baudinière), has just been republished. **Whispered secrets:** American TV has bought the Borgia show to air in the U.S.; *Le Lit Defait*, Sagan's most recent novel, is soon to be published in America by Delacorte Press. *Les Fougères Bleues*, her first film, could have the same success in the U.S.A. as *Cousin, Cousine*. . . .

New faces: Annie Parillaud, seventeen, with blue eyes, small nose, light mouse-brown hair, very "natural" in Michel Lang's film *L'Hôtel de la Plage (The Beach Hotel)*. Parillaud was immediately booked to play in the police/thriller film Catherine Deneuve is making with Hugo Santiago, *Ecoute Voir*. . . . Nathalie Nell, much remarked for her beautiful, intense gaze in the T.V. serial *Au Plaisir de Dieu* and for her part in the latest Yannick Bellon film, *L'Amour Violé*. . . .

The return of melodrama: Marie-France Pisier gave ninety interviews in two days, promoting her delirious role in *The Other Side of Midnight* (but her left-wing intellectual side will resurface when she appears in her next film *L'Amour en fuite*, with François Truffaut—with whom she has coauthored the dialogue). . . . Dorothée Lalanne, the daughter of sculptor Claude Lalanne, for several months, has been preparing a new, very "melo" magazine for Hachette. Its style—hearthrob, real-love stories. . . . Cloak-and-dagger novels like *Rocambole* and *Aimé et son concièrge* are being republished by Editions Garnier. . . .

The tango's back: "It needs a lack of modesty in the expression of one's feelings—for which women are more gifted than men," says Susana Renaldi, a thirty-eight-year-old Argentinian, who is in Paris singing tango songs at the Theatre de la Ville. . . .

"I juggle my life," says **Nureyev**—"Rudi the Magnificent"—who stunned the French not only with his performances at the Palais des Sports (a single Romeo for four alternate Juliets in the London Festival Ballet's *Romeo and Juliet*; Nureyev was choreographer, stage designer, and star all at the same time), but also with the astronomic quantity of his always impeccably white boots and with the "sturdy" Italian-style vegetable broth that his masseur/secretary/bodyguard Luigi prepares for him. . . .

The mad craze for lace—ever since YSL's black chantilly-lace bra appeared under a black smoking jacket, silk slips with ultra-thin shoulder straps and lace busts have been worn like evening blouses or dresses. Young women buy petticoats from flea markets or—à la Karl Lagerfeld—stick new lace jabots (from José Cotel, 99 rue de Seine, 6°:033.49.29) in their sweaters, wear antique lace collars (from Aux Muses

(Continued on page 334)



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PLAIN CLOTHES MAN

(Continued from page 328)

went with that combination for weeks in a row! His wife resigned herself to being content that at least his repetitive outfits were stylish ones! As she expressed it: "You don't fight City Hall or men who wear clothes only because people don't go naked, and because it's the practical way to protect one's body from the environment!"

General opinion seems to support the idea that the most one can hope for from a confirmed PCM is a basic understanding of "dressy" and "sporty" clothes, but don't hold your breath on this issue, either! And, above all, do not get carried away by a few chance successes. They usually are accidents of fate on the part of the PCM; and, if you are overjoyed because he did not wear Bermuda shorts with patent leather shoes *this* time, prepare yourself for the likelihood that, next time around, he probably will!

One woman became convinced her man had completely changed and finally had managed to grasp the "total look" that was for him. Her joy was short-lived. Soon after, he wore dark wool pants, a heavy wool shirt, and a canvas belt (his one concession to summer dressing) to a picnic in July! On a later date, he wore an emerald-green T-shirt with clashing dark Army-green jeans, and completed the cause of my friend's breakdown by wearing a print tie that blinded the eye and assaulted all sensibilities! My friend took eight aspirins and called me in the morning!

Another friend tried to explain to the PCM in her life that how he chose his attire reflected to the world his opinion of himself. He said he bitterly resented the fact that the image equals the man in the eyes of the world, and felt people should look deeper than that, and save their value judgments. She countered with a "that's just the way it is" type of argument, and he continued to stand his moral ground. The last that was heard from this woman and her friend was that she still dresses attractively, and he has joined a nudist camp, where apparently peoples' tendency to pass judgments on others that are only "skin deep" is O.K. with him!

The Rock of Gibraltar is a marshmallow compared to the stubbornness of a determined PCM. More than one woman has found that out the hard way, and many of them blame it on our cultural stereotypes. They feel that men were taught as boys that thinking about beauty and clothes was a woman's business. Men were to be rough and tough and leave fashion to their sisters! I must say that this explanation is a good one. I hope that this generation of mothers and fathers will teach their male children that to have a sense of what clothes look good on them, of what goes together, and of what to wear where and when is just good grooming and good sense, not masculine and feminine. That applies to other areas of body care, also. Men, for example, should be able to use good skin and hair products as women do. What's masculine about acne, clogged pores, or greasy hair?

After years of verbal tugs of war with my own PCM, I am convinced that he is as close to "cured" as it is reasonable to hope for. He agrees to abandon torn and tattered articles after only two weeks' talk instead of the customary four. At one point, he agreed to set aside his Columbo-look-alike raincoat and to purchase a new one, *providing* the old one remained in the closet well within his affectionate view. He agreed to get some handsome hiking-type snow boots instead of those horrible rubber things, if he could wear the rubbers when he's out alone or at night when it's too dark for anyone to notice. He finally agreed to wear his pants a little longer (now that the style is getting back to shorter lengths!) *on the condition that* no matter where we are he can roll his pants up to his knees if it's raining or snowing. (It seems entirely senseless to him for them to get wet.) All in all, a reformed character, no?

This PCM suffers from periodic regressions, but progress is progress. Why, just the other day, he cancelled our trip to La Costa and wore the shirt instead. Now, if I can just get him to remember that "Cardin" is *not* a button-front sweater! ▽

LETTER FROM PARIS

(Continued from page 333)

d'Europe, 64 rue de Seine: 326:89.63) on cardigans, or, like Ungaro, slide lace handkerchiefs into evening blazer pockets. . . .

Poetry is popular, especially the extraordinary book by Georges Shéhadé, *L'Anthologie du vers unique (The Anthology of the Single Verse).* A great success, the book has a single white page given to each unsigned verse. One dreams a lot . . . is this poem by Jacques Prévert, Guillaume Apollinaire, Jean Racine? Happily, the author's name is given at the end of the book. . . .

People like to play at being terrified: As witnessed by the Avoriaz science fiction and horror (*fantastique*) film festival, two *fantastique* anthologies (one published in two volumes by Gallimard; the other in eight small volumes by Presses Pocket). The publisher Tchou is forming a collection of parapsychology on the unknown powers of man: telepathy, clairvoyance, levitation, haunted houses, hypnotism. . . .

Interest is growing in unusual art: (an exhibition of objects, collages, works by charcutiers, miners, bakers, metro ticket punchers was held at the Arc Gallery) . . . or in **nonvisual art objects** (that can be touched by putting on the amazing "sculpture gloves" in leather, asbestos, or marble or by plunging one's arm into a sack of grain) shown at the Centre Beaubourg and now traveling to regional French museums. . . .

Sarah Bernhardt lives again, thanks to Philippe Jullian's (biographer of Proust, Wilde, D'Annunzio) last (posthumous) book. . . . **Black voices are being heard:** especially that of Naomi Moody, one of the singers in the Houston Grand Opera's *Porgy and Bess*—at the Palais des Congrès; that of Mademoiselle Lavelle—singing jazz at the bar of the Hotel Sheraton. . . . **Everyone travels in Paris by R.E.R.** (the super-speedy metro that cuts the time from Nogent-sur-Marne to Les Halles in half). . . .

Pierre Bergé's *coup de poker* (gamble) in producing Cocteau's *L'Aigle à deux têtes* at the Theatre Athenée: Decor and costumes by **Yves Saint Laurent** are a triumph, and sketches of them are on view at La Gallerie Proscenium through May. . . .

And, finally . . . people are eating seaweed sausage—from the small town of Lannion, in Brittany. It's the latest discovery of the French Thalassotherapy-gastronomy (seaweed/seawater therapy); at one spot, two thousand jars of seaweed consommé are sold each day! ▽

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 199: *Right:* Yves Saint Laurent shoes.

Pages 200-201: Sandals by Christian Dior.

Page 204: Vermeil hair stick by Joanne Cooper & Peter M. Design Studio. Calvin Klein sandals.

Page 205: Cording tied at wrist, Karen Shareff at Artwear.

Page 210: Basile silk dress (Gartex), about $395. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Hattie; Marshall Field; Bullock's Wilshire. Cathe Linton pendant. At Henri Bendel; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Claire Pearone. Belt by Conrad Bell. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Basile sandals. . . . Cotton T-shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren, about $28. The Polo Shop at Bloomingdale's; Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford. Porsche watch by Rafael Variations.

Page 211: Zandra Rhodes chiffon stole, $350. Bloomingdale's. Rayon strapless slip, $85, at Jackie Rogers. Earrings, Marsha Breslow for A&M Breslow. Cuff, Gayle Saunders at Artwear. . . . Cerruti silk jacquard shirt, about $98, and linen pants (Belvest), about $110. Charivari, N.Y.C. Calvin Klein belt.

Page 212: Towels by Fieldcrest.

Page 213: Earrings by Bonwillum Designs. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Page 214-215: Hairpins, hair comb, and earrings, Bonwillum Designs. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Page 216: Basile dress, see page 249.

Page 217: Calvin Klein's silk charmeuse blouse (Y. Nishida fabric). About $140. Late April, Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Earrings by Marsha Breslow for A&M Breslow. Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's; Vance Boyd & Son Jewelers, Memphis; Sakowitz.

Page 218: Hair ornament, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi Jewelry. At Henri Bendel.

Page 219: Earrings, Penny Preville Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 222: Bright yellow maillot (Lycra/polyester) by Issey Miyake, $58. At Henri Bendel.

Page 223: Navy cotton gym shorts and tank top, from Unique Clothing Warehouse, N.Y.C. Shorts, $4; top $2.

Page 224: Cotton gabardine parachute pants, Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. About $130. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Pages 228-229: Professional speed caps by Sunwear. About $1.50. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Maas Brothers; Bullock's; The Emporium, San Francisco. . . . *Left:* Halston sunglasses for Bausch & Lomb. About $34. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Bullock's. . . . *Right:* Sunglasses, Stuart May for Robinson. About $25. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Westwood; Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills.

Page 246: Fiorucci's "Hawaiian" print rayon shirt. About $25. Fiorucci, N.Y.C.; Sakowitz; Bullock's, Century City; Joseph Magnin. Cotton shorts, $9. Reminiscence, N.Y.C. Sash by Susan Horton. Henri Bendel; Jere Scott at Bonwit Teller, Chicago.

Page 249: Cotton/viscose dress by Basile, Braghenti fabric/The Ideacomo Group. About $300. At Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Hattie; Marshall Field. Basile accessories.

Page 252: Sunglasses, Colors in Optics, Ltd. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Belt by Calvin Klein.

Page 253: Jewelry by Ted Muehling for Artwear.

Page 254: Earrings by Richard Charles Glassen. Bonwit Teller; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore. Richard Charles Glassen bangle, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 257: Trussardi leather belt. Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills.

Pages 258-259: Earrings, both pages, by Dennis Higgins at Artwear.

Page 260: Earrings, Ted Muehling at Artwear. Terrafirma bangle. Givenchy sandals.

Page 261: Richard Charles Glassen earrings. Sandals by Andrew Geller. At Bonwit Teller.

Page 262: In hair and at waist, Calvin Klein sash. Sandals, by Geoffrey Beene.

Page 263: All jewelry, Ted Muehling at Artwear.

DE KOONING

(Continued from page 237)

Antaeus grasped strength from touching the earth, de Kooning turns to the ocean. His stabbing lines and clotted colors seem to implicate the turmoil of squalls and the silence of calms.

The tidy potato fields of Long Island, the crystal towers of Manhattan, and the strange "in-between" places that link them—automobile-littered dumps and ramped underpasses—also are present. The figure of a woman, chopped, minced, and tossed across the surface like giblets for Bluebeard's birthday, fades into and emerges from the flattened landscape space.

Confronted by such paintings, you think first of all of art and its pictorial necessities, then you become aware of history—the flung paint of the Abstract Expressionists, Soutine's twisted Céret hillsides, and the elegant gestures that Rubens used to set impasto athwart a naked breast or above a setting sun. And also, I believe, you are led to consider those tidal waters that wash both Rotterdam and East Hampton.

The larger content of de Kooning's art concerns the creative act itself; he celebrates genesis. So it's fitting that the majestic ocean from which life first was generated—the Atlantic that presided over his childhood and his maturity—should have a crucial part in his imagery. ▽

VOGUE PATTERNS *(Other views, yardages, details, pp. 262-263)*



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SERENITY

(Continued from page 242)

plied to the walls and to dressers, night tables, bed frame, even the television set. Interfaced with fabric, raffia curtains hang at the windows. On the floors: sisal matting. Standing in for a bedside wastepaper basket —a straw beach bag.

No paintings hang on the walls to distract the eye. "I can't live with the same paintings all the time," Mica explained, "so,

Final straw touch: beach-bag wastebasket

to avoid changing them often, I've left the walls bare except for one large, eighteenth-century Chinese screen painted on leather (the way they used to do it for the British market). It's a classic—and anyway I can't see it from my bed." The only other color comes from a pair of blue-and-white Japanese ginger jars (also eighteenth-century classics), from the brass-framed Georgian mirror and brass bedside lamps ("chrome would have been too cold"), and from plants.

On the bed, some feminine touches: embroidered pillow shams found in antique shops or at auctions, then dipped in tea to mellow their color. They were used for pillowcases, also stitched onto the vanilla-toned bed sheets as borders. The bedspread is indienne cotton, found in a shop on London's Portobello Road.

Burlwood shutters at the window allow in as much light as Mica wants, adding to the feeling of complete privacy and quiet.

OLD FRIENDS

(Continued from page 244)

Because she wanted the house to have an American nineteenth-century feeling, Annette searched for old fabrics of that period—bought the majority in New York, used some she already had, and found some reproductions in London. The bedroom is a big, bountiful blend of these "faded, lived-in" fabrics, as Annette calls them, all softening and enclosing the brilliant pink walls. The only other bright touches are the pink sheets and pillowcases. The bedspread, in "uptown colors," was a present from an Argentinian friend.

The country pleasures Annette most enjoys: a fire in every fireplace (when she's there, the fireplace opposite the bed is going twenty-four hours a day), books, afternoon tea. A few of her "old friends" around the room: the Georgian *secretaire,* holding her collection of blue-and-white teapots—some presents, some collected on a trip to Thailand; the painted mirror over the fireplace; the landscape painting over the English couch; the Victorian plaster palm trees behind the chaise longue; the Oriental rug layered over the wall-to-wall carpeting.

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